

PHOTOPLAY

EMBER

25¢

**Hollywood's
Fashion
Authority**

PAULETTE GODDARD
By Paul Hesse

**3
Great
Photoplay
Exclusives**

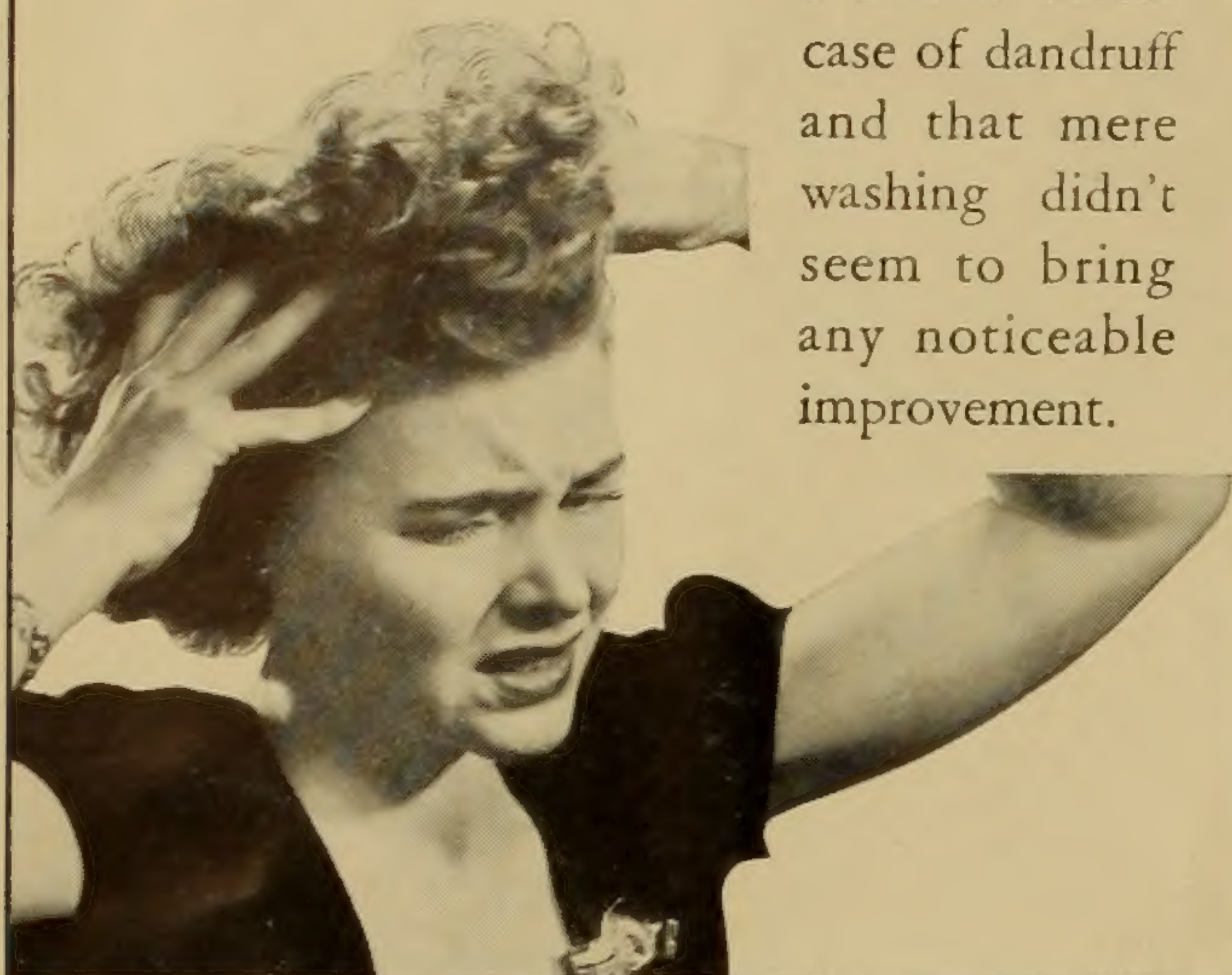
CARY GRANT'S Million-Dollar Romance with BARBARA

WENDELL WILLKIE TALKS ABOUT

Hollywood's Most Daring Woman—the Real PAULETTE GODDARD

6/43 BY R 203180
SEUM OF MODERN ART
LM LIBRARY
W 53RD ST
CITY

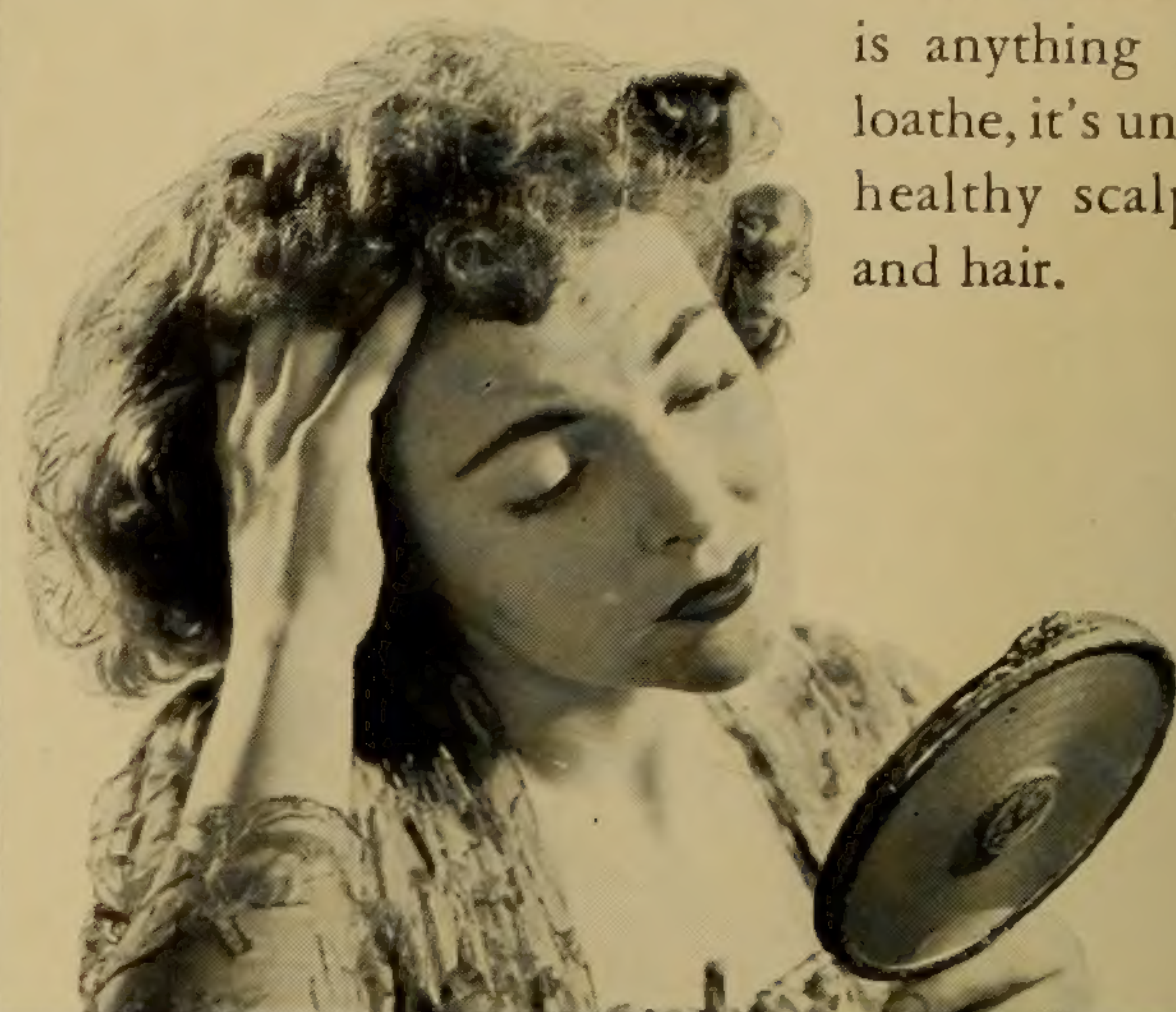
I was annoyed when I realized that I had a severe case of dandruff and that mere washing didn't seem to bring any noticeable improvement.



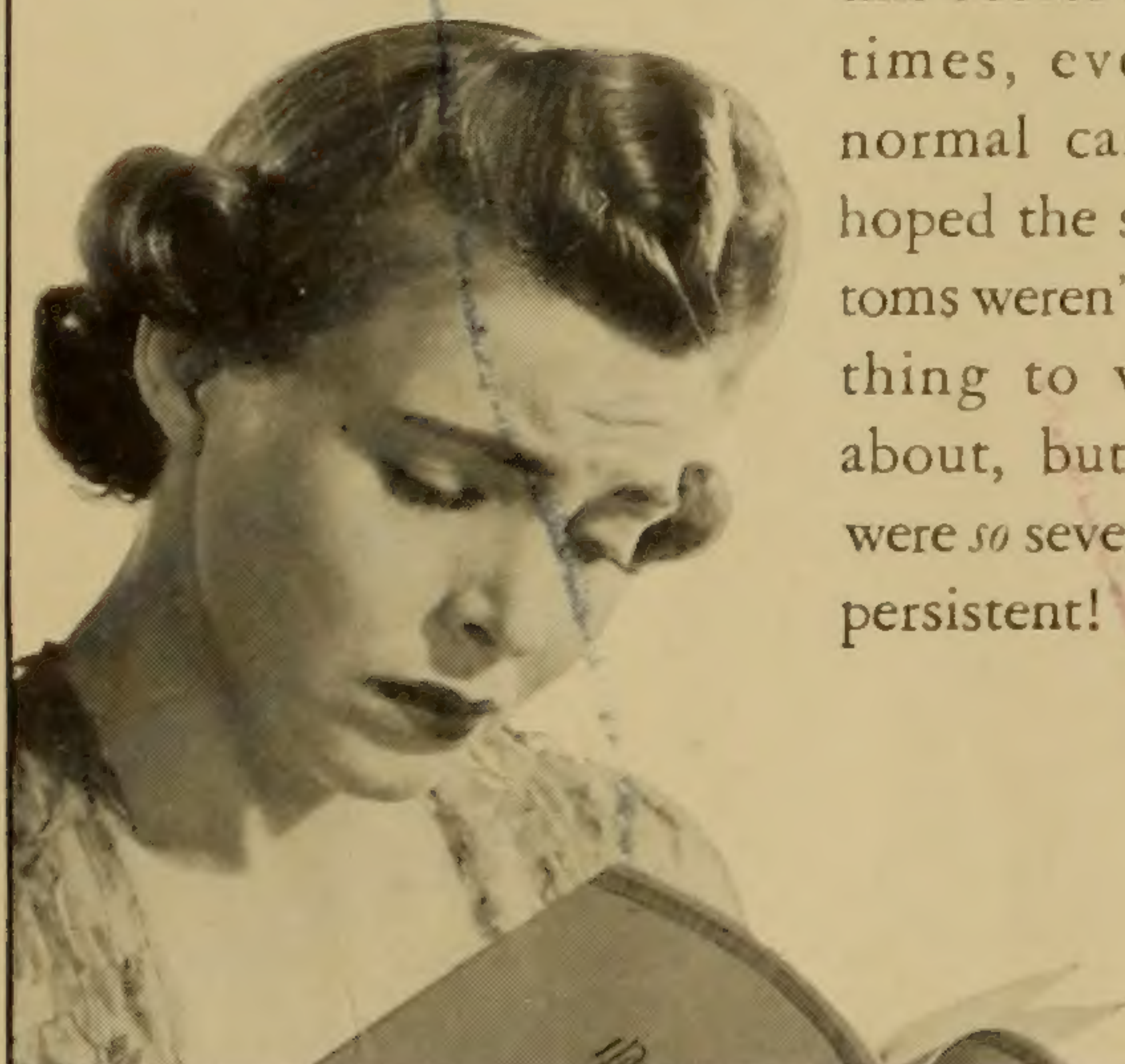
And alarmed. My scalp was feeling tight and itchy . . . seemed inflamed . . . and distressing flakes were showering down on my dark dresses.



I was worried about the whole condition. If there is anything I loathe, it's unhealthy scalp and hair.



Only ordinary scaling? I know this occurs sometimes, even in normal cases. I hoped the symptoms weren't anything to worry about, but they were so severe and persistent!



Was it infectious? So many symptoms suggested a possible case of infectious dandruff . . . and my doctor confirmed my fears and suggested Listerine Antiseptic.



Your treatment! Use Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day! Clinical tests on men and women who did this showed impressive results! In one series of tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms within 30 days!

Ah-h! How I enjoyed those daily treatments. So antiseptic. So cleansing. So cooling. So easy. And so effective. Flakes and itching began to disappear.



My scalp improved too! After a few treatments, my scalp felt wonderfully healthy and my hair began to lose those awful dandruff scales, thanks to Listerine's medication.



It's wonderful to go to parties and dance again without having to worry about the distressing symptoms of infectious dandruff. And every week I give myself a Listerine treatment to help guard against infection.



Get after infectious dandruff now with LISTERINE

Clinic and everyday use prove Listerine Antiseptic's value against this scalp condition which affects so many.

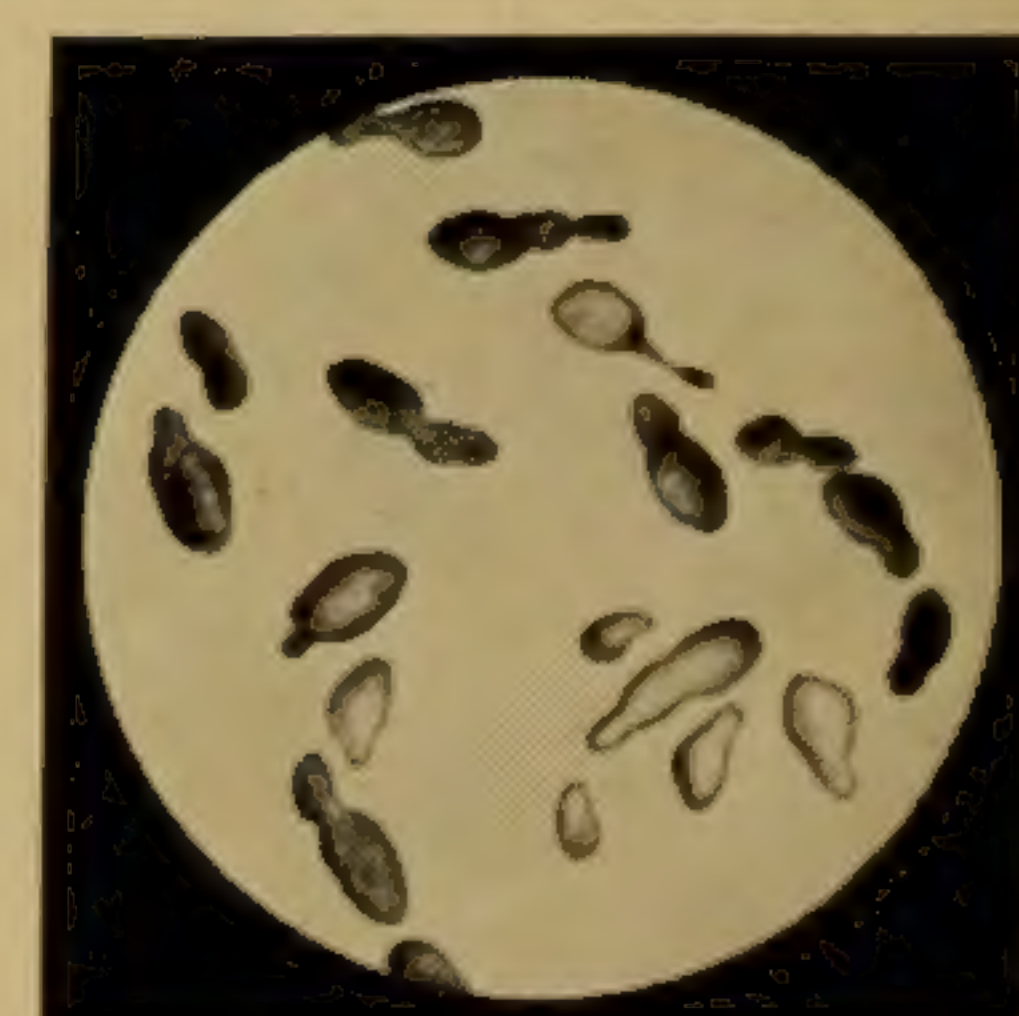
Don't fool around with what may be a troublesome condition! If you are irritated, disturbed by the distressing, uncomfortable symptoms of infectious dandruff, start your *home* Listerine Treatment today . . . the medical treatment thousands use.

Just apply full strength Listerine Antiseptic to your scalp morning and night—all over! Massage the scalp and hair vigorously, persistently. It's as easy as it is delightful.

Cooling, soothing Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine

which has been famous for over 50 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle—kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff . . . including the queer "bottle bacillus" called *Pityrosporum Ovale*, which outstanding specialists recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Remember, Listerine is the medical treatment which, within 30 days, brought complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in a clinical test. Start today to see what it does for you! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



Pityrosporum Ovale, the "Bottle Bacillus" magnified many thousands of times.

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

1. THE CASUAL LIFE

Recently ladies of fashion took to wearing their coats casually slung from their shoulders. And all was well till the winds began to blow. But they got around that by borrowing decorations from "The Military"—gilded chains and glittering tassels, anchored by tiny shield-pins. These in turn, anchor your coat securely to your shoulders. \$3.98, designed by Robert for Bloomingdale's, New York.

2. NEW WAY TO WEAR EARRINGS

To cause a minor sensation, buy two pairs of identical question-mark earrings, then clip one to the top and one to the bottom of both ears. The question-mark follows both curves exactly and you'll set your entire world to wondering at how you managed to ring your ears with metal. Shimmering dangles, too. \$3 a pair. At leading department stores.

3. PLEASED TO "MITT" YOU

You'll be plenty pleased yourself with a handsome velvet evening mitt that turns itself inside out on demand, switching from red to green, or black to white. You can turn back the cuff for an added dash of color, or you can leave it to climb, in monotone, well up towards your elbow. \$2.79 snags it from R. H. Macy, New York.

4. CAMPUS CLASSICS

Three campus fashions—all classics, yet every member of this trio has turned over a new leaf! Rosanna's zephyr slipover and ribbon-bound cardigan have a new boxier look that's straight from England. Slipover, \$1.98; cardigan, \$2.98. Century's Shetland tweed skirt has slimmed down considerably, \$2.98; and Marvella pearls are now worn **outside** the cardigan, \$1. The Emily Shops, New York.

5. FOR FROZEN TURNIPS

Julius Kayser dubbed these flannelette pajamas "Toasts," because they're every bit as warm as you-know-what on wintry nights! Add to their purely purposeful life the fact that they come in dazzling peppermint stripes and you've got something no frozen turnip can resist. \$1.98 a pair at The Kayser Shops, New York.

BY FRANCES HUGHES

6. COLLEGE COBBIE

One look at Red Cross' "Lassie," member of their new sports "Cobbie" family, and you'll see why the campus vogue for saddle shoes is seriously threatened. "Lassie" has every bit as much comfort but worlds more style! A walled last, wedge heel, perforated saddle and speckled, lizard-grained trim—including fringes. \$6.50 at Stuart-Brooks, N. Y.

7. HAVE A LIGHT?

You can say it in all security when you've a baby Ronson lighter to back up your offer. These new little Ronsons are as ladylike as can be, matching their speckled leather skins to the leading costume colors of the season. If you like labels, there's a neat little plaque just born to bear initials. \$2.95 at B. Altman, New York.

8. BOTTLE INTO ATOMIZER

It's magic! De Vilbiss' new little gadget that sells for a quarter and turns any bottle, however lowly, into an atomizer! It's done with a bulb and a fabric tube that drains the last drop from any container, fits all cologne-bottles, threaded-neck or stopper-style, and is easily cleaned. 50c buys a slightly fancier style. At drug and department stores.

9. TIDY UP YOUR TOES

Peggy Sage has the right idea! "Pedikit," she calls it, but we call it paradise for aching feet. Cotton tampons for spreading toes, pumice stone for up-and-coming corns, mentholated cream for the footsore, callous remover, pads, adhesive and polish remover, all snug as a bug in a pretty Talon-fastened case. \$2.50 at leading department stores.

10. FEED BAG

You can at least feed your vanity on the compliments you'll get for toting this new calfskin feed bag for a purse. The strap is just long enough to sling from your shoulder if you like sporting your bag in that rakish way. In the handsomely fitted depths there's room for stowing all your girlish gadgets. Only \$3 at leading department stores.

11. INSIDE-OUT!

Why do some girls wear their stockings inside out? You're right! It's that sheer, dull-surfaced look they're after. But Fine Feathers anticipated all that by knitting their stockings inside out! "Mode-Side-Out," they call it and no rough seams allowed, or shadows where foot and ankle join. \$1 at Red Cross Shoe Stores, N. Y.

(For More Shopping News, See Page 76)



*The exciting, romantic
novel is even more
exciting on the screen!*

ESCAPE

starring

**NORMA SHEARER
ROBERT TAYLOR**

with

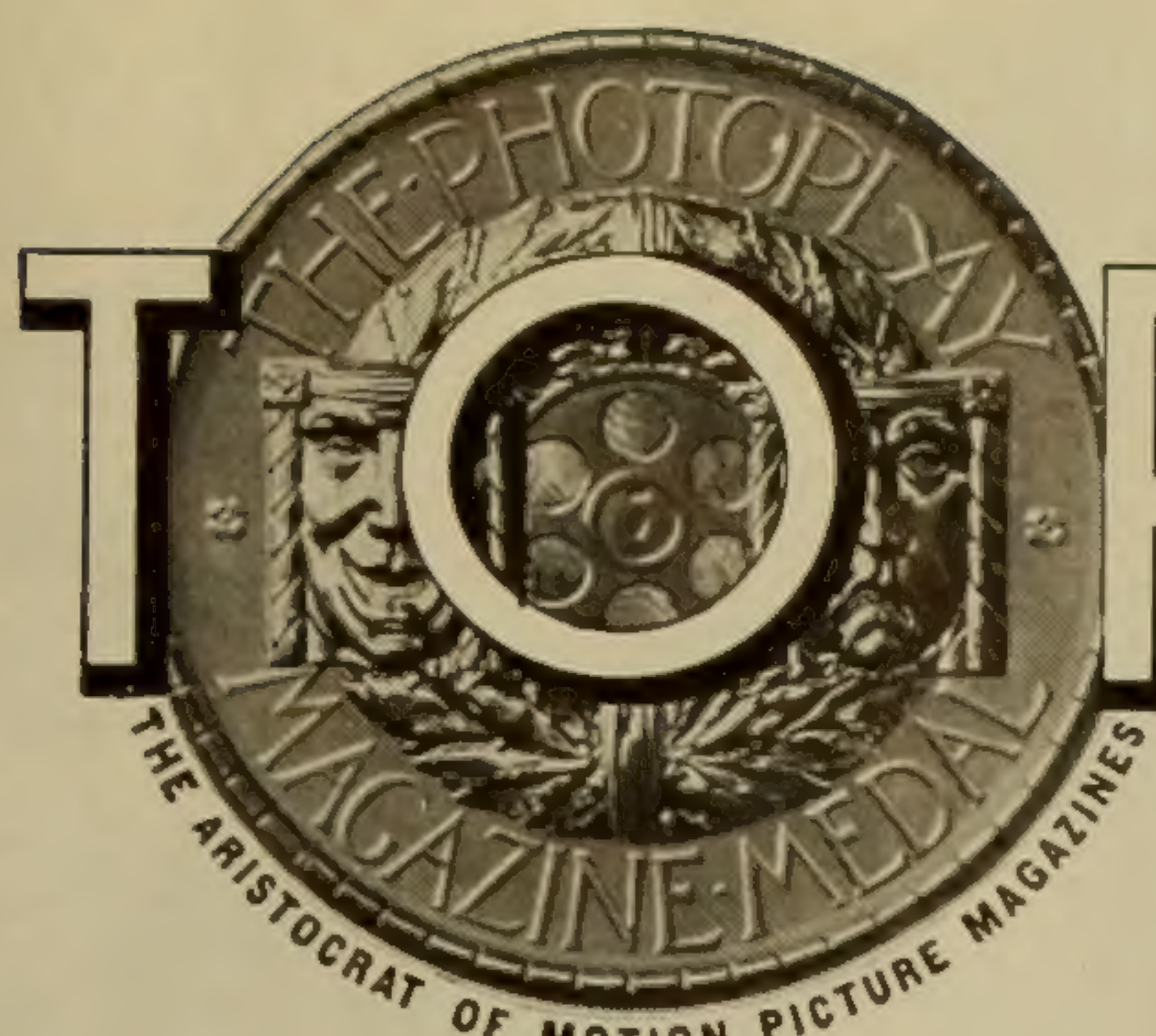
**CONRAD VEIDT · NAZIMOVA
FELIX BRESSART · ALBERT BASSERMAN
PHILIP DORN · BONITA GRANVILLE**

A MERVYN LeROY Production
Screen Play by Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts
Based on the Novel "Escape" by Ethel Vance
Directed by MERVYN LeROY

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN FRED R. SAMMIS RUTH WATERBURY HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
EXECUTIVE EDITOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR EDITOR ART EDITOR

Different

HOW different dare Hollywood be?

Except for an occasional picture about a boy and a dog (The Biscuit Eater) or a rambunctious ward heeler (The Great McGinty) or one of Walt Disney's daring experiments, Hollywood has rarely dared to be different. And when it has, the result has seldom been profitable. Perhaps that is the very reason why our films when good are nevertheless true to a time-tested formula.

My guess is that fifty years from now art critics will select for posterity not Gone with the Wind, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington or Ninotchka; they will choose, rather, pictures which only a few of us have seen: Grand Illusion, The Baker's Wife, Harvest, Carnival in Flanders, The End of a Day and Life Dances On. Since the debacle of June we can safely assume that the influence of Kultur will be as artistically stultifying in the conquered country as it has been in its own.

The simple, beautiful stories of these French pictures are by no means beyond American interest. They differ from our good pictures only insofar as they accept no formula and adhere to a spirit which I can only call "Continental."

Today the men who make these films are men without a country, but they are here—and other men like them.

Hollywood can now dare to be different, not only because these men are here but because a market is available for Continental pictures.

The market is in Mexico, the West Indies and South and Central America.

A movie company can hope to net about \$75,000 from Mexico, twice that amount in both Brazil and Argentina, half that amount in Cuba, plus \$150,000 in the other South American countries. Not including the revenue from our own country, a film aimed at this market can draw between \$400,000 and \$600,000. These figures are on the authority of one of Mexico's biggest showmen.

Today, not only because there is money in it but also because America has a chance to take up where France left off, Hollywood should dare to be different.

Ernest V. Heyn

On the Cover—Paulette Goddard,
Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Cary Grant's Million-Dollar Romance	Herbert Stein	14
An "inner circle" report on Cary and Barbara Hutton		
If You Want to Get There	Kay Bryan	16
Learn from Paulette Goddard—Hollywood's most daring woman		
Martha Knows Best	James Hilton	18
Miss Scott's formula for success: Talent plus sense		
Proceed at Your Own Risk	Adele Whitely Fletcher	20
Exposing dangers the stars face		
Poor Jane Goes to the Dogs	Lillian Day	22
Photoplay's #1 Fan gets on the wrong end of a leash		
Wendell Willkie Talks About Movies	Paul Larnard	25
An exclusive interview with the Presidential nominee		
The Boy from Omaha	Wilbur Morse, Jr.	26
A family-album life story of Henry Fonda		
Norma Shearer		31
Star of "Escape"—in color		
Round-Up of Pace Setters	Sara Hamilton	32
Introducing eight vivid personalities from current films		
Photoplay Fashions	Gwenn Walters	35
Formality strikes the keynote of 1940's fall style trend		
Wedding in the Fall	Alice Tildesley	46
Planned by Hollywood's stylists		
I Want a Divorce	Adela Rogers St. Johns	69
Tragedy is sometimes the surest road to happiness		
Thanks for the Memories	Sara Hamilton	70
More than slightly gag-strewn is the Bob Hope path		

The Camera Speaks:—

Focus on Femininity		52
Presenting Tom Kelley, specialist in fashion photography		
Going to the Game?		54
Four Hollywood stars, football-bound		
Conversation Pieces		58
Fink's camera on guard—the stars off guard		

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Shopping for You and the Stars	Frances Hughes	1
Boos and Bouquets		4
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures		6
Close Ups and Long Shots	Ruth Waterbury	11
Handle with Care	Carolyn Van Wyck	60
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood		61
We Cover the Studios	Barbara Hayes	66
The Shadow Stage		68
Cosmetic Counter		74
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?		87
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue		92

VOL. LIV., No. 11, NOVEMBER, 1940

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 221 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agent, Atlas Publishing and Distributing Company, Ltd., 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Price per copy in the United States and Canada: 25c. Yearly Subscription: \$2.50 in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland. \$3.00 in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. All other countries \$5.00. Remittances should be made by check, or postal, or express money-order. • CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Notice of a change of address should be sent to the Subscription Department, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. thirty days in advance of change to insure against copies of any issue being missed. • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you. • While manuscripts, photographs and drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. • But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual.

Title trademark registered at U. S. Patent Office
Printed in the United States of America



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

Although we've never had our face lifted, we do know what it's like to feel young all of a sudden.

★ ★ ★ ★

There was Mickey Rooney at the drums, there was Judy Garland at the voice, and there were we and all the audience at our happiest.



That trip to see "Strike Up The Band" was a trip to the Fountain of Youth.

★ ★ ★ ★

It started us singing. Usually our vocal efforts are confined to the marbled halls of the shower-room, but after seeing this new M-G-M sooper dooper musical smash, our little voice went pattering all over the house.

★ ★ ★ ★



The boys and girls in the picture get the plot inspiration from Maestro Paul Whiteman himself. Over the years Whiteman has deserved the title His Royal Highness of Rhythm. Paul's music never palls.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have a flock of bouquets to pass around on this one. We'll toss a few to Arthur Freed, the hit Ascap song-writer who turned producer; to Busby Berkeley, the director; and to those brother rats, Monks and Finklehoffe, who wrote the screen play.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you hear "Our Love Affair", others will hear *you*. It's more than a melody, it's an infection.

★ ★ ★ ★

But the final repeat rave must be held for those incomparable artists of the present and future, those babes in arms, Rooney and Garland. We call them Punch and Judy, because punch is what they've got.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's remarkable the way M-G-M keeps up the parade of hits. This summer has revealed "The Mortal Storm", "Pride and Prejudice", "New Moon", "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante", "I Love You Again", not to mention the record-breaking "Boom Town."

★ ★ ★ ★

That leaves you all set for the masterpiece, "Escape" (Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor) as well as this month's delightful "Third Finger, Left Hand" (Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas).

★ ★ ★ ★

No wonder we're singing — Leo



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

They say everything's in the way
you look at it. Here's a new way
to look at your fellow readers



REPERCUSSIONS—FAVORABLE

FOR years I have regarded PHOTOPLAY as the one really fine motion-picture magazine—one which gives accurate stories and accounts of the stars, one which does not indulge in so much of the silly gossip which fills the pages of so many of the other magazines. Now I am convinced that it is the best publication! Why?

Why, because you have at last discovered Walter Pidgeon. For a long time, I have been wondering when somebody would find out what a really fine actor he is. He is suave, polished and charming and with it all a real he-man. I, for one, will never miss his pictures.

Congratulations to you for having shown a picture of him and for having told us something about him.

JULIA CONNORS,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Connors' letter is in reference to the story, "Design for Serenity," published in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY.



REPERCUSSIONS—UNFAVORABLE

IN regard to Lanny Gynd's letter concerning Dorothy Lamour, appearing in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY—I think he's got it all wrong—Dot has got appeal! If she's got more than the other actresses, why not show it?

As for me, I'd love to see more of Dotty in another "Typhoon!"

DOTTY OLSON,
Eau Claire, Wis.

ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE DEPARTMENT

PLEASE—couldn't you have a full page photo of Gary Cooper?

MRS. R. B. HUNT,
Newport News, Va.

Request is answered with PHOTOPLAY promptness on page 57.

I would appreciate it if you would print a photograph of Robert Stack. I don't believe that I would be the only one who would be grateful.

JO ANNE WOESTE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

SINCE seeing "First Love," in which Robert Stack appeared, I think he deserves a photograph in your grand magazine.

JOY HANSEN,
Racine, Wis.

The Middle West contingent will be gratified by the portrait on p. 5.



PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

BOOS
AND
Bouquets

TUT, TUT, HOLLYWOOD!

This department, inaugurated last month, offers herewith a burning comment from Theodosia Hoffman of Sunbury, Penn.:

PANNING Mr. Adrian! Can it be that Hollywood's ace designer is slipping? Perhaps the dollars spent on historical research in Hollywood go for nothing. Doesn't Mr. Adrian know that Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" was written in 1796-7 and was published in 1813? Why on earth did he create costumes for the picture which were thirty and forty years too late in point of time?

I have read how the costumes were a sound man's nightmare because of the silken swishings, how great the amount of material and money expended on the dresses, bonnets, et cetera. How much more economical, how doubly charming the picture would have been had the Bennet girls been dressed, as in the stage play, in the simple muslins and cottons, high-busted and slim-skirted styles of the Empire mode. Jane Austen never even lived to see the type of styles Mr. Adrian thought proper for her characters.

We offer Mrs. Hoffman's letter to readers for

PHOTOPLAY POLL OF THE MONTH

Results of Boos and Bouquets letters received this month are presented here in an "at a glance" fashion:

Best Actress	Best Actor	Photoplay Feature Most Enjoyed	Best Film	Monthly Cheer	Pet Peeve
		Paul Hesse's covers			"The Sea Hawk"
Maureen O'Hara "She has risen to screen achievement purely on her own steam." Carol Cothran Detroit, Mich.	Ian Hunter "He has saved many a picture from being thoroughly boring." Marjorie Keefe South Bend, Ind.	"His grand work presents vivid color schemes with startling naturalness." Carolyn Maness Gainesville, Ga.	"The Great McGinty" "A movie doesn't need huge sets and pompous publicity to be good." Virginia Hunt San Francisco, Cal.	Vivien Leigh "The British women and actors and actresses first—glamour can come later." Janie Mathis Tulsa, Okla.	"I demand an apology from the producers for making such a poor excuse for that grand book!" Eunice McCoy Coronado, Cal.

confirmation or refutation. Perhaps some reader has information that will either prove or disprove her statement.

PERSONAL TO THE EDITOR

I READ with interest your editorial in the August issue and note that you state you "have yet to find a person who really likes the double feature."

I am writing to tell you that I like the double feature and I know personally of many other people who do.

Why don't you run in PHOTOPLAY a poll to determine just what the reactions are all over the country, before making a sweeping condemnation of the double feature?

I appreciate the point of your editorial—that movie attendance has been cut and so costs must also be. But if the double feature must of necessity go, I at least must raise my voice in its defense and state that I have thoroughly enjoyed them for many years.

HARRIET MARRACK,
Palo Alto, Cal.

MORE OF THE SAME

I HAVE just read your little article on page 3 of the June PHOTOPLAY on "Sleepers." I am hoping sometime to be able to buy a ticket to a movie and have given to me a small slip of paper on which will be printed the complete cast of characters. How those "sleepers" bother me!

I well remember the first pictures that Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, Fredric March and many other new actors first appeared in and how I said right out loud, "Who is that?" But what a job it is to find out unless you do a lot of writing which is usually put off until the picture and player are forgotten.

MAUDE A. COFFIN,
Westfield, Mass.

WHYS AND WHY NOTS COLUMN

WHY do women toss men around in the movies? I am referring to the movie, "20-Mule Team," with Wal-

lace Beery and Marjorie Rambeau. In the picture Margie pushes him around like a slave. In "The Ghost Comes Home," Frank Morgan can't breathe easy for fear his wife might not like it. I'm for cutting out this domination of men!

EDWARD MILLER,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Why not make your magazine even more interesting by giving us men the high lights in men's fashions, activities and helpful hints? We buy your magazine, too!

JIM BLACK,
St. Joseph, Mo.

Made to order for Mr. Black was the article, "Who Said Well Dressed," a treatise on men's fashions, in August PHOTOPLAY.

I think it's a bad mistake of the directors and producers to make such a great hullabaloo about finding the right person for a certain part. Take Tommy Kelly, for example. He was hauled out to Hollywood to play the title role in "Tom Sawyer." Have we seen him since? Only in bit parts and "B" pictures. Why don't the directors and producers look over what they've got sensibly and pick out an experienced trained actor instead of some kid who doesn't know Coward from Einstein?

HILDEGARD KNAUTH,
Buzzards Bay, Mass.

MATTER OF ARKANSAS OPINION

FOR Pete's sake, don't let Margaret Sullavan leave Hollywood. I have watched her in "Three Comrades," "The Mortal Storm" and others, and I say she is the finest dramatic actress it has ever been my privilege to see.

Many people whom I know say Bette Davis is the tops, but I hate to see anyone overact and that's what Davis does—every time.

Let's have more Margaret Sullavan—best actress in Hollywood.

LUCILLE WRIGHT,
Harrison, Ark.



Wonder boy in Hollywood: Robert Stack

Lady Esther says

"Why not show the World your 'NEW-BORN-SKIN'?"

—It can make you look
Younger and Lovelier!"

Is it TRUE? Is some of your skin dying—today? Is a New-Born Skin crowding forth to take its place? A thousand times ... yes! And you can make your New-Born Skin bring you new loveliness—with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream!



IT'S NOT a dream—not a hopeless wish never to be fulfilled—but a *fact!* Underneath your older, your worn-out skin ... you are getting a younger skin, a lovelier skin, a skin just-about-to-be-born!

Will it look smooth and fresh? Will your New-Born Skin make you more alluring? The answer, says Lady Esther, lies with *you*. With you, yes, and with your *face cream!*

If you remove those drab flakes of worn-out skin gently and soothingly—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—your New-Born Skin will be born in all its beauty!

Why put off using the *right* complexion care? Smooth away that veil of worn-out skin with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream! See how the dull, dried flakes of lifeless skin are whisked away! My cream permeates them, softens them, loosens them. It helps Nature actually refine enlarging pores as well...because it whisks away impurities, dirt, old bits of skin.

My cream leaves your skin so soft that face powder clings *for hours*...yes, gives you the effect of showing gaily to the world your New-Born Skin!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask your doctor. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition*, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't *true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about-to-be-born.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See if it doesn't show your lovelier *New-Born Skin!*



★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER, (61)
7118 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

PICTURES REVIEWED IN
SHADOW STAGE
THIS ISSUE



★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

	Page
ARGENTINE NIGHTS—Universal	85
BRIGHAM YOUNG—20th Century-Fox	68
CAROLINA MOON—Republic	84
COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN—Paramount	84
DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—RKO-Radio	84
DR. KILDARE GOES HOME—M-G-M	85
ELSA MAXWELL'S PUBLIC DEB NO. 1—20th Century-Fox	84
FLOWING GOLD—Warners	84
GOLDEN FLEEING, THE—M-G-M	84
GREAT PROFILE, THE—20th Century-Fox	68
HAUNTED HONEYMOON—M-G-M-British	84
HE STAYED FOR BREAKFAST—Columbia	84
HIRED WIFE—Universal	68
HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA, THE—Frank Lloyd-Columbia	68
I MARRIED ADVENTURE—Osa Johnson-Columbia	84
KIT CARSON—Edward Small-United Artists	84
LADIES MUST LIVE—Warners	84
LUCKY PARTNERS—RKO-Radio	84
MEN AGAINST THE SKY—RKO-Radio	84
NO TIME FOR COMEDY—Warners	63
PIER 13—20th Century-Fox	84
RANGERS OF FORTUNE—Paramount	85
RHYTHM ON THE RIVER—Paramount	84
RIVER'S END—Warners	84
STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR—RKO-Radio	85
WILDCAT BUS—RKO-Radio	85

Brief Reviews

What happens when a lady turns her back: Alan Marshal, Loretta Young and Melvyn Douglas in the Columbia comedy, "He Stayed for Breakfast"

★ ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY, THE—Paramount

Never has a family been so hilariously upset by adolescent plans to earn travel money! Jackie Cooper is the troublemaker, Eddie Bracken his "helpful" friend, and Fred Niblo the father who suffers most from ensuing complications. (August)

★ ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO—Warners

Superb is the word for the picturization of Rachel Field's best-selling novel. And why not, since it has the Paris of a century ago as its lavish setting, a real-life murder as its climax, Bette Davis as the little governess in love with her noble employer, Charles Boyer as the unhappy duke, and Barbara O'Neil as his jealous, neurotic wife. Morbid but fascinating. (August)

ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS—RKO-Radio

Dated melodrama of a young schoolteacher (Anne Shirley) persecuted by the ruling family of the small town where she goes to teach. Wholesome fare, but the cast—which also includes James Ellison and Henry Travers—seems depressed by the whole thing. (Sept.)

BABIES FOR SALE—Columbia

Rochelle Hudson plays a widowed young mother-to-be who falls into the clutches of adoption racketeers. The business is run by Miles Mander and combatted by Glenn Ford, crusading reporter. Morbid, but sincere and sensitive in its handling. (Sept.)

BLONDIE HAS SERVANT TROUBLE—Columbia

The *Bumpsteeds* (Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake) gleefully take over the boss's house—complete with servants—and discover that it's haunted! Fun for everyone. (Oct.)

★ BOOM TOWN—M-G-M

Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy as two rough-and-tumble guys making trouble (and money) in the oil business, Claudette Colbert as the girl who comes between them, Hedy Lamarr as the siren they meet in the big city! What more could an audience want? And it's all as grand as it sounds. (Oct.)

BOYS FROM SYRACUSE, THE—Universal

Streamlining ancient Greece with a plot from (far from!) Shakespeare and a swing score. Allan Jones and Joe Penner play two pairs of twins. Martha Raye, Rosemary Lane and Irene Hervey add to the mirth, melody and pretty settings. Tuneful and diverting. (Oct.)

BRIDE WORE CRUTCHES, THE—20th Century-Fox

Newcomer Ted North shows promise as a cub reporter who muffs his first assignments but has more success pursuing bandits. Lynne Roberts is the girl and Edgar Kennedy is a flustered policeman. Long on amusement and excitement, though short on credibility. (Sept.)

★ BROTHER ORCHID—Warners

The serious story of the gangster who entered a monastery turns into amusing comedy on celluloid. Edward G. Robinson is the chap who deserts racketeering for culture, only to find that Humphrey Bogart has muscled in during his absence. Ann Sothern's grand as a dumb blonde who gets there just the same. (August)

CAPTAIN CAUTION—Roach-United Artists

Victor Mature (in the title role) and Bruce Cabot slug it out in Kenneth Roberts' story of slave running and the War of 1812. Louise Platt is the gallant heroine. Plenty of fighting and excitement, but it's mainly for the menfolk. (Oct.)

CAPTAIN IS A LADY, THE—M-G-M

Ex-sea captain Charles Coburn winds up in an old ladies' home with his wife, Beulah Bondi, and gets into all kinds of silly scrapes trying to get out again. It's all creaky with age. (Sept.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE WAX MUSEUM—20th Century-Fox

Rumored to be the last of the series, this is the best of the lot, with suitably gruesome settings and more than enough murderous skulduggery to keep Sidney Toler on his toes every moment. (Oct.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S MURDER CRUISE—20th Century-Fox

There's just not enough action in the newest adventure of the Chinese detective impersonated by Sidney Toler, even though a Scotland Yard detective is strangled right in Chan's office. Marjorie Weaver and Lionel Atwill are among those involved in the not-very-exciting proceedings. (August)

CROOKED ROAD, THE—Republic

Conflict among the ex-convicts, as delineated by such sterling performers as Edmund Lowe, Henry Wilcoxon and Irene Hervey—who, however, can't do much with this tired old plot of the "frame-up" species. (Sept.)

CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE—RKO-Radio

The welcome return to films of Gene Raymond is the high light of this unpretentious picture about a youthful doctor driving to California and a sprightly heiress (Wendy Barrie) who stows away in his trailer. Farce in the frothy manner. (Sept.)

DR. CHRISTIAN MEETS THE WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Lovable Dr. Jean Hersholt pits his wits against a quack diet fad brought into his home town by Rod LaRocque. (Sept.)

DREAMING OUT LOUD—RKO-Radio

Typical *Lum* and *Abner* (Chester Lauck and Norris Goff) homespun philosophy, with drama provided by country doctor Frank Craven and romance by Frances Langford and Irving Bacon. Rather disappointing. (Oct.)

★ DULCY—M-G-M

Picture Ann Sothern as a lovable nitwit who does all the wrong things at the right time, especially when she "helps" Ian Hunter sell his plane invention to Roland Young—whose nerves break under the strain! Gay and very funny. (Oct.)

EARTHBOUND—20th Century-Fox

A confusing fantasy presents Warner Baxter as a ghost who haunts wife Andrea Leeds and all the rest of the cast trying to prove he was murdered by Lynn Bari. (August)

EDISON, THE MAN—M-G-M

Spencer Tracy gives a magnificent performance as the great inventor, but somehow his scientific tribulations don't offer much excitement. Perhaps the material's too familiar. (August)

FLIGHT ANGELS—Warners

Fine photography and pleasing performances make this rather ordinary story about the new Stratoliners acceptable entertainment. Dennis Morgan and Wayne Morris are airplane inventors; Virginia Bruce and Jane Wyman are the girls in the case. (August)

★ FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT—Wanger-United Artists

Joel McCrea, as an enterprising American reporter, digs into the political situation in Europe and learns too much for his own health. Herbert Marshall and Laraine Day are only two of the topnotchers who have wonderful roles in the thrilling goings-on. Graphic as a newsreel! (Oct.)

★ FOUR SONS—20th Century-Fox

Eugenie Leontovich makes a stunning American film debut as a Czechoslovakian mother whose boys follow diverging paths when their village is absorbed into the German Reich, with harrowing and disastrous results. Don Ameche is the loyal son, but Alan Curtis turns pro-Nazi; George Ernest and Robert Lowery are the remaining pair. Strong, well-done propaganda. (August)

FUGITIVE, THE—An English production released by Universal

There's bound to be some superb acting in any film starring Ralph Richardson—particularly when he plays a small-time barber who succumbs to the temptation to steal and brings much suffering upon himself and his wife, Diana Wynyard. (Sept.)

FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, A—Warners

Manhattan crime, as uncovered by insurance investigator Roger Pryor and highlighted by the humor of Eddie Foy Jr. Lucile Fairbanks is the girl. (Sept.)

★ GHOST BREAKERS, THE—Paramount

Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard encore their "Cat and Canary" success with a wacky story of a girl who inherits a haunted castle in Cuba and a wise-cracking columnist who gets mixed up in the mystery when he flees gangster vengeance. (August)

GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY—Republic

Thrills aplenty in the struggles of doctor Chester Morris and nurse Jane Wyatt, up in the Alaskan "snow country." It's climaxed by Charles Bickford's attempts to capture Morris as a fugitive from justice. (Oct.)

(Continued on page 8)

HEY! Look Who's Here!

"Your place
is in the home
—the old ladies'
home!"

"The waterfront's
my home—and
I'm going to do
some house-
cleaning!"

They're back again—
Tugboat Annie and Capt.
Bullwinkle—the most
lovable characters who
ever appeared in Satur-
day Evening Post fiction
—coming to life on the
screen just as you've
pictured them—in the
happiest hit of any year!

Tugboat Annie Sails Again!

with
MARJORIE RAMBEAU • ALAN HALE
RONALD REAGAN • JANE WYMAN

Directed by LEWIS SEILER
From the screenplay by Walter de Leon
A WARNER BROS.—First National Picture

Based on the Saturday
Evening Post stories
by NORMAN
REILLY RAINES





because it's filled with flavor through and through!

Tastier? Yes. More enjoyable for a longer time? You bet! That's why you'll like Beech-Nut Gum. The finest flavors are mixed through and through to bring you a wealth of fine flavor. Your choice of 7 delicious varieties.

Full-flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon



COME ONE! COME ALL! See the N. Y. World's Fair
Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of New York, stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

GOLD RUSH MAISIE—M-G-M

Ann Sothern—adventuring this time among the dustbowl immigrants in the Arizona desert—discovers that gold isn't everything. She teaches hard-boiled Lee Bowman a lesson, too. A heart-warming medley of laughter and tears. (Oct.)

★ GREAT MCGINTY, THE—Paramount

Brian Donlevy deserts his usual villainy for comedy as a first-swinging political tool of crooked boss Akim Tamiroff—and for romance with Muriel Angelus, who shows him what it *should* mean to be governor. It's different and very swell. (Oct.)

HOLD THAT WOMAN—Producers' Releasing Corporation

James Dunn, as a "skip-tracer," has his troubles tracking down people who renege on their installment payments. Frances Gifford is the girl of his heart. Unpretentious and very light romance. (Oct.)

★ I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY—Universal

Silly confusion which somehow lands a lot of laughs, what with Broderick Crawford as a soulful gangster who yearns to write a song hit. Composer Johnny Downs and his girl friend, Peggy Moran, get swept up in his racketeering attempts to crash the Hit Parade. Swift-paced and tuneful. (August)

★ I LOVE YOU AGAIN—M-G-M

Welcome back to that beloved Loy-Powell team! Bill's hilarious as a small-town stuffed shirt who recovers from amnesia to discover he was once a crook—and wants to be again! Myrna is the wife he's been boring to death and Frank McHugh is his old partner in crime. It'll keep you in stitches. (Oct.)

I'M NOBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW—Universal

The parents of Dennis O'Keefe and Helen Parrish want them to marry, but the youngsters themselves have other ideas—mainly about Constance Moore and Lewis Howard. Surprisingly good fun. (Oct.)

★ I WANT A DIVORCE—Paramount

Dick Powell's and Joan Blondell's first co-starring drama presents them as a young couple who marry but don't live happily ever after. The breakup of sister Gloria Dickson's marriage casts a shadow over Joan's life and Dick's career as a society lawyer doesn't help any. Sincere presentation of divorce evils. (Sept.)

LA CONGA NIGHTS—Universal

Despite the sexy ring to the title, this is all Hugh Herbert, with Hugh in six—count 'em, six—different characterizations. In his main role, he helps Constance Moore and Dennis O'Keefe save their landlady from certain eviction. (August)

★ LADY IN QUESTION, THE—Columbia

Brian Aherne, as a shop owner on jury duty, acquits Rita Hayworth of murder and brings her home under an assumed name. Complications ensue when son Glenn Ford falls in love with her and the mystery comes up again. A fine, sincere job all around. (Oct.)

★ LILLIAN RUSSELL—20th Century-Fox

Opulent, nicely cast—and rather dull, despite an astonishingly good job by Alice Faye in the title role. Henry Fonda and Don Ameche are two of her husbands and Edward Arnold is again Diamond Jim Brady, that being the lavish era portrayed. The result is more nostalgic than exciting. (August)

LUCKY CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

However, Cesar Romero's none too lucky in the newest addition to his series. What little plot there is permits him to come to the rescue of a hapless widow with a mortgaged ranch—which he does, of course, with the expected result. (August)

★ MAN I MARRIED, THE—20th Century-Fox

Joan Bennett tries to keep an open mind when husband Francis Lederer goes to Germany—but gives up when he turns Nazi and tries to take her son away. Lloyd Nolan is the friend in need. Exciting indeed, and it even has moments of humor. (Oct.)

MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH, THE—Warners

Well-done but dated underworld melodrama presenting George Brent as an unscrupulous lawyer. Secretary Virginia Bruce and brother William Lundigan try to win him back to the straight and narrow. (Oct.)

★ MARYLAND—20th Century-Fox

Technicolor drama based on Fay Bainter's life-long attempt to keep her son, John Payne, from dangerous riding. But her real love of horses is in his blood and, aided and abetted by Brenda Joyce and her grandfather, Walter Brennan, John eventually rides in a steeplechase. The whole cast is engaging and more than competent and the result is an exciting, heart-warming picture. (Sept.)

MILLIONAIRES IN PRISON—RKO-Radio

At last, a prison picture without a single jail break or frame-up. There's considerable comedy in the spectacle of five pompous wealthy men adapting themselves to penitentiary discipline. Lee Tracy is a big shot who helps Truman Bradley carry out important medical experiments. Virginia Vale and Linda Hayes provide the romantic interest. Novel entertainment. (Sept.)

MONEY AND THE WOMAN—Warners

Nothing unusual, only excellent performances by Roger Pryor as a bank-cashier, Brenda Marshall as his wife who learns that he's been embezzling, and Jeffrey Lynn as the man she really loves who tries to cover up the crime. Not very exciting. (Oct.)

★ MORTAL STORM, THE—M-G-M

The screen version of Phyllis Bottome's novel

loses none of its bitter impact. Frank Morgan is splendid as the German university professor who becomes a Nazi victim. But so are Margaret Sullavan, as his daughter, and Jimmy Stewart as the young idealist she loves. You won't like this powerful tragedy, but you can't afford to miss it if you want to know what's going on in the cinema. (Sept.)

★ MY LOVE CAME BACK—Warners

Olivia de Havilland, as a poor young violinist, innocently accepts the attentions and help of wealthy Charles Winninger, and the latter's office manager (Jeffrey Lynn) is among the many who misunderstand the philanthropy behind it all. All three prove themselves delightful comedians—as, indeed, does everyone in the cast. Romantic comedy at its best and most refreshing. (Sept.)

★ NEW MOON—M-G-M

But no new plot. However, that won't bother anybody, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy at their very best both musically and pictorially, handsome pre-French Revolutionary settings in New Orleans (remember "Naughty Marietta"?), good comedy and—well, anything you can think of in the way of glamour and excitement! (Sept.)

OUT WEST WITH THE PEPPERS—Columbia

Edith Fellows and her mother, Dorothy Peterson, have their hands full with the younger members of their family in this latest addition to their series, which has them all trying to reform their drunken uncle, Victor Kilian. Mainly for children. (Sept.)

★ PASTOR HALL—James Roosevelt-United Artists

Most powerful indictment of Nazism yet is this British production based on Pastor Niemoller's case. Wilfrid Lawson is superb as the crusading minister thrust into a German concentration camp of unspeakable brutality. (Oct.)

PHANTOM RAIDERS—M-G-M

Welcome return of *Nick Carter*, insouciant detective perfectly portrayed by Walter Pidgeon. This time, he goes after the blokes who are blowing up ships near Panama to collect the insurance. Superior cops-and-robbers stuff, with Donald Meek very, very funny as *Bartholomew*. (August)

POP ALWAYS PAYS—RKO-Radio

Leon Errol is the papa who objects to Dennis O'Keefe's marrying his daughter, Adele Pearce. But he promises his consent and \$1000 if Dennis can raise a like sum. Dennis does—and *Pop's* attempts to pay off make up the picture, to the tune of much hearty laughter. (Sept.)

PRAIRIE LAW—RKO-Radio

You'll like this picture, if you have a weakness for Westerns. Starring George O'Brien, supported by Virginia Vale and Slim Whitaker, it is an extra good one with plenty of action, romance sincere enough to pluck at your heartstrings and some appealing cowboy music.

★ PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—M-G-M

Full justice has been done the beloved Jane Austen novel, with Greer Garson ideal as the heroine with a mind of her own and Laurence Olivier just right as her arrogant suitor. It has plenty of Old World charm—not to mention such shining characters as Maureen O'Sullivan, Edmund Gwenn, Edna May Oliver, Mary Boland and many others—but is long and slow for the average movie-goer. (Sept.)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Universal

When hardheaded Grandpa Montagu Love won't let her marry Robert Cummings, Nancy Kelly flees the social purlieus of Boston to seek help from Papa Roland Young, the family outcast. Papa comes to the rescue with taxi-driver Hugh Herbert and the resultant antics provide fair entertainment. (Sept.)

★ QUEEN OF DESTINY—RKO-Radio

Another magnificent portrayal of Queen Victoria by Anna Neagle, and another perfect performance by Anton Walbrook as Prince Albert. Herbert Wilcox's fine direction and the gorgeous Technicolor help make this a great, though episodic, picture. (Oct.)

QUEEN OF THE MOB—Paramount

Another melodramatic sock from J. Edgar Hoover's true stories in "Persons in Hiding." This time it follows the criminal career of *Ma Webster* (superbly played by Blanche Yurka) and her devil's brood. Ralph Bellamy is excellent as the G-man and Jimmy Cagney's sister Jean makes a brief but auspicious appearance. (Sept.)

★ RAMPARTS WE WATCH, THE—March of Time—RKO-Radio

There's a modern message in this impartial documentary feature showing what happened to typical American families before and during the first World War. A sincere and generally engrossing job, enacted in real-life settings by mainly non-professional players. (Oct.)

★ REFUGEE, THE—Republic

Surprisingly successful treatment of a simple story about two Viennese refugees (surgeon Charles Coburn and daughter Sigrid Gurie) who join forces with John Wayne in an attempt to save a stricken community in the dust bowl. It's as true as life, but courageously inspiring. (August)

★ RETURN OF FRANK JAMES, THE—20th Century-Fox

Once again Henry Fonda plays the famed desperado, avenging Jesse's death and determined to finance the enterprise at the expense of the railroad he blames for all their troubles. Girl reporter Gene Tierney is heart interest and Jackie Cooper adds to the excitement. He-man drama in Technicolor. (Oct.)



Red Cross benefit at the Farmer's Market: Linda Darnell sold bread, signed autographs and had to be rescued by the bluecoats

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Ruth Waterbury



Main delicacy in the delicatessen department was Forrest Tucker, who drew the petticoat crowd. The turbaned customer is Mrs. Hyman Fink, wife of Photoplay's photographer who did the camera job

BY RUTH WATERBURY

CAN you imagine a cast made up of Shirley Temple, Dorothy Lamour, Cary Grant, Greer Garson, Harold Lloyd, Linda Darnell, May Robson, Simone Simon, Jeffrey Lynn, Ann Rutherford, Broderick Crawford, Laraine Day, Robert Stack, Fay Wray, Lucille Ball, John Wayne, Rosemary and Lola Lane, Warren William, Albert Dekker, Gale Page, Jimmy and Lucile Gleason, the whole *Jones* family—*Pa* Jed Prouty, *Mother* Spring Byington, *son* Ken Howell, *daughter* June Carlson, *younger son* George Ernest, *little friend* Bobbie Meahan, Rita Hayworth, William Henry, *little* Casey Johnson, Lupe Velez, Victor Mature, Liz Whitney, Bruce Cabot, Anita Louise, John Hubbard, Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Frank Fay, Blanche Yurka, Mischa Auer, Gail Patrick, Wally Reid Jr., John Shelton, Patsy Kelly, Edgar Kennedy, Virginia Vale, Jimmy Ellison, Peter Ashley, Muriel Angelus, Harry Davenport, Libby Fielding, Bill Elliott, William Gargan, Maureen O'Hara, Boris Karloff, Martha O'Driscoll, Patric Knowles, John Miljan, Margaret Hamilton, Lloyd Nolan, William Lundigan, Vera Vague, Eugene Pallette, Mary Gordon, Kent Taylor, Virginia Sale, Sam Wren, Ray Whitley, Rosalind Russell, Frank Swann, Mary Martin, Richard Carlson, Linda Hayes, Desi Arnaz and Ann Miller. . . .

Well, there was such a cast assembled recently—for a Red Cross benefit. . . .

This is how it happened. . . .

The Hollywood Women's Press Club, an or-

ganization of feminine reporters and editors who write about Hollywood for the magazines and newspapers, got that all-star cast for the Red Cross Benefit we gave one Saturday evening in Los Angeles' Farmer's Market and because the story of the evening will give you, I honestly believe, an accurate picture of how Hollywood and its stars are working these evenings . . . I want to tell you that story here, in place of my accustomed "Close Ups and Long Shots" . . . for I think such an event is actually a most revealing picture of Hollywood and its generosity . . . and most definitely it has every element of Hollywood in it, color and laughter and showmanship and even tears. . . .

The way this particular benefit began was that the Hollywood Women's Press Club, like every other organization of almost any kind in this wonderful country of ours, got animated by a wish to make its own contribution to the Red Cross. . . .

We decided we would each of us go to our particular friends among the stars and ask, not for money, because we knew that they were all being deluged with calls of that sort, but for their personal appearance at a place to be chosen by us . . . we chose the Farmer's Market, because it looked like a Country Fair, which we thought was fun, and with the active co-operation of the farmers themselves, some of whom gave 100% of their profits, some of whom gave 50%, but all of whom gave their services and

some sort of contribution . . . we put the slug right on the players and upon the studios . . . and there were no two ways about the manner in which they responded. . . .

For example, on my personal list I had such players as Jeffrey Lynn, Laraine Day, Linda Darnell, John Shelton, Martha O'Driscoll, Frank Swann and Broderick Crawford . . . but also, cynically, when I got their promises that they would all show up, I didn't quite believe it . . . I hoped it was true . . . but I've had experience with star promises before this. . . .

Most of the other press girls felt as I did . . . they all kept producing the most unexpected names . . . we did not believe it when Mrs. Temple said she would bring Shirley . . . when Harold Lloyd said he would not only come but he'd bring his whole family . . . personally I was flattered beyond speech when Cary Grant called up, all on his own, and said he'd like to come . . . he was doing the Will Rogers benefit the same evening down at Santa Monica, some fifteen miles away from our stand, but he said he wanted to do both benefits . . . he said he was prepared to do two benefits every night, if he got the chance. . . .

We needed seventy-eight stars in all to man the booths . . . we got seventy-eight promises . . . we thought we would be lucky if even forty showed up . . . so eighty-two showed up . . . eighty-two players pushed and forced their way through a crowd of between twenty and thirty



More charity begins at the Farmer's Market: Rita Hayworth provides orchid atmosphere by selling flowers in an evening dress. The girls are her assistants

thousand people . . . they lost dresses and earrings and handkerchiefs and ties . . . they were mauled and insulted, smiled at and adored . . . but they came in pitching and gave one of the greatest shows that has ever been staged. . . .

We had made a rule that no star was to give autographs free but that they would give them with any purchase . . . we tried to get stars in booths that were, somehow, characteristic of them . . . for instance, we put Anita Louise in the orchid booth and Greer Garson in the biggest flower stand and Shirley Temple among the candy . . . (imagine the feelings of the actors we put in the corn and tomatoes and ham and eggs!) . . . but regardless of where we put them . . . how they did work . . . and what amazing stuff they sold at what amazing prices. . . .

MOST of the time, for instance, Frank Fay, who is a terrific master of ceremonies, stayed on the public address mike and talked to the crowd, keeping them amused . . . for the crowd was so great that many of them simply couldn't get to the booths to buy . . . but a few times Frank slipped down to the vegetable stalls and started comic auctions . . . the sort where he got the crowd in such a state that he was actually selling asparagus by the stalk and getting \$2 apiece for them. . . .

Shirley Temple did come . . . the whole Lloyd family did come . . . Cary Grant did come . . . and little Shirley was overwhelmed by an eager throng who kept calling to her, over one another's heads, saying they wanted her to come back to the screen and who also kept her little hands writing every furious moment on bags and boxes of candy . . . Harold Lloyd was autographing ice-cream cones . . . just try autographing an ice-cream cone filled with ice cream someday . . . and getting as high as a dollar each for them. . . .

Cary was mobbed . . . his suit was torn . . . his handkerchief and tie went with the wind . . . but he stayed in back of a vegetable counter for two solid hours and wrote and wrote until he had writer's cramp and had also made hundreds of dollars. . . .

We put Dorothy Lamour in the tropical fruits . . . we had Edgar Kennedy using that slow burn of his among the hams as he auctioned them off . . . Laraine Day was ladling out everything from toothbrushes to cigarettes in the drugstore . . . the *Jones Family* was down among the corn, selling it by the bushelful . . . Kenny Howell

saying to the throng, "I hate the stuff myself, but buy some for the Red Cross anyhow" . . . and the craziest three men you ever did see were those three pals, Mischa Auer, Broderick Crawford and Albert Dekker, all haranguing the crowd into buying things they didn't in the least want . . . we had put Brod Crawford, who is huge, into the china shop . . . he developed a racket of autographing glasses for a quarter each and when his famous mother, Helen Broderick, wandered in to see how he was doing, he asked her how much money she had . . . "\$52," said Helen . . . "Lend it to me till I get home," Brod begged. She handed it over. Brod handed it over to the woman who owned the china shop. "What will fifty-two bucks buy?" Brod asked. "A tea set," she said. "Mother, you've got a tea set," said Mr. Crawford, while his mother groaned. . . .

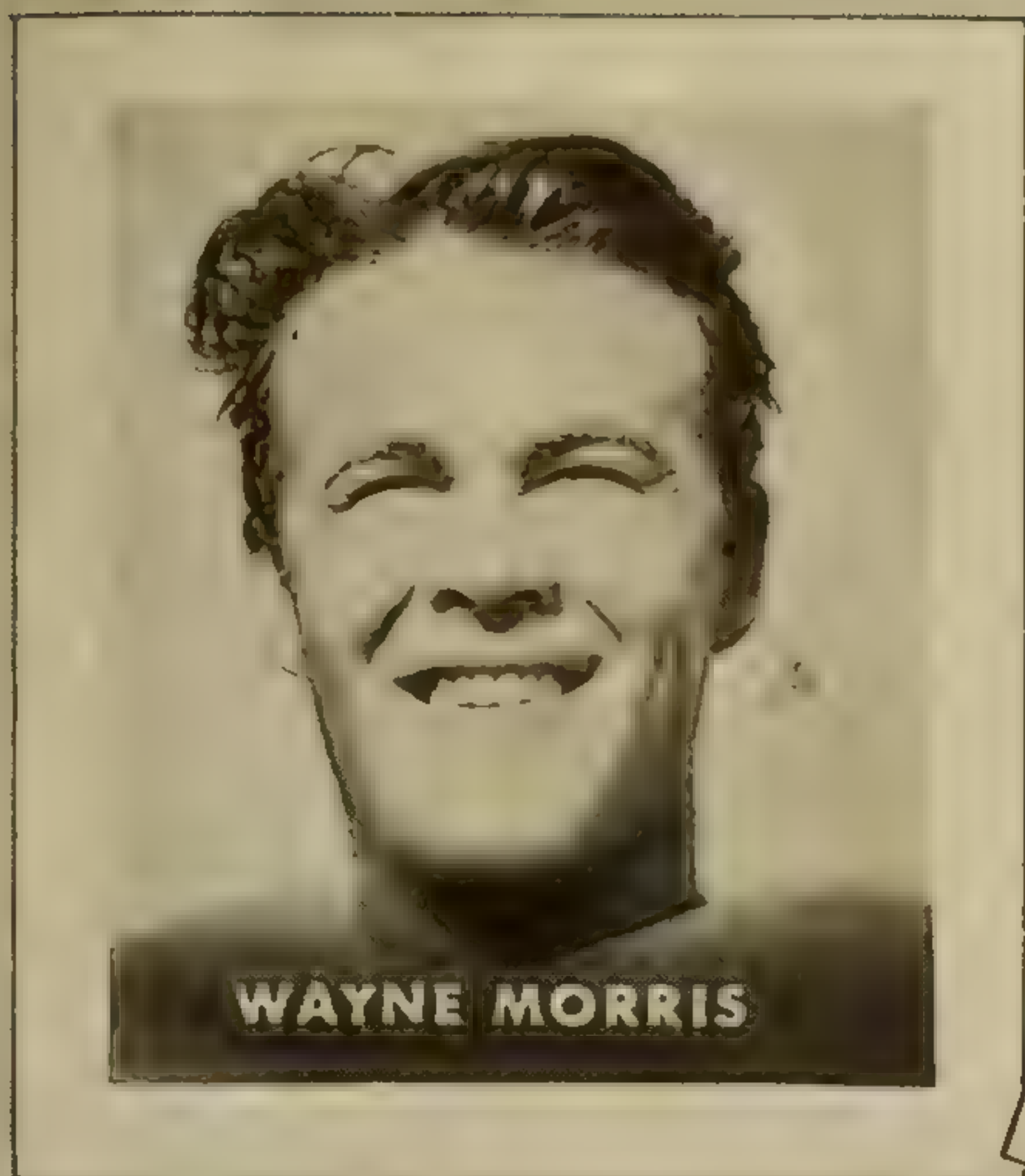
The beauty of some of the girls absolutely murdered much of the crowd . . . we had Linda Darnell in one bakery shop and Ann Rutherford in another . . . Rita Hayworth, knocking their eyes out in an evening dress and ermine coat and selling orchids, sweet Mary Martin and Maureen O'Hara selling flowers and Virginia Vale in the baby shop . . . the crush around Linda was so dense and people were so spell-bound by her loveliness that they crushed the booth to splinters and the police had to lift her above the heads of hundreds to rescue her . . . there were plenty of ladies who were very aware, too, of the handsomeness of Vic Mature and John Wayne and Bruce Cabot and John Shelton and John Hubbard and Forrest Tucker and that charming lad, Bob Stack. . . .

THE benefit, was supposed to start at eight and end at eleven, but the throngs were so huge that some stars couldn't get through the crowds even with police escort until nine . . . the police said it was dangerous for anyone more to go down into the stands . . . we who were doing the office work on it were on a second floor and handsome Morgan Conway stayed behind the scenes there, working among our jittery bunch of women because he said at least one male brain was needed . . . just as the cops made this pronouncement the charming, dignified Greer Garson appeared . . . we told her what the cops had said . . . we said we thought she had better just stay upstairs away from the throng . . . "But I came here to work," said Miss Garson. "I shall feel a donkey if I don't."

Forthwith she began divesting herself of everything she had that was detachable, earrings, gloves, bracelets, handkerchief, hat, bag. She laid them down on the desk. "Here I go," she said and down she went into that mob, with such poise and serene beauty that it opened up before her like the Red Sea and made a path. . . .

If only PHOTOPLAY had the space I could go on giving you a hundred other anecdotes . . . about Lupe Velez' mad selling of roasted chickens . . . of how the aristocratic Liz Whitney who has had everything easy all her life never so much as gave a yelp when some wild individual snatched the diamond earrings right out of her ears . . . of how young Philip Ainsley, whom none of us knew very well, but who is a lad under contract to Columbia, it seems, and well-worth watching . . . was still there at midnight selling corn, two ears for a nickel, because he'd promised the farmer in his booth that he would not leave until he had sold an entire truckload, which he did . . . of how Warren William worked steadily for five solid hours in different booths and never complained . . . of how, as it got toward midnight and the crowd began to clear a little . . . Crawford and Auer and Dekker got together, Brod acting as auctioneer, while Auer and Dekker hid in the crowd and acted as shills . . . that is, as the guys who keep putting up the bids . . . and began selling a whole roast pig . . . they got the bid up to Dekker's offer of \$5.50, but they couldn't get it a nickel higher . . . and I wish you could have seen Dekker's face when he realized he was stuck with the pig . . . and his car was a sight as he began driving out with the pig in the back seat of it . . . of how John Payne, working in a pet shop, auctioned off a Doberman pinscher, got the winner to give the dog back and auctioned it off a second time . . . of how Gail Patrick had husband Bob Cobb's whole ball team helping her sell potatoes . . . of how Vera Vague, of the radio, kept going into characterizations that convulsed everyone . . . of how Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville tried to hold hands while they sold hot dogs . . . and of how Desi Arnaz came to see if Lucille Ball was getting along all right and of how Esme O'Brien was there to keep her pretty eyes on Bob Stack . . . of how . . . but I can't go on . . . space forbids . . . but you get the picture of it, don't you . . . and of why I think Hollywood's people are very grand?

P.S. We made thousands of Red Cross dollars!

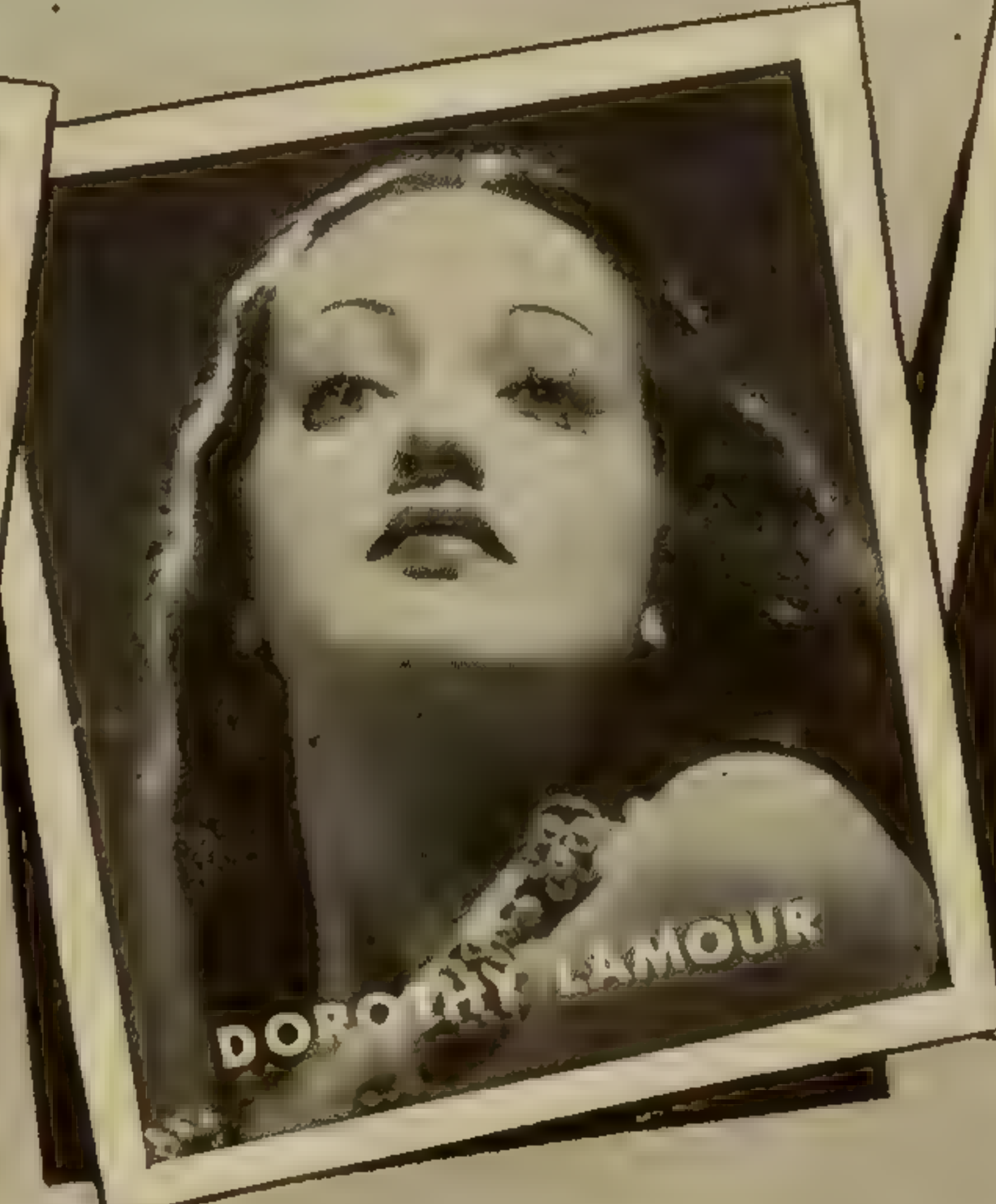
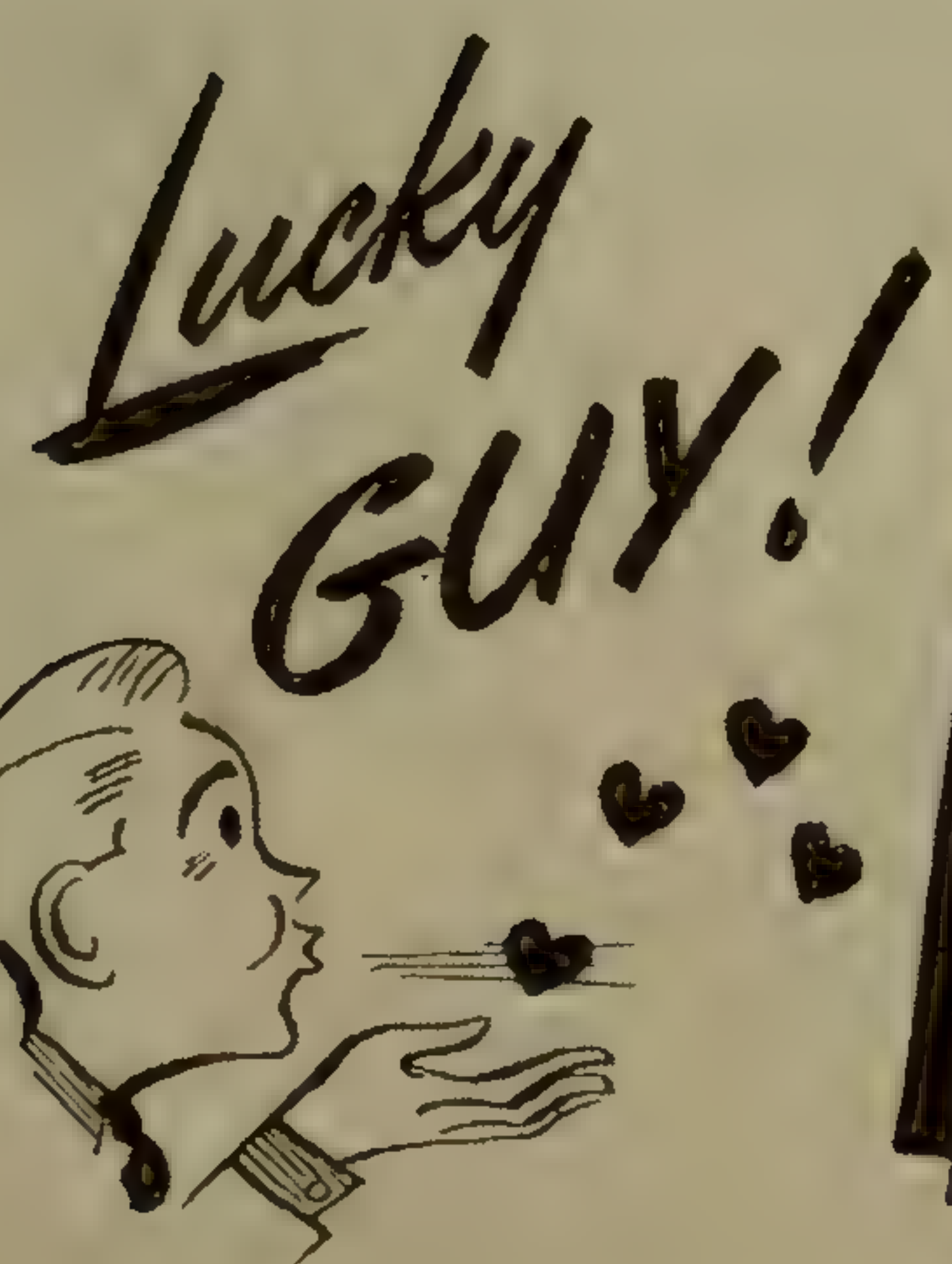


Lucky Girl... 4 big Paramount DATES!

Lucky everybody who enjoys the finest in motion picture entertainment. For here's Paramount with a grand college football picture, **"THE QUARTERBACK"**, featuring Wayne Morris and Virginia Dale, directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Yes, and Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, and Preston Foster in a heart-searing drama of the teak-wood forests, **"MOON OVER BURMA"**, with Doris Nolan and Albert Basserman, directed by Louis King. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew in **"CHRISTMAS IN JULY"**, with Raymond Walburn, a completely new kind of comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, whose



"The Great McGinty" is the talk of the country. And, most exciting of all, the Claudette Colbert-Ray Milland starrer, **"ARISE MY LOVE"**, directed by Mitchell Leisen . . . Claudette's grandest heart-picture in years.



... with the Loveliest Ladies in Hollywood to Entertain Him!

Two-way tonic: The Woolworth heiress, Barbara, Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, very quiet, very feminine, very shy; and Cary Grant, who gets \$125,000 a picture and likes hot dogs and hamburgers



CARY GRANT'S

MILLION-DOLLAR ROMANCE

"Inner circle" information about Cary and Barbara Hutton—the most hushed-up love story in Hollywood

BY HERBERT STEIN

THE answer to the Hollywood query, "Button, Button, Who's got Hutton?" is Cary Grant! If he and Barbara aren't married when her divorce from Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow is final in February, their intimate friends will be in for the sharpest letdown ever to hit this town of mad surprises!

This hushed-up but hottest romance to hit the film colony in years continues to mystify the large portion of villagers not in the inner-circle "know." In a town where news travels mercilessly fast, the Grant-Hutton romance has been amazingly played down and gossipers'

search for a news oasis in their thirst for juicy facts has netted nothing but a constant series of parched columns.

The reason for the silence is understandable, however Cary Grant fans may disapprove of the secrecy attached thereto. Barbara and he are in love. What hurts her hurts him. Because she's been the target for bitter press attack, she isn't anxious to stick her neck into another blast now. There isn't a person living who trembles more at the mere mention of "fourth estate" than Barbara Hutton. And today, more than ever, she doesn't want any magazine or newspaper barrage to send her on a detour from the signpost she's just found in Hollywood, marked "Happiness Ahead."

It is happiness ahead for Barbara and Cary, especially if outside influences do not interfere.

If you knew the two, you'd sense the change in both instantly.

Cary is again the gayest person in Hollywood. Barbara, twice capsized in her matrimonial voyages, is on even keel again. There's a sharp breeze ahead and clear sailing.

Barbara has run into a man who can stand on his own feet. Cary doesn't need her money—not at \$125,000 a picture and more bids than he can ever fill. When Barbara dumped a cool \$250,000 to the American and British Red Cross, Cary turned his entire \$125,000 take for his stint in "The Philadelphia Story" to the same organizations.

They've been a two-way tonic for each other. Cary, before this, had never really gotten over his love for his former wife, Virginia Cherrill, now the Countess of Jersey. It's ironic, indeed, that it took another countess to snap him back into stride. And there's no question but that Barbara has done it.

As an individual, there isn't a better liked person in Hollywood than Grant. He is the same off the screen as he is on. He is affable, kind, cheerful. He is an overgrown kid who enjoys the unpretentious things in life. He is considerate. His generosity is not of the publicized variety, although he pays many bills in Hollywood for old down-and-out friends you never hear about. He shuns publicity. He's the shin-



"The Philadelphia Story" again teams Cary with Katie Hepburn

ing example of a fellow who can get on without it. There's no stuffiness about Grant. He stands out in sharp contrast to Barbara's former husbands and their regal routine and society parties that made anything but good copy in New York or abroad. Cary's a down-to-earth guy who prefers the company of a few good friends to all the night clubs in the world. There's no fuss, no sham, no attempt to impress. If once you're Cary's friend, you're always his friend. He has an intelligent sense of values and does everything possible to maintain it. What Grant offers as a personality goes far beyond any of the pseudo-sophisticated divertissement Hollywood or New York offers under the guise of entertainment.

Those Hollywood people who really know Barbara find a girl far different from the press-depicted person. She's very quiet, very feminine, extremely shy. She dresses with simple conservatism. She wears no crazy array of diamonds and rings. If you didn't know her as Barbara Hutton, you'd take her for any other well-dressed woman on Madison Avenue or Wilshire Boulevard. The only adornment she has worn in the line of jewelry since she came to Hollywood is a thin gold bracelet. She lives far more sanely than many of the top stars and producers, never does anything to impress.

CARY GRANT feels these things to be true about Barbara. He and his friends have gotten to know her warmly and affectionately. They take cognizance of the fact that her mother died when Barbara was but three; that she was but a youngster when she was swept off her still immature legs by Prince Mdivani. Cary is not interested in the causes for her unhappiness—he's interested only in the effect of them upon her life and he seeks only to cure them.

Her friends know her as a very loyal person. Her servants who have been with her for years swear by her. If she asks for tea to be served, the order invariably takes the form of "Will you be good enough to serve tea now?" When she telephones her representatives—people she can fire at will—she never fails, in her shyness, to inquire first whether or not it would be too much trouble to do this or that now.

She is a good mother. She loves her child as any mother does her children. She spends more time with her son that she does at all her other activities combined. But she sees no reason to

publicize what's the most natural thing in life.

It is true that Barbara has invaded Hollywood behind closed doors! Few people here, as a matter of fact, have seen anything of her since her arrival. But she wants no publicity; asks only to be left alone. Cary loves Barbara and will do anything possible to make and keep her happy. At the outset, his friends were worried about the association. They were concerned about what it might do to his career. But they're no longer worried. There isn't one of them who doesn't think Cary and Barbara are a swell combination. Barbara has found a bulwark of friendship and kindness in Grant she's never known before. In Barbara, Cary has found the tenderness, warmth and affection so rare in cold Hollywood.

The romance had its start in New York last year. Although it wasn't geared in high until this summer, it picked up lots of momentum when Cary was in New York last March. When he returned to Hollywood, Barbara's pictures began to adorn his rooms.

In the spring of the past year, Barbara arrived in San Francisco with her young son, en route to Honolulu. Before sailing, she spent most of her time with her long-time friend Countess di Frasso and Ricardo Cortez, who squired both around the town. Barbara then left for Honolulu, but returned after a month both because of her son's poor health and her concern over war developments abroad.

If there is any one person responsible for playing cupid in this romance, that person is the Countess di Frasso. It was the Countess who house-guested Barbara on her return from Hawaii. It was the Countess who arranged the get-together dinners that brought Cary and Barbara closer with each dessert. The more Barbara lingered in Hollywood, the more Hollywood grew on her. The more she saw of Cary Grant, the fonder the two became of each other, until, late in the summer, she chucked all ideas of going East to the winds and rented Buster Keaton's smart but conservative house in Beverly Hills. Through the Countess di Frasso and Cary she was introduced to a small circle of friends. There is little chance now that the Woolworth heiress will return to New York. She dislikes Gotham intensely. Besides, all her other friends are mostly in England.

CARY'S and Barbara's Hollywood friends include Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Noel Coward (when he's in town), Elsa Maxwell, "Dickie" Gordon, Richard Gully, Ricardo Cortez, Johnny Maschio and his wife, Connie Moore, Reggie Gardiner, and the DeLaney Hunters and Lady Moore, who are Barbara's house guests. (There'll be three English refugee children at her home soon, too.)

Now, while the Hollywood grapevine mumbles about a Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton romance, only these close friends really know what it's all about. They say nothing to anyone—a more tight-lipped crew you'll never find. Cary, who naturally shuns publicity, will not give out any statement. If he's queried, he keeps quiet. Since both he and Barbara dislike and thus avoid night clubs, there are no pictures of them together at such spots. All the intimate parties they attend (and we'll come to that directly) are closed affairs. The press and photographers are summarily barred. Even Elsa Maxwell's party for Noel Coward, which drew a tremendous crowd, was closed tighter'n a snare drum. If Cary and Barbara take dinner out, they avoid press-infested hostelryes.

There isn't a phonograph in town that wouldn't give its right arm to play the recordings made at the intimate parties mentioned above. No matter who the host—and they take turns—no party is complete without each person's doing his or her bit on the recording machine. For example, one record will have Cary doing one of his hot piano solos, which a friend describes as: "It stinks, but it's wonderful."

The same disc will have Barbara singing. Reggie Gardiner keeps the "variety" show moving with his impersonations. Jimmy Stewart, also in the gang, will do a monologue. Doug Fairbanks will exhibit his "Angel Over Broadway" East Side accent. When it's all over they play the record back over and over again. These playbacks are good for a million laughs. The group also gets up impromptu plays and acts them right into the mike-hugged instrument.

The parties, according to the press-conceived Hollywood standards, are quiet and simple; the average Hollywoodian or visitor might even consider them dull. Actually, the parties are lots of sport—good conversation, bright, sparkling humor.

THESE parties are new to Barbara. She loves them. Cary is happy that she's able to relax, be herself and join in the fun. He has apparently discovered the right combination for her escape into a world she's always dreamt about but never had an opportunity to know.

Fortunately the parties break up early, for Barbara is strictly an 11 o'clock date. She is awake every morning at nine and is with her son until two or three, when she prepares for her tennis lesson. Then it's a swim, usually at Cary's Santa Monica beach home, where friends are always gathered for tea. Dinner is usually scheduled at her place, or with different friends at theirs.

When Cary's on a picture, she'll accompany him to the lot on the rare occasions when the set is closed to the press and public. No pictures are ever shot of her on a sound stage. She herself, merely for the record, is not interested in a film career, despite stories to the contrary that were carried when she arrived.

Evenings, when they're not with friends, you'll find the two driving toward Lake Arrowhead or along the Beach highway to Santa Barbara. Yes, and they stop off for hamburgers and hot dogs. Cary, overgrown kid that he is, is a sucker for frankfurters.

We don't know what they talk about on these excursions into the night, but it's evidently satisfying conversation for both. They drive this way often. Cary wants Barbara in the open air. He thinks she needs building up. Truth is, Barbara is very frail, and tips the scales at a mere ninety pounds.

Cary's forgotten about his former wife, the Countess of Jersey. His only great love before Barbara was for her and it's strange at the striking resemblance between the former Virginia Cherrill and Barbara. Cary sticks true to type. He's forgotten, too, about his long-ago dates with Betty Furness (now Mrs. Johnny Green), Adelaide Moffett and Phyllis Brooks.

Whether or not Cary and Barbara look forward only to February when her divorce is final, neither will say. But friends think differently. They are sure when the time is ripe the romance will bear fruit. There is apparently no question but what the Danish divorce will become final at the expected time. Barbara's spokesman in New York said some time ago that blitzkrieg or no blitzkrieg the divorce will become final. Count Reventlow, at this writing, is in New York, but there has been no attempt on either his or Barbara's part to communicate with one another. According to the terms bared in the divorce agreement, she is to have their son Lance nine months a year, while the Count has him three.

As for her citizenship, Barbara is making every effort to regain her American status. But since this means going through a long maze of legal entanglements, it'll be some time before she can step up to a poll and cast her vote again.

Barbara's been knocked down for the count twice. This time, if she and Cary are rice-pelted, as apparently they will be, she's earmarked for real happiness—because this time she's getting the best liked guy that ever hit this town called Hollywood.



Smoothest operator on the West Coast: Paulette Goddard



Supposed to have the most perfect figure in the world, Goddard sets a new ball-game style

You'll stop, look and listen to the most daring woman in Hollywood.

Her name is Paulette Goddard

BY KAY BRYAN

IF
YOU WANT TO
Get There

SOME people say it is beauty that counts the most in Hollywood. Some say it is dramatic talent. Some, sex appeal. But there is a certain young lady who is all of a sudden going places, and going places fast, who could, if she wanted to, tell you a little secret of success which beats the rest all hollow.

Referring to Paulette Goddard.

Of course, Paulette would probably laugh at you, innocently, and ask you what you were driving at, anyway, if you broached the subject to her. She would never admit she's any smarter than any of the other lovelies trying to get along in pictures. Maybe she doesn't even know it. But she is, all right. She's a smooth operator, very smooth. She goes along and never makes much of a fuss. She puts a word in here and quietly engineers a set of circumstances there. She's deft. She's subtle. She's—well, she is, as I said—*smooth*. You never know quite what she's up to, but she always gets what she wants. You can bet on that.

For instance, over there on the Paramount lot just after she was signed there was a good deal of to-do about another young player, also



Paulette and her reputed husband, Charles Chaplin. Ask her about her status in the Chaplin menage and you'll end up apologizing to her

recently signed, who was supposed to be a Real Find but who was having to fight that too-frequent bugaboo of nearly every would-be glamorous screen player—excess weight.

"You must reduce!" everybody kept telling this player. "You're getting too fat! Take off that weight and take it off quick! Starve yourself if you have to, but get rid of ten pounds!"

They wouldn't let the girl alone. They razed her to death and she was miserable.

Well, anyway, about this time, the smooth young Miss Goddard found out that a swell picture was coming up and that the feminine lead had not been cast. Of course, the inclined-to-be-too-plump player had been tentatively selected—that is, if she lost some weight. But what if she didn't? The smooth Miss Goddard thought about this for a while and then dropped in on the plump player. No, I wasn't there, but I know someone who was. And, no, I cannot say what was in Miss Goddard's mind. Maybe she was innocent as a newborn babe. But the gist of her conversation was: "Honey, why do you let them bulldoze you so? Why do you let them do it? After all, you have your own life to live! Why should you be miserable all the time? Eat what you want to, I always say. Tell 'em where they get off! I would!"

Well, she is a convincing talker, Paulette. So help me, she talked that too-plump player right into a strike. She wouldn't be treated that way, she decided! She would live her own life. She'd tell 'em they couldn't do that to her! She went right out and told 'em, too, and then she went over to Lucey's and had a big steak dinner with baked potatoes and lima beans and lemon pie.

So when the time came for casting that certain part in that certain picture she was still too plump to get it. So Paulette got it. . . .

OR take the way Paulette went about bagging the truly wonderful part of *Louvette*, the half-breed vixen in "North West Mounted Police." Believe it or not, she really began working for this part—or one like it—four years ago when with Charlie Chaplin and her mother she went around the world. You see, at every port she sent a post card to Cecil B. De Mille. Not that she knew him personally. They had never met. But chummily inscribed on each, from Paris, from Port Said, from Singapore, Manila and Hong Kong, was something like this: "Having wonderful time. Wish you were here. How about a part in one of your pictures?"

"Who is this Paulette Goddard?" C. B. would ask when the cards came. When told that this was the girl who was either married or not married to Charlie Chaplin, but that as far as her dramatic experience was concerned she wasn't such a much, he'd sort of snort and throw the card in the wastebasket. But just the same, he remembered the name and when she confronted him in his office that certain day a few

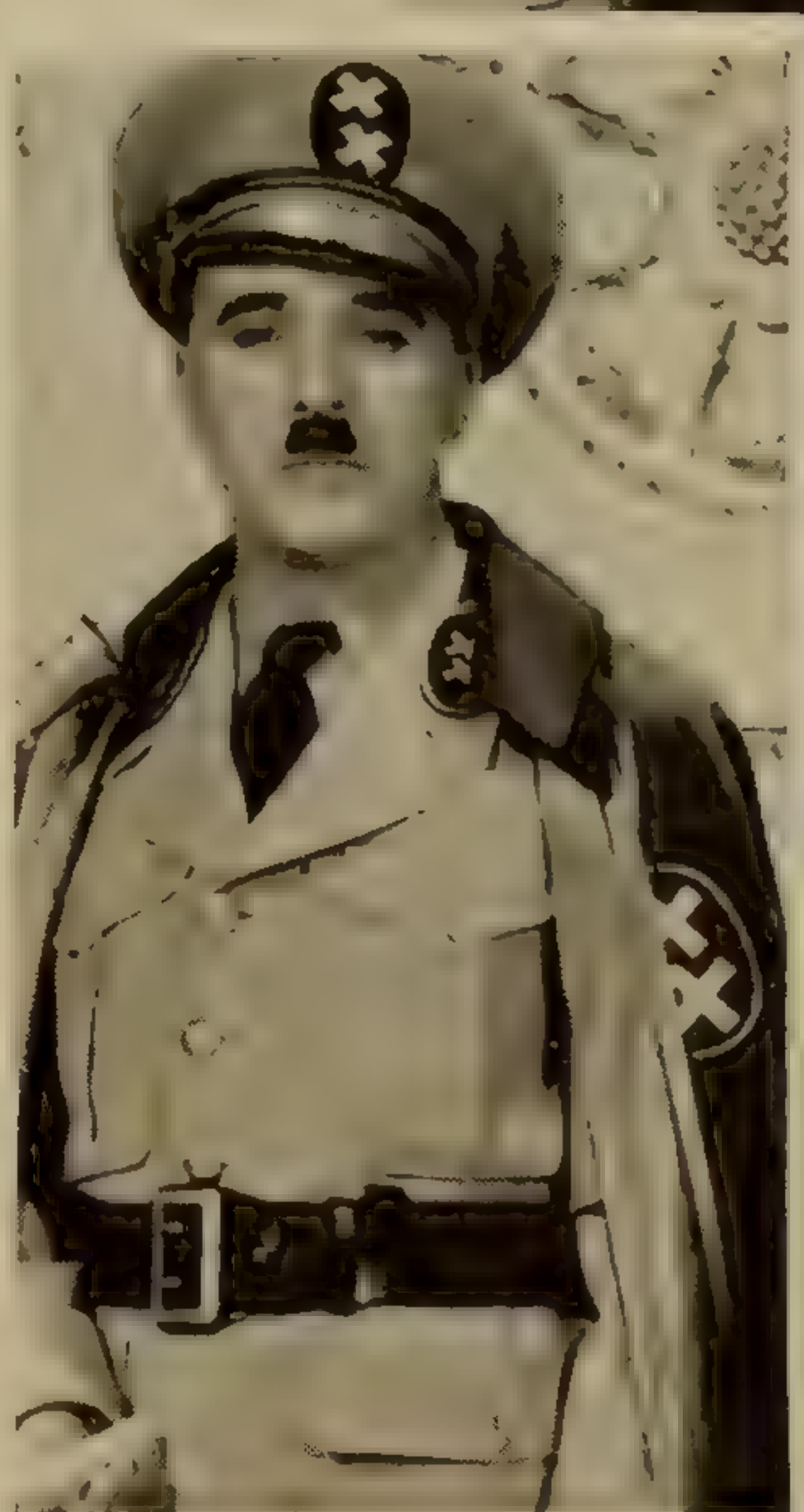
months ago, just before *Louvette* was cast, he knew her all right and—but I'd better go back a little and tell the thing straight.

It began the day Paulette got hold of a "North West Mounted Police" script and read it through. When she'd turned the last page, she knew she had to play *Louvette* and set about "operating" to that end. She was making "The Ghost Breakers" about this time, but when she could she would sneak over to the "North West" set to sort of "get the hang of it."

Meanwhile, a long list of ladies from Paramount and elsewhere was being tested for the role, or at least considered. Important ladies, too, like Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, Simone Simon, Louise Rainer, Lupe Velez, Olympe Bradna, even Vivien Leigh. That Paulette was not even on the list didn't worry her at all. She

would fix that. First, she made special friends with certain members of the wardrobe department—became so palsy-walsy with 'em that on the certain psychological day she had selected to do her stuff, it wasn't any trick at all to secure their whole-souled co-operation. I shan't say who was being tested that day, but when, after a morning's work, this certain candidate started off for lunch in the costume of *Louvette*, Paulette's pals got busy. "You wouldn't want to go traipsing off into the commissary in that outfit, would you?" they protested. "My dear, you'll roast! Here, just slip into this!" And before Miss Would-Be *Louvette* knew what she was doing, she was out of the costume and lunching in something else. And Miss Paulette Goddard was scrambling into the outfit and racing off to

(Continued on page 89)



Biggest modern film gamble: Chaplin's "The Great Dictator"

Subjected to the most trying gossip re the Chaplin situation for the past five years, Paulette deftly turned the situation to her own advantage. She gets another publicity gold ring in "The Great Dictator"—a co-starring role with Chaplin himself, first of his leading ladies to achieve that honor



"Unforgettable": Martha as Emily in "Our Town"



Martha's impression of co-star Cary Grant in "The Howards of Virginia" was that he behaved like a Hollywood gentleman. Above: On "The Howards" set with her Scottie, George

Martha

WHEN I saw Martha Scott as *Emily* in the film version of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town," I wondered who could have had the sense to steal her from Broadway to play the same part in a picture. Producers, as a rule, are chary of such transfers; they have the same misgivings about them as about permitting an author to write the script of his own novel. They do not believe that things that are equal to the same thing can possibly be equal to one another.

So when I met Martha I enquired who had had this sense; but so far as I could judge Martha had had most of the sense herself—plus a good deal of the luck. She even had the sense to admit the luck—but then, as you will shortly see, Martha is a very sensible person altogether. She is very truthful, too. When I invited her to lunch she turned up half an hour late. Now most girls, on turning up half an hour late, will either pretend not to notice it (which is both foolish and disgusting) or make up some excuse to win sympathy, such as a last-minute errand for Mother, or a call at the dog hospital. Martha, with charming apologies, merely said she had been kept at the hairdresser's where she had gone to have her hair straightened—a remark which won not only my sympathy but a certain fascinated interest. It seemed to me rather like going to an optometrist for a black eye; and it made me stare hard at Martha's hair, which certainly looked straight enough for ordinary purposes—at any rate, not *excessively* crooked. But apparently for her current film even straighter hair is required.

Here's a bit of Martha's history, told me over a salad bowl at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. She comes from a town in Missouri so small that—no, I'm not going to repeat the joke about Mrs. Roosevelt—so small that my great-uncle who left England to settle in America seventy years ago couldn't find anywhere better than an equally small town a few miles away. (Her town is Jamesport; my great-uncle's was Trenton. And incidentally, while we are on this family business, her grandfather was a cousin of President McKinley.) Well, she began her stage career in summer stock companies in the East, skirmishing around New York in the usual way and with the usual hope that somehow someday she would get her chance; you can have a deal of merit and still not find your way to Broadway without luck. Martha obtained the "Our Town" part mostly by luck, but it was by merit she held it and made her performance one of the most moving on the stage of that year.

Then Hollywood. Her first film hope was to get into "Gone With the Wind." She was one of the regiment of women who tested for the part of *Melanie* and (as we all know) she didn't get it. When I read "Gone With the Wind" I skipped the *Melanie* parts as one tries to skip the commercials in a radio show—not because one positively hates them, but because one knows more or less what they are going to be. So I do not think it was a tragedy, either for Martha or for the world, that she did not get that particular plum—or box of sugarplums.

THE part in "Our Town" was of course ideal, exactly suiting that quality in her acting and personality which is the exact opposite, let's say, of Noel Coward's in "Private Lives" (of Noel also, more anon). There was a dreamlike simplicity about the Martha-*Emily* portrayal which for me goes into a very small list of unforgettable things.

Of course, Martha must have had an inkling she was good (most artists have—if and when), but she was nervous at the Hollywood preview and enjoyed seeing the picture far more on a chance occasion later, when she happened to be in Ocean Park, the Coney Island of Southern California. And the Ocean Park audience, she says, was even more sympathetic than the black-tied and ermine-coated previewers.

Martha's latest assignment (since "Our Town") has been the star part in "The Howards of Virginia," based on Elizabeth Page's novel, "The Tree of Liberty." (They felt they couldn't stick to that title—"liberty" being such a hackneyed word in election year.) Martha had not met Elizabeth, so I brought the latter along, and was plunged immediately into an ardent discussion of

BY JAMES HIL

KNOWS

Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Washington, the third term, the fourth estate and the fifth column.

Now here is where the sense comes in. I would have had a transcript made of that conversation between authority and a girl from Missouri, with an Englishman being the score; because I think it would instill a greater confidence throughout the sensible part of the world that that is a sample of what other girls from Missouri are like and if Missouri is a sample of other states in America, it is less wrong with America, Missouri, and girls that they had feared.

Then we discovered a really astonishing fact—I thought that the one-act play called "Still Life," in a group of one-act plays called "Tonight at 8:30," in others put together. You would be surprised how some minor but entirely arrogant and unprovoked makes for closer friendship. Thereupon we began to talk about Noël Coward himself.

Martha had just met Noel (Cary Grant her co-star in "The Howards of Virginia" introduced them) and Noel, after seeing part of the picture, had said how much he admired her acting and how eagerly he would like to know what she would become within three years. (For that matter, I'd like to know what Noel will become within three years.)

And talking of Cary Grant, Martha said how helpful he had been to her on the set, continually suggesting better angles for her, telling her not to be nervous and generally behaving like a Hollywood gentleman in not hogging the scene.

Martha has been lucky also in her directors. For "The Howards" she had Frank Lloyd and for "Our Town," Sam Wood, whose masculine firmness again (as in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips") prevented any cloying of sentiment. It is time, incidentally, to give Sol Lesser a bouquet for filming "Our Town" at all after every other producer had pronounced it unfilmable. No picture was ever cut less to formula; and even with a "happy" ending it still offers movie patrons the somewhat unfamiliar spectacle of dead people rising from their graves to haunt the scenes of their former happiness.

Martha said she would have preferred the play-ending, but I doubt if those who did not know the play will feel that anything is wrong about a girl *recovering* from childbirth, instead of *dying*. This is one of the cases (rare, I admit) when a tagged-on happy ending did not spoil the story. Anyhow, Thornton Wilder approved the change.

BY the time we had reached the argument about endings, it was almost three o'clock, which is the hour when the Beverly-Wilshire waiters begin to think of something else, so I saw Martha into her car and met her excusably adoring mother. I had really enjoyed myself so much as to have completely forgotten the job of finding material for this article, so that I still don't know whether Martha plays games, likes late parties, listens to "Information Please," is engaged, or has read "How Green Was My Valley." But I have promised to take her to meet Flora Robson, so the chance of all those questions will recur—and probably be forgotten again.

I ought to say something about her looks. She has grey-blue eyes, a perfectly shaped nose, a charming smile and light-brown hair.

So much for the catalogue—a few thousand other Hollywood girls go into it with the same items. But Martha has something else—difficult to describe or label—in fact, the only hint I can give is to say that one has an impression, after meeting her, of a fine and generous intelligence and that this is in her looks as well as in her talk. I suspect it is pretty hard to photograph, but it makes for good angles in real life.

The girl from Missouri: Martha Scott, starring with Cary Grant in "The Howards of Virginia," discussing with competence the third term, the fourth estate and the fifth column





London: A law suit caused a break with Herbert Kays

PROCEED *At Your Own Risk*

AN EXPOSÉ OF PERILS MOVIE STARS FACE TODAY

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THE Hollywood stars reach for fame and then for more fame. Every year they spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to keep themselves in the public eye and emphasize the natural interest there is in them. And, one way or another, the fame they create for themselves turns into a Frankenstein monster and threatens to destroy them.

Blackmailers, kidnappers, unscrupulous servants, shrewd lawyers, opportunists of all kinds, demented people of every description always have been the stars' natural enemies. And now a new danger threatens. Now the stars live in constant dread of being unjustly branded as **un-American**, the way James Cagney, Fredric March, Franchot Tone, Humphrey Bogart and Jean Muir were recently when they were called before Representative Dies and accused of being Communists.

These stars since have been cleared of this charge, as you know from your newspaper. Some were involved only because they once contributed to charities headed by men who lately have been proven Communists. But, unfortunately, the stigma still lingers. And other stars naturally wonder who will be damned next.

Fame throws a bright light and those who stand in it risk everything they are, everything they do and everything they stand for being distorted. They also must expect to be beset by swarms of human insects who seek to feed upon them in one way or another.

Some of the stories of the persecutions the stars have experienced have been told so often no one any longer knows or cares if they are true. There's the Chaplin legend which insists that twelve years ago Charlie was taken out on a boat and held captive until his abductors were paid half a million dollars. And it's interesting to remember that this was the very time that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, close friends of Charlie's and his business associates, carried guns in their car even when they drove between Pickfair and the studios.

Kidnappers always have been one of Hollywood's most horrible menaces. And as a matter of course many stars have their homes guarded by former policemen or Federal Bureau of Investigation workers who have permits to carry guns.

Harold Lloyd's home has been under guard as long as anyone in the film colony can remem-

ber. Years ago, when the Lloyds lived on an avenue in Beverly Hills and Gloria was a baby, someone attempted to get in through a pantry window. Harold had been receiving threatening letters for some time and when this happened he ordered the house patrolled by an armed guard night and day.

Five years ago when little Harold was born, Mildred Lloyd wasn't permitted to take him home from the hospital with her. Footprints that had been made by rubber-soled shoes had been discovered on the floor of Harold's private nursery (he was a premature baby) and the authorities, called in at once, insisted the baby go home under guard at a secret time of which they and the family alone were aware.

We'll always remember our first visit to little Harold's nursery at "Green Acres." He had a beautiful suite, lovingly decorated and furnished and golden with the sunshine that poured in on three sides. But outside his door a man sat with a gun across his knees.

There still are guards posted about the Lloyd house and grounds. And the three children—Gloria, Peggy and Harold Junior—always ride in an armored car behind an armed chauffeur.

It's difficult to find amusement in anything connected with the grim, inhumane business of kidnapping. But an abduction threat Mae West received did lead to an incident that had all the elements of slapstick comedy. One evening a



Clark Gable: His received rambling letters from a strange woman, ended up in court



Report about Chaplin was that he was kidnapped, paid \$500,000 ransom



Wallace Beery: He was forewarned about the man who walked into his living room



Jimmy Cagney: accused of being a Communist, he had to face the Dies Committee

man who worked in the commissary at Twentieth Century-Fox went walking on Sunset Boulevard in the neighborhood of the old Warner Brothers' Studio. It's dark and deserted here since Warners moved all production out to Burbank and when a sixteen-cylinder car came whizzing down the street this man was startled. As the car came to a quick stop in front of the studios he caught a flash of a beautiful blonde in the back seat. She switched the light on and then off again. And when, after this, the colored chauffeur jumped out and deposited a package he carried in a palm tree it was enough to arouse the curiosity of a wooden Indian. Immediately that car drove off the Twentieth Century-Fox employee ran over to the palm tree to see what was what. There was, instantly, fire from machine guns! Policemen jumped out from behind walls and hedges! And considerable explaining was done before the police were satisfied that innocent pedestrian wasn't the extortionist who, obviously, had been frightened away.

Armed guards, barred nursery windows, threatening letters which are turned over to the Federal Bureau of Investigation . . . these things have become part of the stars' daily lives, that part of their daily lives about which the public rarely hears. Harold Lloyd is only one of the stars who knows perpetual anxiety. But because he's one of the richest stars he naturally

is the victim of more threats and more suits. For, as an attorney for Twentieth Century-Fox explains: "These things are proportionate. The minute we announce a dividend or the minute we announce we have settled any suit everyone who has any possible claim gets busy. Years ago it was a standing joke how broke this company was—because we had no suits at all!"

Sometimes that which long has been known as "the price of fame" has a destructive influence on the stars' private lives as well as their peace of mind and their check books. Take the case of Dorothy Lamour. . . .

When Dorothy and Herbie Kaye first faced the difficulties which finally brought them to the divorce court Dorothy arranged to visit Herbie in New York. She was between pictures and she managed to be excused from the Chase and Sanborn radio show for one Sunday evening. She and Herbie both hoped this time together would help them adjust much of the strain and misunderstanding which their enforced separation had induced. It was inevitable, of course, that they would quarrel more than once while they tried to accomplish this. And it was immediately after Herbie had left Dorothy's hotel in anger one day that she was advised to pack her things at once, leave the building by the service entrance, board a train that was leaving for California within the hour, and lock herself in her drawing room until the

train had crossed the New York state line.

The lawyer of the agent who was suing Dorothy for commissions he claimed were due him was, she was warned, about to serve her with papers which would cause her delay and might make her miss her radio broadcast from California.

"I can't do it! I can't go!" Dorothy told her company's emissary. "If I dash off now Herbie'll think. . . ."

The emissary was regretful but adamant. "If you don't go now you'll be served with those
(Continued on page 90)



**Jane Lyons again—as she discovers
that the “best-laid plans” of pets
and fans can go completely haywire**

ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH

Editor's Note: Jane Lyons is going to be in the movies! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has just bought "The Youngest Profession," a novel by Lillian Day, based on the stories which have appeared in PHOTOPLAY, as material for a new film starring Judy Garland.—E. V. H.

NOT sure which I need more, relaxation or escape.

Fed up with school. Sour Puss (Eng. Lit.) is a dolor in the neckibus. She can spout Shakespeare by the meter (ha ha) but knows nothing about Life, itself, on acct of she is frustrated. She read us a poem about a man who all his life wanted to go to Carcassonne. She said poets were always writing about the land of their dreams like Mecca (or was it Moscow). Home work assignment: to write poem about the place we most yearn to see. Cudgelled my brain for ten minutes last night but couldn't think of a rhyme for Hollywood.

Simply got to get there next summer or I know I'll develop some kind of nerosis. Wonder

what it would cost. Wouldn't mind living on Hamburgers, but would have to have clothes as appearance is half the battle on The Coast. Have \$7.50 in bank and might save from my allowance, but that is only chicken fodder. I've got to get hold of some real money, money in 2 figures. Barb says we might take up a collection and say it was for a Cause, because people don't bother to ask anymore, but I felt it wouldn't be exactly honest. It would be like taking chop suey out of the mouths of Chinese babies.

MR. JIMINY CRICKET!

Think I have solved problem!

Yesterday aft. it was pouring and I stayed home and browsed. There's nothing I enjoy more than browsing among my scrap books. Read about Arno, Errol Flynn's dog who is practically human. They are real pals on acct of they are inseparable companions. So an inspiration struck me and I phoned Barb and she dropped everything in the middle and came over. She admitted my idea was brilliant, so we started right to work on it and drafted a letter to be sent to all stars who have dogs:

Dear ———:

No doubt you will be surprised to get this epistle. It concerns your beloved pet, ———.

Whenever you come East you must be torn between the horns of a dilemma, namely whether to bring ——— to the big unfriendly Metropolis where he might be in danger, or to leave him home to pine for you.

Have no more worries. The answer to your problem is PERSONALIZED SERV-

ICE FOR SENSITIVE DOGS.

We have a completely equipped service including gymnasium, rest room, beauty parlor and Canine Bar (naturally only soft drinks served).

Fifteen dollars will include bathing, shaving, clipping, pedicure, make-up and ears cleaned. If you think this exorbitant, figure out what same would cost for yourself.

We will take ——— for walks in exclusive neighborhoods like Park Avenue where there will be no danger of encountering underprivileged pups. (\$2 the hour, \$10 the day.)

We will be only too glad to bring ——— to meet you at theatres, night clubs, cocktail parties, previews, dressing rooms or any places of that nature.

Trusting you will avail yourself of our advantageous offer, we remain,

Yrs. truly

**PERSONALIZED SERVICE
FOR SENSITIVE DOGS
(J. Lyons & B. Drew)**

Of course if the dog is female we shall substitute "her" for "him" and if we don't know we'll say "it." We'll get special stationery printed so it looks official. And now we have to dig up the names and makes of the dogs of stars.

Not mentioning project to family just yet. The only one who knows is Lilybud because she listens, but she can be trusted. In fact she's the only member of the family who understands. She is also yearning to get to The Coast. She has started a Hattie McDaniel Club in Harlem and I'm helping her get up a scrap

JANE GOES TO THE DOGS



BY LILLIAN DAY

Barb and I exchanged insignificant glances because we realized the dog was Madeleine Carroll's. I figured it was a French dog, so I said in a loud voice: "Taisez-vous!"

book. The day Hattie got the Oscar Lilybud burned the steak.

Yesterday Barb and I went to Abercrombie and Fitch because the best is none too good and purchased equipment as follows:

- 1 feeding dish (long-eared)
- 1 feeding dish (short-eared)
- 1 Rotoromp (for exercise, rainy days)
- 1 leather turtle
- 1 crying frankfurter
- 1 Happidog hydrant
- 1 ball with pictures (educational)
- 1 stripping razor and blades
- 1 clippers (long-haired)
- 1 clippers (short-haired)
- 3 teeth scallers (small, med., large)
- 1 file
- 2 wire brushes
- 1 slanting bristle brush
- 2 combs (long and short teeth)
- 2 pr. grooming mits
- Worm tablets
- Calcium bones
- Irradiated Yeast
- Cod Liver Pills
- Krunchon
- Lactel
- Vitapets
- Sweeties for Obedient Doggies
- Cosmetics (French Chalk, pink and white; Mascara, powder, ambre, sienna & tawny; Wow-wow shampoo

There were loads of other things we need but as I charged it to Pops I thought I'd better economize as the bill was already over \$50. The salesman said an infra-red lamp was really indispensable in killing undesirables, but I as-



What Lilybud said makes me wonder if I really want to go to Hollywood!

sured him the pets of stars wouldn't be likely to have any.

Have been collecting items for new scrap book, PETS OF STARS. Unearthed some interesting facts, as follows:

Daisy (Blondie) was playing extra in a mob scene when the director spotted him. They gave him 6 mos. prep. training before they took a screen test. Then he had private lessons in jumping, fetching, etc. When Columbia sent out the call over 40 dogs applied and he got the job at once. Now he is at the pinnacle of success and still mounting. He gives his autograph by stamping his paw on an ink pad.

Claudette has a League of Nations Kennel: French Poodle, Eng. Setter, Belgian Police, Welsh Terrier, & Dachshund. (Barb is getting up a petition to request her to expel the Dachshund.)

Inky (cat in Destiny) has a brother who looks exactly like him but can't act, so he has a job as Inky's stand-in. His name is Carbon Copy.

Martha Raye just had 6 puppies, Major, Minor, Chorus, Intro, Verse and Coda. (Looked up Coda and it means a tail piece, which explains the name.)

Chas. Ruggles is a Fancier.

After a week's research in studios, offices, newspapers, libraries and scrap books, have compiled the following list:

Bette	2 Sealyhams
Ginger	Afghan Hound
Wendy B.	Gr. Dane
Anne Shirley	Cocker
Lupe	Chiawawa
Myrna	Wire-haired
Illona	2 Scotties
Joan	2 Dachshunds

have had 100% non-returns. Have also sent notices for bulletin boards of Tailwaggers and Renfro Kennels. Lilybud is keeping the equipment in her room but she says if Mops finds it she's going to deny it point blank. I hope some dogs arrive before the first of the month with that A. & F. bill.

OH LA LA! COMME LA VIE EST EXTRAORDINAIRE!

Yesterday was a beautiful day and Barb and I felt in a mood for adventure so we decided to snoop around lobbies. We had on our new hats and fortunately our books were in brief cases. We each bought the other a gardenia because we both hate to buy flowers for ourself.

FIRST the Warwick and went straight to the powder room to make-up. One thing I must say for Barb, she knows where the ladies' room in every hotel in N. Y. is. Nothing doing there, so we tried the Algonquin & the Waldorf, equally ditto. Then Fate directed us to the Ritz. We sauntered around looking as if we were looking for someone and kept our eyes peeled for celebs. We were about to give up hope and go home when we heard a commotion and noticed a crowd around the desk. We ducked our way to the center and there was a black Fr. Poodle barking as if its heart would break, and at the other end of the leash was a little bell hop with a big hat and a box of flowers. The boy was trying to hush the dog and the clerk was furious and a lot of people were trying to pat it, but he refused to reciprocate. Then the clerk told the boy to scram and he said he couldn't because he had promised to meet Miss Carroll there. Barb and I exchanged insignificant glances because we both realized simultaneously who the dog was. He was

cynosure of admiring eyes. I wanted to make conversation but I couldn't think of the word for "paw" so I told Barb to sneak a look at the vocabulary which she did and whispered it to me. I conjugated to myself and then put my hand out and said:

"Donne ta patte." He understood perfectly, so my accent must be pretty good in spite of having flunked French.

I guess the crowd thought I was French, so I turned to Barb and said "*Sacre bleu!*" which is what D'Artagnon always says. I was wishing Miss Carroll would come because I was running out of conversation, and besides I thought she might possibly have Brian Aherne with her.

The crowd made way and a chauffeur came up to the boy and grabbed the boxes and the dog and ran out, Barb and I in hot pursuit. It was just like a movie. We followed him out to Madison Avenue and he got in a car, we following. There was a beautiful suitcase in it lettered M. C. He said we'd better scram as he had to meet Miss Carroll at the airport at 6, but we refused.

"Come what may," said Barb, "we sit tight."

"This dog needs me," I told him. "I'm the only one who speaks his language."

The traffic light changed and the cars in back were honking so he had to start and told us to keep our eyes peeled for cops as he would have to burn up the road. On the way we got very *intime* and he introduced himself. His name is Hooker and he works for friends of Miss Carroll who went to Florida and he is to take the car there. When we were sure he didn't understand French we held a rapid-fire conversation, I quoting *Le Marseillaise* and she replying with *Sur le Pont d'Avignon* and he was very impressed. Then we told him all about our Service for Sensitive Dogs. We all ate Barb's chocolate bar including Lolette and had such a lovely time I felt sad at the thought of parting which we didn't have to, on acct. of when we got there the plane had left.

WAS Hooker burned up! He said Miss Carroll would be furious and he might lose his job and he certainly had lost a good tip, so Barb offered him a quarter which he refused. So we invited him for some refreshments and we went to a place where a lot of very nice chauffeurs were and he had 2 hamburgers and 2 pieces of pie and 2 coffees and Barb had ice cream and plain cake on acct. of her diet. Then I remembered we were having a dinner party and Mops had asked me to be home early, so I thought I'd better phone. Lilybud answered and I explained to her that I was in the airport at Newark on acct. of Miss Carroll's dog having missed the plane, but that Mops shouldn't worry as I had a car and chauffeur at my disposal. She thought she'd better call Mops but the operator asked for 15c more so I hung up.

We sent a wire to Madeleine that the dog was in good hands and had a nice ride home all 4 in the front seat and Hooker promised to send us each a postal from Fla. We dropped Barb off first and it was after 8 when I got home and I knew I was in for it.

To make a long story short, I was.

I explained things to Mops and she seemed relieved for some reason.

They were all at dinner and I made up my mind not to answer any questions but nobody asked any. They were talking about affairs in Europe and I couldn't get a word in edgewise. So as soon as dinner was over I phoned Barb and her mother answered and said she wasn't going to let Barb associate with me any more as I was a bad influence. That was the last straw! Old as I am, I burst into tears.

So I went to my room with Lolette but she was so depressed I couldn't concentrate on my lessons, so I tried on the hat which is made of lilacs and very becoming and I think I'll have it copied before I send it to her. But unfortunately

(Continued on page 91)

Christmas
Gift

AS A YULETIDE PRESENT TO ITS READERS

PHOTOPLAY'S DECEMBER COVER

will be a stunning natural color
photograph by PAUL HESSE of

JUDY GARLAND

Jean Arthur	Mut
Anabella	Fr. Poodle
Wayne	Police
Menjoy	Toy Scottie
Greer	Fr. Pdl.
Errol	Schnautzer

Vera Bailey is burning up. She knows something is going on but we won't let her in on it. Yesterday we were all at Muriel's and I was reading her scrap book and there was an article called TERPSICHORE TAKES OVER HOLLYWOOD.

"Why don't you get her autograph?" asked Vera.

Well, I knew she was ignorant, but you could have knocked me over with a sarong.

"Don't you know," I said witheringly, "that Terpsichore has been dead for centuries?"

Am getting impatient waiting for business to turn up. So far have sent out 38 letters and

Madeleine Carroll's and we had seen their photo arriving on the Twentieth-Century and being so happy to be back in N. Y., etc. Naturally we wanted to make the acquaintance of such an illustrious animal, and besides it would be a good contact. I figured it was probably a French dog, so I said in a loud clear voice:

"*Taisez-vous!*" He looked at me but went right on barking, so I said "*Bon chien*" but he didn't seem to get me. Then Barb got a bright idea and I must admit she got it first. She said maybe the French talk to their dogs in a familiar manner (2nd person singular) and I realized that was it and I would have to *tu-toi* the animal, as Mademoiselle says. So I mentally did the conjugation of the verb *taire* (to shut up) until I got to the second person singular imperative and then I shouted, "*Tais-toi!*"

It was like a miracle. He stopped barking at once and began licking my hand. I was the

WENDELL WILLKIE

TALKS ABOUT MOVIES



"It has been of tremendous help," says Willkie of the "Information Please" short

The Presidential nominee whose campaign was spurred on by an unexpected job of movie acting gives Photoplay readers an exclusive interview

BY PAUL LARNARD

IF Wendell Willkie is elected President of the United States, the movies will have played a tremendous part in his triumph. And Wendell Willkie is duly grateful for the help the movies have given him.

No one is more aware of the publicity value of the screen than the rangy Indiana lawyer now stumping the country in his colorful campaign. How effective an aid to his own aspirations the movies have been, the Republican leader made clear in an exclusive interview with PHOTOPLAY a few weeks ago.

The intense interest of the whole Roosevelt family in motion pictures, both as a source of personal entertainment and as a medium of education and propaganda, has been reported in previous stories in this magazine. It is well known that special showings of pictures are held as often as twice a week in the White House.

What had not been known before Wendell Willkie talked to PHOTOPLAY was just how much of a film fan is this newcomer to public life, one of whose appeals is the enthusiasm with which he shares the likes and dislikes of the average American, that mythical "man in the street."

But it is as a movie actor, not as a frequent member of the audience, that Wendell Willkie is newsworthy in these columns.

For Wendell Willkie is the first movie actor ever to run for President of the United States.

Perhaps it is stretching it slightly to speak of the nominee as a film actor, since his screen appearances, outside of the increasingly numer-

ous newsreel scenes of his campaign, have been limited to two shorts for RKO.

But an actor he was, on the "Information Please" short, and to the list of his other activities, schoolteacher, country lawyer, artillery officer, author and utility executive, may be added the label of ex-movie mime.

Indeed, of all his avocations, Wendell Willkie holds particular pride in his debut as an actor. He was keen enough about the experience to interrupt his campaign, just one week before the Philadelphia convention, to don grease paint and work a long, hot day under the klieg lights of the Fox Movietone Studios in Manhattan. And after his nomination, one of Willkie's first free afternoons back in New York was spent in Radio City Music Hall viewing his initial effort at acting.

"Do you think, Mr. Willkie, that the showing of that 'Information Please' film in theaters all over the country helped make you known to many people, to whom otherwise you would have been merely a newspaper name?" this reporter asked the Presidential candidate.

"Undoubtedly!" affirmed Mr. Willkie. "From the number of comments and reports I have had on the film, it has been of tremendous help."

"And the newsreels you will be appearing in, during the remainder of your campaign . . . do you think they will be helpful, too?"

"They will be of great value," the Presidential aspirant answered. "Both the newsreels and the 'Information Please' short have made thousands of people acquainted with me who otherwise would have no idea what I looked like."

Mr. Willkie, as he spoke, took off his glasses, with which he had just been reading some WPA figures to a press conference, the other corre-

spondents at which had filed out of the room, leaving PHOTOPLAY's reporter alone with the candidate.

There was a slight smile on Willkie's face as he spoke of giving people a chance to see what he looked like. There is no exaggerated conceit about the looks of the Indiana man. But he is enough of a showman to know that one of his facets of appeal to the public has been his reputation for being a big, rough-and-ready appearing sort of person, not too fastidious about his clothes, completely unstudied in his gestures and mannerisms.

HE is, for the records, six feet one inch tall, weighs around 210 pounds and, as he sits at a desk, his wide shoulders have a tendency to stoop, his thick, unruly brown hair to fall over his forehead. He has blue eyes, set wide apart, a rather wide upper lip and a full, forceful mouth and chin. His speech is still flavored with the accent of a Hoosier farmer.

Just how satisfied Willkie is with his own screen appearance, he did not say, but the newsreel and newspaper cameramen, attached to his campaign party, declare him to be an exceptionally photogenic personage.

"He is patient and co-operative," one of the press photographers revealed. "He'll let you shoot anything he does. His attitude has been that he is 'fair game' for the cameramen and anything we're able to get, no matter how candid, is all right with him."

"The one thing he won't do, though, is pose for any faked stunts . . . any of the usual political picture pap. You know, big hats, or high fishing boots, or any of those pictures you just

(Continued on page 88)



"The happiest home in Omaha" is what neighbors called the Fondas' modest frame house at 4911 Chicago Street

The Boy from Omaha

FAMILY PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR...

who is indebted to Henry Fonda's sisters for anecdotes about the actor's early life and for permission to reproduce these rare pictures selected from their family albums



IN THE LIFE OF
HENRY FONDA IS
THE PATTERN OF
A NATION

Highlighted in Henry Fonda's memories of the happy yesterdays of his boyhood are the closely knit relations of his congenial home. "I had a wonderful family. There was so much love and loyalty in it," he told the author of this intimate picture-biography





Left to right in the picture above are Harriet, now Mrs. John B. Peacock of Omaha; Mrs. Fonda; Jayne, now Mrs. John P. Schoentgen of Council Bluffs, Iowa; Hank, when he was fourteen, and Mr. Fonda. Below, at left, the family when Hank was six and, right, when he was ten



Dancing school, when you are six, is bad enough without having to dress up like a stick of candy



Perhaps no family ever kept a more complete album. Here is Hank, "going on four," with Harriet, his sister



UNTIL he is gray and a grandfather, "Hank" Fonda will always look and act a great deal like the unaffected boy he used to be. New York, Europe and the halo of Hollywood fame have not rubbed off a certain loose-jointed, rawboned manner that seems to stamp the Middle Westerner even more than his inevitable accent. Hank has never completely outgrown the Omaha where he was reared.

Hank Fonda came naturally by the prairie drawl with which he invested his compelling portrait of "Young Mr. Lincoln." Most of the splendid characterizations he has brought to the screen, such as *Tom Joad* in "The Grapes of Wrath," *Frank James*, and his latest role of Yankee *Chad Hanna* have had an earthy quality as real and human as sweat and square-toed shoes.

And if, on the screen, Hank Fonda has come to represent a certain type of American, the homely, rugged philosophical pioneer, it may well be because in real life his roots are so deeply embedded in the soil of the land he symbolizes.

Hank Fonda is the man from Main Street. He is the *Tom Sawyer* of the Twentieth Century; the boy for whom they draw the Buck Rogers

Continuing:
THE BOY FROM OMAHA

The Boy Grows Up



May 16, 1905, was the time; Grand Island, Nebraska, the place of Henry Fonda's birth. They haven't put up a plaque on the little sun-splashed house in the prairie town. If they did, the inscription might read: "The home of an American boy"



1905: "One Take Fonda's" first close-up came when he was six months old, shortly before his family moved to Omaha to live



1909: Never, said his nursery teacher, had she heard "Over the river and through the snow" recited better



1911: The captain and quarterback of the Dundee Dreadnoughts, a semiprofessional football team. They got licorice sticks whenever they won a game



1913: Next-door neighbors and chums of grade-school days were Josephine (top left) and Robert (lower left) Ellick, shown with Hank and Harriet



1915: The Wolf Patrol of the Dundee Boy Scouts had an alert leader in this descendant of pioneer woodsmen



1917: "That ol' Kaiser better not come to Omaha. He'd get somethin'—he'd get hung, that's what!"



1919: The author of several novels (unpublished) and the winner of the Dundee News' contest for short stories



1921: When the regiment of cadets of the Omaha Central High School went into camp at Valley, Nebraska, for two weeks' spring training, H. J. Fonda was made a corporal



1923: The yearbook of Hank's high-school class said: "He has an eye for a picture or a pretty gal"

cartoons and manufacture Boy Scout merit badges; the shaggy-headed sophomore who slings hash at the State College, takes his "dates" to dances on a trolley car, marries his school-days sweetheart and grows old trying unsuccessfully to hide the terrific sentimentality that rules his destiny.

"It's just the merest accident that my life didn't settle into the groove of the small businessman," Fonda told me, and there was a hint that he would have been just as happy without the exaggerated income and importance of a movie star.

Hank was born in the prairie town of Grand Island, Nebraska, May 16, 1905, the son of William Brace Fonda and Herberta Jaynes Fonda.

"If it's a boy we'll name him Henry Jaynes, after your father," Brace Fonda had told his wife a few months before the scheduled arrival of their first-born. And in Omaha, a tall, gray-haired, kindly eyed man, working in the office of a railroad company, began writing little lyrics he would someday send his namesake. Henry Jaynes was to have a deep influence on the intellectual growth of his grandson. It was he who first encouraged the groping efforts of the boy to find an expression in the arts, opened up the vistas of opportunity for achievement beyond the confines of a business life.

They cultivate more than just good corn in the valley of Missouri. They cultivate good minds there, too.

WHEN Henry was a year old, the Fondas moved to Omaha. You'll find bigger houses on swankier streets than the modest frame building at Forty-ninth and Chicago which was Hank's home for most of his boyhood. Brace Fonda was never a wealthy man. His small commercial printing business just about managed to insure the necessities for his family to which, two years after Henry was born, was added a daughter, Harriet, and two years later, another, Jayne.

But though the Fondas may not have been "well off" financially, their social standing in the growing city was unrivalled. No young matron was more sought after than the lovely Herberta Jaynes Fonda, whose beautifully mannered children were held up as models in other homes. And everyone "downtown" in Omaha loved lanky, laughing Brace Fonda. His luncheon table at noon in Aquila Court was the magnet for the men who bossed the town's business. Husbands coming home to their big houses in Dundee at night usually would preface their dinner table talk with: "Brace Fonda told me a good one today."

It gives you some idea of the affection with which his family was regarded when you learn that today, as billboards are splashed with his pictures and the newspapers give him more headlines in a week than his father won in a lifetime, Hank is spoken of in Omaha not as Henry Fonda, the movie star, but as: "Brace Fonda's boy."

Hank's heritage from that jovial family background was a sincere love of people. Ever since he was a boy he has been as eager a listener as he is an eloquent speaker. Hank always has had the happy knack of making whomever he is with at the moment feel important.

Perhaps it was just this quality that made him the leader of the group of children who grew up together in the block around Forty-ninth and Chicago; the Ellicks, Robert and Josephine; the Cuscadens, Gertrude and Henry, dubbed "Little Hen" to distinguish him from Hank who was "Big Hen"; Paul Stauffer and the Hopkins and the Shattuck boys; and his cousins, Virginia, Douw, Garrett and Hilton Fonda, children of his father's brother Hilton, who lived not far away.

It was Hank who was ringmaster of the backyard circuses in which the children of Chicago Street and California Street vied to perform the most spectacular stunts on clothesline trapezes and hayloft high dives. Dressed in a high silk hat which, even wadded with newspapers, had



To his grandfather, Henry Jaynes, for whom he was named, Hank owed his early interest in things artistic



Herberta Jaynes Fonda, whose tragic death in 1935 was to cloud her son's hour of triumph on Broadway



Whenever Hank was told to "go take a running jump" he was likely to break a school-boy record for that event



Halloween, twenty-five years ago, was just as much an occasion for costumes as it is today. The reveler at the right with the Continental mustache and goatee is Hank. With him are his cousins Douw and Virginia Fonda. Douw recently turned actor in New York

a disquietening tendency to slide down over his ears; a "duster" that had been discarded with Mr. Fonda's buggy, and a black mustache, twirled with debonair twist that would have struck envy in the heart of any Desperate Desmond, Hank cracked the whip, literally and figuratively, for the neighborhood.

It was Hank, too, who discovered the grand slippery slide on the mudbanks out in Florence Woods and headed the expeditions to the swimming holes on the Little Papio, an anaemic creek on the outskirts of town.

Hank's prowess as a horseman, however, was what really commanded the respectful adulation of the Chicago Street "gang." Proof of his right to rank with Broncho Billy Anderson and William S. Hart was evinced one day when Hank was about twelve. It was Easter vacation and "Silk Sock Sam," as Hank preferred to be known at the moment, having laid away the conventional knickerbockers and jacket for cowboy chaps and a gaudy flannel shirt, mosied over to the Bar-U-Bet, the Ellicks' barn, in search of a chew of licorice and some excitement.

"Let's go down to Clyde Drew's," prompted Bob. "His father has just taken in fourteen Shetland ponies on a deal."

"Fourteen!" echoed Hank. "What's he going to do with them all?"

"I don't know. Sell them, maybe, or rent them to kids to ride. We won't have to pay anything, though. Let's go."

Clyde, a boy about Bob's age, explained that the ponies had never been ridden. One, "Prince," they had not even been able to saddle yet. Henry looked at the spirited outlaw with interest.

"Could I try and ride him?" he asked Clyde.

"Sure, only I don't think you can. We'll take him over to Elmwood Park."

The reluctant pony was pulled half a mile to the public park in the center of the city. Here, Hank, after several false starts, managed to mount "Prince."

The pony was a hurricane on hoofs. It bucked. It reared. It did everything but the Charleston and the Black Bottom. But for five minutes by the nickel-plated watch in Bob Ellick's trembling hand, Henry stayed astride the animal.

Round and round the little park "Prince" galloped and then suddenly he lurched toward the tiny lake in the center of the green.

Head on toward the water the pony dashed and then at the very edge of the lake he dug his forefeet into the ground and stopped stock-still. Hank went sailing over the pony's head to land on the bank, his feet almost in the water.

With a triumphant backward look at his antagonist, "Prince" trotted out of the park and on down the street to the Drew corral. Bob, Clyde and Hank followed.

"We tried to persuade Hank to call it quits," recalled Bob Ellick, now a successful broker in Omaha, who told me the story, "but he was determined to break 'Prince' and break him that day. 'You can't ever quit when you're losing,' Hank said and I think that's been a philosophy of his all his life . . . Never quit when you're losing.

"Well, to make a long story short, Hank trudged straight back into that corral, climbed on 'Prince' and rode him around and around that little ring until the pony finally was broken and Hank, just about exhausted, slid off his back and led him into his stall to feed him sugar and rub him down.

"It was that way with everything Henry did when he was young. It was always Hank who was first to dive from the highest board at a new swimming hole. It was Hank who rigged up the breath-taking swing over a ravine on the river bank. He had more nerve than anyone I've ever known, and a keen sense of adventure. Yet he never got into any scrapes."

AS Hank passed from grade school into high school, his circle of friends in Omaha widened. Through his father's and his mother's friends he was "taken up" by the Country Club set, just then tentatively tooting the first experimental notes of the Jazz Age. White ties and black rings under your eyes didn't appeal very much to Hank, however, and his name was not often on the list of "among those present" at the more pretentious parties.

The Fondas were such a happy, self-contained family, they made their own social life; Brace banging away "Poor Butterfly" on his guitar; Mrs. Fonda and the girls reading or playing cards; Henry sketching or writing some such epic as "Pioneer's Pluck." "Pioneer's Pluck" was based on the actual adventures of Henry's ancestors who, in the days before the Revolution, had founded the Mohawk Valley town of Fonda, N. Y. Its heroes were men like Jelles Fonda and Douw and Adam Fonda, whose very names provoked pictures of flintlocks and buckskin breeches and fur caps. They were, incidentally, of the country and the very people Hank later was to help dramatize in his film, "Drums Along the Mohawk." But now they were merely subjects for a schoolboy's notebook novel which had at least one juicy scalping on every page.

Hank also essayed a story about an earlier generation of Fondas, the Italian Marquis de Fonda, prominent in the Republic of Genoa, hundreds of years ago, who had been forced to take refuge in Holland because of his efforts to bring reform into the government. But there wasn't much time for such literary efforts. The Fonda house on Chicago Street was too popular for the solitude required of a budding author.

"There never was a more hospitable house in Omaha," Bob Ellick declares. "The door was open to everyone, at any hour of the night or day. I don't know how Mrs. Fonda ever managed about meals, for inevitably one of the children or Mr. Fonda would bring home an unexpected guest for lunch or dinner. And in the evening, if a party was going on that everyone enjoyed, the Fondas would insist you stay all night and find a bed for you somewhere between the attic and the basement game room. It would always be all right with the guests' parents, too, for they knew that if you were at the Fondas you were as safe as you were content."

It was at his first high-school dance that Hank showed a sign of the sort of naïvete which another Henry, *Henry Aldrich*, has endeared to radio audiences. His sister Harriet, now Mrs. John B. Peacock of Omaha, told me the tale with a grin.



Ringmaster of back-yard circuses, ringleader in neighborhood games, Hank Fonda grew up against the sort of background Booth Tarkington has depicted so poignantly in his novels of America's Middle West



Look closely at the lapel of the boy third from the left in the second row of the 1919 graduating class of Saunders School to see the merit badges Hank was so proud of

"For a week before the dance, Henry had been petitioning Father to let him take the family car, an old-style Ford, the brass fixtures on which Father kept lovingly shined. It was a losing argument, but finally Dad agreed to drive Henry and his girl to the hall where the dance was to be held.

"It was, I am sure, Henry's first formal date and he was dressed and slicked up like the hero of a hair tonic ad. Sitting beside Dad, arrayed in all his finery, Henry drove up to the door of his girl's house. She was waiting for him on the porch and, with a great air of casualness, he escorted her back to the curb, enthroned her on the back seat and started to open the door of the front seat to resume his place beside Dad.

"Dad, however, kept holding the door and nodding with his head to the back seat, but Henry kept struggling to open the front door. At last it dawned on Henry that his place was with his young lady and he climbed in back

(Continued on page 72)



"If Henry will get his hair cut I'll take both of you to the movies to see Norma Talmadge," Mrs. Fonda tells 15-year-old Hank and his sister Jayne



She's 17 and won't go to night clubs: Rita Quigley, the find of "Susan and God"



By the grace of a telephone call he became Brigham Young: Dean Jagger of Indiana



A Latin looker—Gilbert Roland of "The Sea Hawk," Beau Brummel of Hollywood

She'd trade sweaters for silks any day: Ruth Hussey of "The Philadelphia Story"



go but the top, considering she began her movie career in a co-starring role with Joel McCrea in "Espionage Agent." Behind her were no stage plays of great importance and nothing, except one year of dramatic school and two summers of straw-hat shows, to warrant the attention she received. Nothing, that is, except a screen test that had taken Warners off its feet.

Brenda (I'll bet you knew all the time that wasn't her real name) was born Ardis (isn't that pretty?) Ankerson, in the little island of Negros, in the Philippines. Her father, Otto Peter Ankerson, was and still is overseer of an immense sugar plantation there and it was comical and more than a little pathetic to see his two small daughters, 5 and 7, try to run his home for him after his wife died.

"Better get clean sheets on the beds, if we're going to have company," they'd tell the servants in their best grownup manner. Then a stepmother came and when the girls were 12 and 14 (Brenda is the younger), they were sent to the States to San Antonio, Texas, to be educated.

High-school plays decided Brenda on a theatrical career and, after graduating from Ann Sheridan's alma mater, Texas State College for women, she took herself to New York and Madame Ouspenskaya's dramatic school. A year later she appeared in summer stock in New Hampshire and finally in New York's Federal Theater Project, "On The Rocks."

But along about this time Brenda married Richard Gaines, actor and co-director of the Ouspenskaya drama school. Her baby girl was born two years later and soon after, Richard and Brenda separated, Brenda to file suit in the Los Angeles courts. It was after her return to the stage Warners saw a test the actress had made and sent for her pronto.

She met Bill Holden at a friend's house one night. Just the three of them had dinner and sat before the fire and listened to records. Then one day Bill asked her to drive out to a Warner location and on the way home they stopped in a dining-car restaurant for dinner. And then—well, they were in love. They have glorious fights, Brenda says, with door slammings and hot words and making-ups. Her temper is hot and quick, inherited from her Italian mother.

Bill is patiently teaching her to shoot, but once the gun went off too soon or something and nearly hit Bill. Above the bullet hanging on the wall is written:

"The bullet that did not kill Bill Holden."

She's a good mother, believes kindness will do more than scolding and calls her little girl "Ginger."



Mickey Mouse fan: Albert Basserman, voluntary exile from Germany with wife Elsa

Ready, Willing and "Abel"

When darkly handsome actors behave in the romantic manner, as one expects them to, everything is as it should be. But when they turn out to possess, among other things, gay senses of humor, families, herb gardens and an ability to analyze laughingly their own shortcomings, then it's a different matter altogether. You'd at least expect them to behave like actors.

Walter Abel, the *Judge* of "Dance, Girl, Dance," doesn't. And Walter is very dark and brown-eyes and handsome, indeed.

In fact, Walter claims his latest picture, "Arise My Love," has given him his only opportunity to do on the screen the kind of thing he's always done on the stage—good rousing comedy. Throughout the years he's varied his stage work with movies, giving six months to each; but recently he came to a very sensible conclusion. The two just won't mix.

So this time he's here in Hollywood to stay. With him is his wife, a very talented harpist (the daughter of the late Karl Bitter, famous sculptor), and his two boys, Jonathan, aged eight, and Michael, aged six. Lugs, both of them, Abel says, while practically bursting with pride.

Born in St. Paul, he can't remember the time he didn't want to be an actor. After high school he spent two years at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York City. In one of the school's plays at the Lyceum Theater, Henry Miller spotted him and after graduation offered him a contract at \$60 a week. Abel likened to pass right out at the enormity of the sum.

He's been at it ever since.

Despite the fact he was signed by movies on separate occasions after playing lead to Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows" and to Katherine Cornell in "Wingless Victory," he couldn't get a job acting. He just sat back and drew his salary and worked himself up into a cozy old stew. Over in RKO studios wardrobe, for example, there still hang the fourteen uniforms of General Grant, made for Walter to wear in a Civil War epic that was never made. Things are different now!

Walter goes to Parent-Teachers' meetings and music recitals, where his two boys are usually shown up by some 5-year-old genius. Thursday night, when his Viennese wife prepares the dinner, baking her own bread, is the gold-letter day of the week for the Abels.

Once Upon a Time—

There was a young girl who had a beautiful little sister whom people loved and adored. Even her name, Juanita, was lovely, and Rita Quigley, this older sister, used to talk and talk about the brilliant and beautiful 6-year-old Juanita who acted in pictures and played the piano like a maestro.

In comparison, Rita was plain—or no, not plain, but only pretty. But just to show you how fate works, here's plain little Rita herself in movies and going strong. As the offspring in "Susan And God" and one of the sisters in "Jenny," it looks as if she's here to stay.

We watched Rita through a long afternoon on the "Jenny" set, her hair in old-fashioned pig-tails, emoting for a very heavy dramatic scene. Time after time Rita was required to register joy, then disappointment, then slowly melt into tears. And how she melted. It seemed almost incredible that this child—she's only 17—had made but one previous picture.

Now we come to how it all happened. It was simple enough. On Christmas Day, Mrs. Quigley was unable to take Juanita around to her agent's home to deliver Juanita's gift. So Rita was pressed into service and the agent, taking

one look at Rita, knew here was the young girl they'd been seeking for the role in "Susan And God." Mr. Cukor liked her test and—well, she's finishing her Senior A on movie sets instead of at University High.

Her brother, 20, is president of his class at Loyola University, which makes Rita so proud she almost busts. She was born in Los Angeles and went riding around the neighborhood on bicycles, shrieking her head off, leading a normal, happy childhood. She's never appeared on the stage, except once she danced in a Russian ballet at the Hollywood Bowl. She could hardly straighten up for days afterwards.

Her daddy owns a chain of markets in Santa Monica and the Quigleys' home life is the normal, happy life of happy, average people.

She hasn't any separate dates outside the crowd of kids that gather at her pleasant home to dance or flock down to the Del Mar beach club for dancing and swimming.

She loves both swing and classical music, but plays only classical on the piano. Her hair is plain ash blonde, she wears no mascara or fingernail polish, has a wide, generous mouth and is easily convulsed at too pompous, serious people. Full skirts, tailored things and red sport

What Happened to Hepburn?

Is she really different, as some say, from the hard-to-manage gal she used to be? Whatever it is, something has happened to the redheaded Katie, but definitely, and Kirtley Baskette tells all about it, in gossipy detail, in

DECEMBER PHOTOPLAY

shoes are her clothes preference.

Rita will never, she vows, be seen around silly night clubs, as long as she's in her teens.

"People get wrong impressions," she says. Career now comes first. And well it should.

Rita's our very own little Cinderella girl out here in Hollywood.

A Sense of Humor—Wrapped in Wool

Naturally, Hollywood called her "The Gorgeous Hussey," when Ruth first appeared on the movie horizon so M-G-M decided to do something about the name. They never did. It's still Hussey, pronounced Huzzy, and we wager after "Rich Man, Poor Girl," "Susan And God" and "The Philadelphia Story," you'll be seeing that name more and more on theater marquees.

There's something Roz Russellish about Ruth, only in a milder, calmer way. Both are tallish, dark, smart, well-bred, well educated and possessed of a divine sense of humor.

Her one ambition, so far as her movie scenes go, is to float in wisps of chiffon rather than be wrapped up in woolen sweaters.

Ruth progressed to movies through ten easy stages of college plays, stock companies, radio, road shows and finally Broadway. Born in Providence, October 30, the daughter of the president of a jewelry company, she graduated from Pembroke College (which is a part of Brown University) and, as an extracurricular activity,

joined the Komianis Club and appeared in their dramatic offerings.

After college she joined the Providence Players, a Little Theater group. After two years, a little wavering, a bit of pro and coning as to a theatrical future set in. Taking a good second look at her cozy degree as a Bachelor of Philosophy (and with *her figure*) Ruth decided she might, after all, decide to be an artist, or, for that matter, enter the business world—wherever or whatever that was. She lasted exactly two and one half weeks out in that wide and lovely business world and then promptly took herself off to the University of Michigan to continue her dramatic training. After school she went right on in a summer stock company in Northport, Michigan, and when autumn frosted the pumpkins she returned home to Providence and stepped right into a good radio job as a fashion commentator.

After nine months of prophesying what the well-dressed young matron of Providence should wear, she went to New York, grabbed a role in the road company of "The Old Maid" and finally settled on Broadway in "Waiting for Lefty," "Until I Die" and "Stevedore." The important role of Kay in "Dead End" brought her to a Los Angeles stage, where an M-G-M talent scout saw her and grabbed.

Her calm acceptance of things annoys her friends. "I've learned it's best to wait until everything's all settled and then disappointment isn't so hard to bear," she says. Even her first new car failed to elicit any hip hip hoorays until the papers were signed and she was in it, driving home. Then she went to pieces with happiness.

Her idea of a sustaining lunch is tomato juice, rare roast beef and stewed tomatoes. Nothing fattening, you see.

She's heart-free, has never been married and has to be constantly warning her mother there's nothing to her newest engagement as announced through the columns.

Her mother would be too hurt not to be asked to the wedding of Ruth and some young man her daughter scarcely knows.

It wouldn't seem right.

Oh Grandma, What Big Ideas You Have!

When Mary Beth Hughes and her mother left their home in Washington, D. C., for Hollywood, her Grandma Lucas said, "Now, Mary, when you get into pictures (she took that as a granted thing, of course) remember I want you to act with my two favorite stars, Don Ameche and John Barrymore."

So Mary Beth did. It wasn't just to be obedient, of course, for it just happened that Mary Beth's first big opportunity came in "Four Sons" with Don and her second in "The Great Profile" with Barrymore.

Grandma, however, still thinks it all happened because Mary's a sweet obedient child. At this moment, she's busy thinking up other stars with whom she'd like her blonde grandchild to act.

Mary Beth is a living testimony to the fickleness of Lady Luck or Fate or whatever, for as long as Mary Beth tried to get in movies they'd have none of her, but the minute she gave up they ran after her like a shameless hussy. It happened after Mary B. had gone to Earl Carroll's night club for a tryout and didn't get the job. As she emerged from the place, a man standing by a long limousine approached and asked her if she'd like a movie test.

"Ah, oh," she thought, "here's the villain I've been warned about." So she took to her heels. The man followed her right straight home to the door of her apartment.

"Take my card to the Hays Office, or to anyone you care to for identification," he said to Mrs. Hughes. "I am an agent and I do think your

(Continued on page 86)

Photoplay Fashions

LANA TURNER . . .
bright spot of M-G-M's "We Who Are
Young" is a plaid-picker, turning to
forest tones for a smart little green,
rust and brown wool frock that blouses
softly above a snugly tied waist, then
dips into a slimmish buttoned skirt. Her
tiny brown skullcap sports gay feath-
ers, while the sables add a nice, to
say nothing of an impressive touch!
The sporty car's in character, too

GWENN WALTERS

Fashion Editor

Associate Fashion Editors:

Frances Hughes, June Smith, Peggy Sweet

*Prices quoted on these pages may vary
in different sections of the country*



Spotlighting SPOTS

Why should the leopard change his spots when his speckled character is the very thing that has sent this beautiful beast skyrocketing to fashion favor this fall! Ann Morriss, soon to be seen in M-G-M's "Hullabaloo," chooses cuffs and collar of leopard to accent her simple black needlepoint Swansdown reefer. Barrel-sleeves and buttons to below the waist are earmarks of what's new and smart in coats this season. \$69.95 at Franklin Simon's, New York





Casual?

FORMAL?

Bull

Compliments to M-G-M for casting that delightful flutterer, Billie Burke, in "Dulcy" and compliments to Billie Burke herself for setting the women of America such a good example of how to dress at any age, for any occasion. For the early morning walk which helps her to keep her lithe, young figure, she wears (above) a gabardine suit, the new longer jacket casually slung from her shoulders and anchored by a lanyard of gleaming gold. Billie's slim skirt has a single inverted pleat and her stitched, tailored blouse and fabric gloves are perfect to wear with such a costume

When going to tea, Billie dresses for the occasion in the most becoming women's hat-fashion of all—a tiny tricorn. Her current favorite is a G. Howard Hodge beige felt, banded in black and shadowed with a floating, spidery lace veil. Her modish coat-dress is made of black corded silk





The smart girl who likes wool in winter will lunch in Nelly Don's slimming frock of Soldier Blue velours crepe (rayon and wool). Peggy Moran of Universal's "Spring Parade" points out whipstitched tucks up and down the bodice and sleeves and a new skirt that's gored in front but slim at sides and back. \$10.95

Pretty Peggy singles out this Cafe Crepe frock made of Enka rayon by Nelly Don to wear for tea in town. Dictates of a brand-new silhouette are the deft shirring of the torso top, the slanted shirred pockets, the flattering curve of the sleeve gathers. Such fashion perfection is really unheard of at \$7.95. Both dresses at McCreery's, New York

Jones



Jwb

F O R T O W N

Presents

With America so conscious of the need to develop its own fashions, California comes to the fore with clothes for the afternoon, previewed by Ann Rutherford of M.G.-M's "Wyoming" cast

Ann wears for a luncheon date the simple black dress (below) which depends on such subtleties as a draped and twisted neckline, a soft and wide front sash and a gold rose at the shoulder for distinction

Marshall Field, Chicago
T. A. Chapman, Milwaukee
Higbee Co., Cleveland



Bull

At teatime Ann's taste runs to rich, vibrant "mink brown" in a tucked crepe dress that says "fine dressmaking" as unmistakably as though it wore a printed label. California calls the exquisite detail that releases fullness to the skirt and decorates the yoke "codfish tucking." The flattering push-up sleeves are American fashion favorites everywhere

Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles
Neiman Marcus, Dallas

Miss Rutherford's hats by Leslie-James



E

By Day



Powolny

Beautiful Kay Aldridge of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Down Argentine Way" joins a beaded jerkin of vivid red Celanese rayon crepe to a simple black crepe basic dress that stands up brilliantly on its own, thanks to careful cut and perfect tailoring. \$22.95 at Franklin Simon's, New York. The vivid red of her jerkin is matched by Max Factor's Vivid Red lipstick

R K I N S

You have to be a juggler to be smart this season. Start with a basic dress for day or evening, top it with a jeweled jerkin and—presto!—you're a new and fashionable woman. But that's not all. You can also combine your jerkin with any of your jaded frocks. Thus your sparkling new wardrobe will both baffle your friends and benefit your purse

For list of additional stores carrying Jerkin dresses see page 83

Kay's red, red jerkin wears a gleaming border of coal-black sequins in sparkling contrast to the slim black fly-front dinner dress beneath that relies on liquid lines and a seductive slit at the hem to make it exciting on its own. A perfect dress for jewels. \$16.95 at B. Altman, New York. For night life, Kay wears Peggy Sage Flagship Red nail polish, matched to Coty's Tamale lipstick



*By
Night*



ALL PENNY WISE FASHIONS
are available at:
Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia
Gimbel Brothers, Milwaukee, Wis.
Forester, Inc., Waterbury, Conn.
Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.
Beckman's, Great Falls, Montana
Schulman's, Jersey City, N. J.
The Sher-Lyn Shop, Wilmington, N. C.
The Manhattan Shop, Hartford, Conn.
The Lewi Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Richee



TEA-TIMING—and Wanda McKay of Paramount's "Dancing On A Dime" appears in a black Celanese rayon crepe pinafore dress with lacy openwork yoke and sleeves and deeply shirred pockets on the skirt. \$12.95 at Oppenheim Collins, N. Y. Lillian Cornell, of Paramount's "The Quarterback," stakes her all on sequins—buttons, sleeve bands and tabs aglitter on her black crepe shirtwaist dress. \$17.95 at Russeks, N. Y. Their attentive escort is Richard Denning, young Paramount player who will shortly be seen in "Love Thy Neighbor"

High spot of the season for Miss Penny Wise and other budgeted glamour girls just like her is a football week end on a college campus. We supplied the wardrobe and four young Paramount players took the parts that youngsters are playing the country over at this moment



Penny Wise fashions

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

FOUR

ON A

WEEK END



THE BIG ENTRANCE starts the stag line on the run—and no wonder, for Lillian is the best-dressed girl on the floor in her pink and black plaid taffeta dance frock. Rod Cameron, who appears with her in "The Quarterback," is Lillian's escort for the evening \$14.95 at McCreery's, New York

OFF TO A GOOD START—with Wanda (opposite page) arriving in a pink wool shirtwaist dress, its trimly tailored bodice embroidered in waves of gilded nailheads. \$14.95 at Russeks, N. Y. Lillian traveled in a rosier pink woolen dress with a fitted bodice which buttons to the waist, then turns into giant sandwich pockets. \$19.95 Milgrim's, Detroit. The fitted overnight case by Dressner



Wedding dress by Irene Saltern—left, worn by Martha Scott in "The Howards of Virginia," and (left, above) the sketch from which it evolved. The negligee Martha wears in the film (right, above) would make an ideal bridesmaid's frock

Designed especially by Hollywood's million-dollar experts—an autumn wedding from gown to flaming decorations, all yours to be copied—if you'll furnish the bridegroom

BY ALICE TILDESLEY

JUNE brides are showered with attention. June magazines are filled with bridal attire, wedding supper menus, decorations for church and home, the latest tips to Cupid's victims. The Easter bride gets her share of advice, too. But no one seems to notice the girl who is married in November.

Yet autumn and winter weddings can be much more beautiful than summer ones, according to Hollywood authorities.

Irene Saltern, onetime Parisian designer, who created Martha Scott's clothes for "The Howards of Virginia," designed a wedding gown for the new star's screen marriage that is the answer to any girl's dream.

Anita Louise saw the initial sketch and cried: "I must have that for my wedding!" With Irene's consent, she was married in a modernized version of the gown.

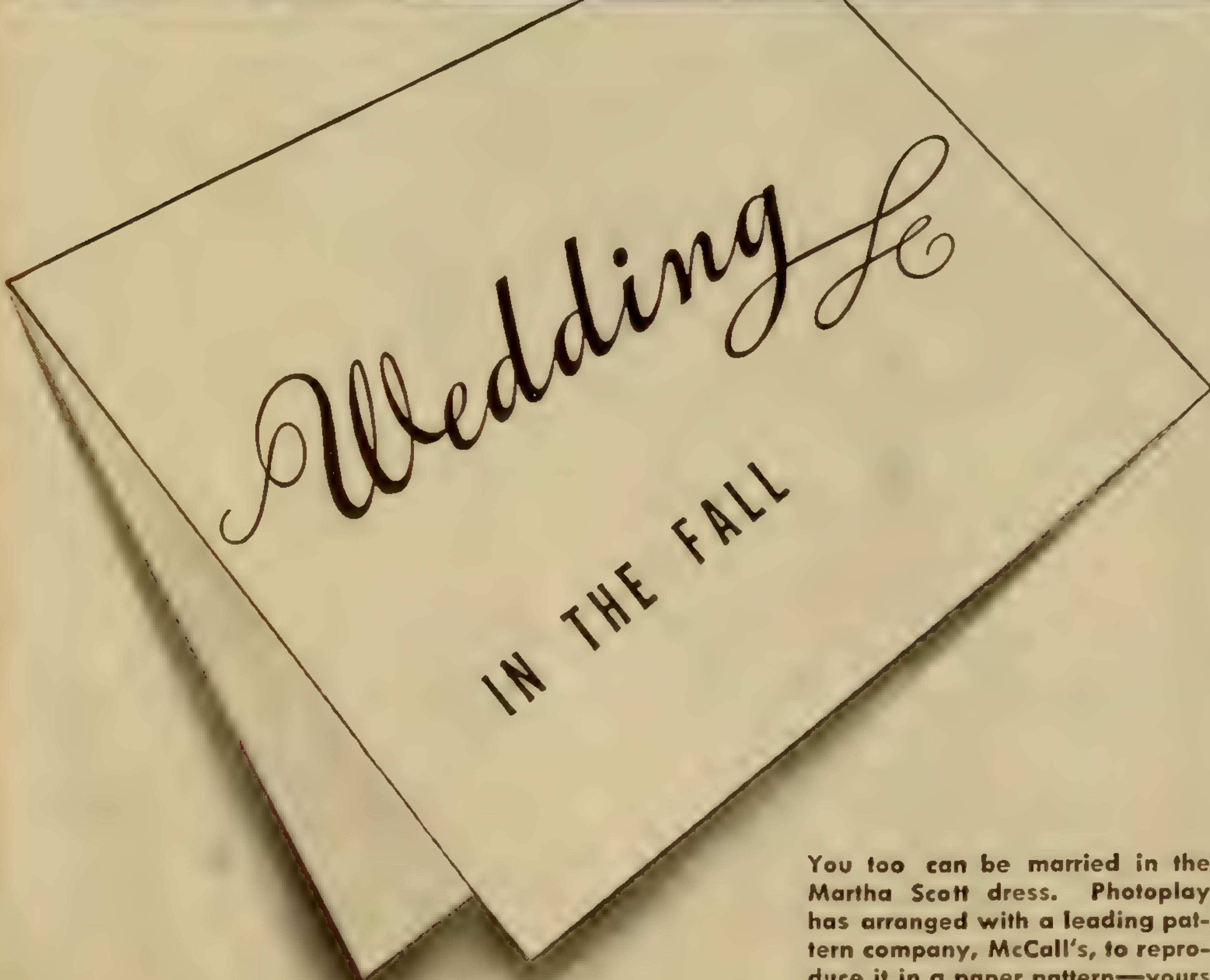
"All very well for a Hollywood actress," complained fans. "Anita can go to a designer and get the gown she admires. But what about us? We see gorgeous gowns on the screen, but they flash by so swiftly that copying them is impossible!"

The Martha Scott wedding gown is ideal for the November bride. Here's a description of it, complete with advice from Hollywood experts on colors, fabrics, bridesmaids' gowns, decorations and menus. . . .

"I worried a lot about that wedding gown," confessed Irene. "In looking through old books and reviewing paintings of 18th century women, I could find no wedding veils. I wondered what to do to give it that wedding feeling. Then I came across Watteau pleating (Continued on page 83)



At the Anita Louise-Buddy Adler wedding: A modernized version of the Saltern design



You too can be married in the Martha Scott dress. Photoplay has arranged with a leading pattern company, McCall's, to reproduce it in a paper pattern—yours for \$.75. For information, write to Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 E. 42nd St., New York.

STRICTLY PERSONAL



Louise Platt, currently in Hal Roach's "Caption Caution," poses in her newest negligee—a tricolor triumph in Du Pont's rayon-and-wool flannel judiciously divided into red, white and blue sections with the letters "U.S.A." winking patriotically from its belt. She wears it for dinner. \$25

Bonwit Teller, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago



For your even more "strictly personals":

1. Under your slimmest town frocks, Yolande's hand-made pure-dye silk satin slip with a flattering bodice-insertion of hand-run Alencon. Pretty smooth! \$6

2. When the thermometer dips, American Maid's "Fluff-Knit" P.J.'s with the silky satin-celane back. Very cosy! \$3.95

3. For the ensemble-minded: Seamprufe's Celanese rayon satin "La Rue" gown with lace-outlined bodice and puffed sleeves. \$3. This is matched by . . .

4. Seamprufe's lavishly lace-trimmed slip, sculptured bra-top and deeply flounced hem, beaded with satin ribbon. \$2

5. For the tailored type, Miss Swank's satin and Bemberg non-ride-up slip with a crisp eyelet bodice-banding, straight sides and bias front and back panels. \$3

6. Hand-made fanciers will want Yolande's sheer pink chiffon "nitie," smocked in rose across its gathered bodice. \$5

7. For the fluffy type, Martha Maid's "Lady Love" satin and Bemberg slip, Alencon-bordered and inserted at the molded bodice and slit hem. \$3



Stax

A black and white photograph of a woman with short, styled hair, smiling and looking towards the camera. She is wearing a long, dark fur coat with a high collar and wide sleeves. The coat is cinched at the waist and has a full skirt. She is standing next to a large, ornate vase with flowers. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

BELL

of the Ball

Magnificence itself, modeled by Claudette Colbert, who is soon to be seen in Paramount's "Arise My Love"! Silver foxes are worked into a coat (with a snug waistline achieved by an inset fabric band) by Willard George, Los Angeles. Chantilly lace and black net are designed by Irene in the season's newest silhouette (slimmed to the knees and flounced below) with a cowl that can become a hood

Richee



"Lucky Partner" indeed! Ginger Rogers is lucky enough to have: California climate for all-year swimming... a smart South Seas outfit to swim in... one of those new identification disc bracelets... Ronald Colman as her most recent co-star... and the prize role of "Kitty Foyle" as a next assignment

Stiehl



The Camera Speaks

49

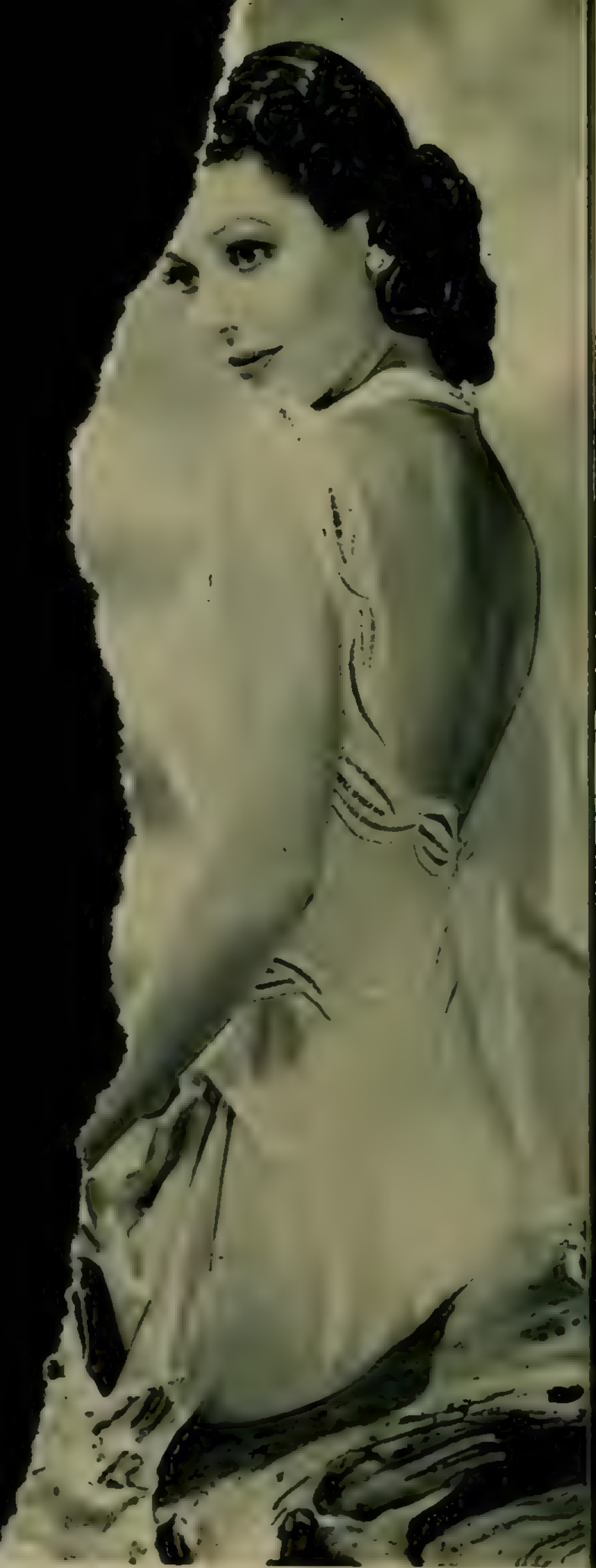
ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



"Hired Wife" could be only a sophisticated comedy title for any Brian Aherne vehicle, inasmuch as the actual Mrs. Aherne is Joan Fontaine. It's Rosalind Russell who plays the title role opposite Brian, whose own debonair characterization is quite the reverse of his recent portrayal of a middle-aged shopkeeper in "The Lady in Question"

Walling





FOCUS ON

emininity



Proudly Photoplay presents another pictorial scoop from the finest still studios of Hollywood—this time, our favorite portraits by young Tom Kelley. Born less than 30 years ago in Philadelphia, he rose through Manhattan newspaper work and society portraiture, first on Long Island, then in Pasadena—which led inevitably to film assignments. His argument that poses are more beautiful when characteristic of the subjects' moods has ample proof in these studies showing Carole Lombard descending a medieval stairway at dusk . . . Loretta Young in a surrealistic setting of clouds and driftwood . . . Paulette Goddard knitting on a sunlit lawn . . . Dolores Del Rio brooding in an Irene gown . . . and the artist himself (above) lining up model and lights for the latter shot





Rosemary Lane forgets her domestic duties in "Four Mothers" for the moment. Succumbing to the football fever which is the prerogative of her actual youth, she departs for the game in a skillfully cut plaid dress of rust and brown. Rounded breast pockets and bone buttons are the only trimming. Her modified vagabond hat has a peaked crown and is finished with hand stitching. From Adele Sports-wear, Los Angeles, California



For a more dressed-up occasion—perhaps a gala victory celebration party (they hope) after the season's most important contest—Rosemary Lane recommends the unsurpassable luxury of fur. Her own jacket here (from I. Magnin) is of silver fox with quaint round pockets at either side of the front closing; sleeves are three-quarter length



More youthful is the truly collegiate polo coat worn by Lucile Fairbanks, the up-and-coming starlet currently being featured in "Calling All Husbands." There's style news in its new boxed cut, strongly exaggerated shoulders and big leather buttons of simulated alligator. From the Knobby Knit Shop



Football days are here! On the screen, the famed Four Horsemen of Notre Dame thunder over the gridiron once again, portrayed by Kane Richmond, Bill Marshall, Nick Lukats and Billy Byrne in Warners' "Knute Rockne—All American." Pat O'Brien, of course, stars as the great coach; Ronald Reagan and Robert Prins are other players shown above. But in real life, too, favorite teams are packing stadiums (or should we say "stadia"?) all over the country. Will you be there in the crowd—standing out by virtue of such smartly chosen clothes as these?

*Come fall, there's going to
be football, weather or no!
Why not score a touchdown all
your own with these fashions?*

Another youthful coat—though dressier than Lucile's—is the one modeled by Elizabeth Earl, featured in Bette Davis's new motion picture, "The Letter." Of dull black wool, belted at the natural waistline, it has a lavish sailor collar made of natural lynx. With it, Elizabeth wears a pancake beret of black wool, stitched solidly. From Harry Cooper, Hollywood



The new suede coats score high with that barely-of-age Bernhardt, Ida Lupino. Ida, whose newest assignment is "High Sierra," chooses one in bottle green. Its length is the popular three-quarter, box cut and boasting four large patch pockets and a tailored, turned-down collar. Her brown felt hat is trimmed with a bottle-green ribbon. From Voris

For chillier weather, with a threat of snow in the stiffening breeze, Ida Lupino casts her vote for fur. The one she wears at right (from N. Teitelbaum, Furs) is fashioned of sealskin in rich safari brown. Note the extremely smooth styling of the well-cut shoulders and the little stand-up collar. Ida's felt is brown with matching decoration





Open season again, in the cinema cycle, for the Great Open Spaces! "Arizona," for example, boasts of stars like Jean Arthur (who made one of her big hits in just such a super-Western) and William Holden (who upsets the formula for 22-year-old newcomers by making his first "horse opera" AFTER reaching the top)



No stranger to sagebrush and saddles is Gary Cooper! After all, he was born in Montana and just finished ranch chores in "The Westerner." But who would have expected to find the aristocratic and very British pulchritude of Madeleine Carroll side by side with Gary and the ponies in "North West Mounted Police"?



Shall we Dance?

A million-dollar back pairs off with a million-dollar grin: Liz Whitney, recently divorced from millionaire Jock, marks time with tall-dark-and Victor Mature at Ciro's. Unconventional are both the Whitney coiffure and camera angles

An after-dinner story is flavored by Fairbanks Jr., savored by a Jack Oakie in long face in some serious during-dinner business at the Masquers Club. Epicure appraising the salad at the right is Reginald Gardiner

Table Talk



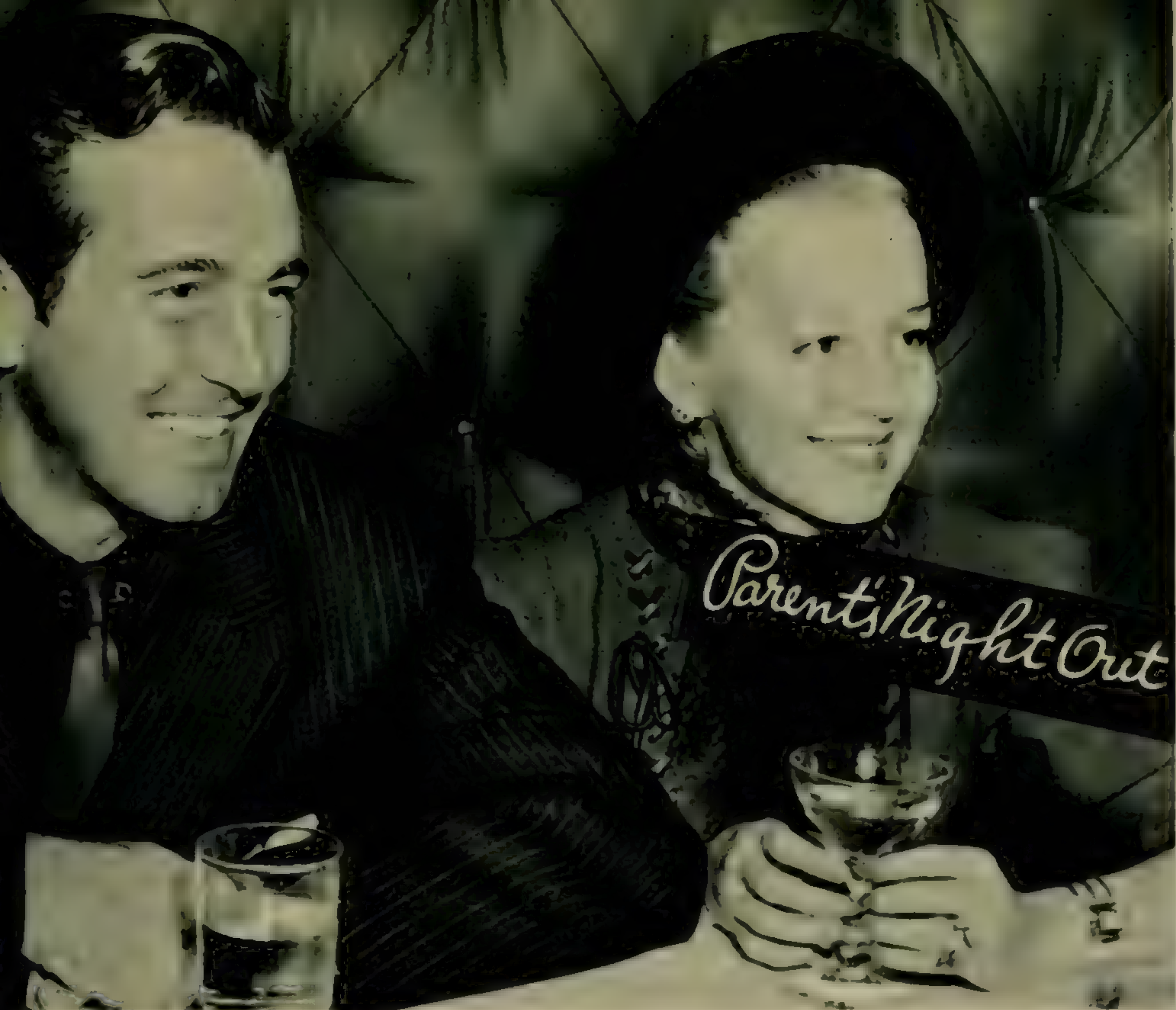
After Theater Chatter

French, English, German spoken here: Charles Boyer, his British wife, Pat Paterson, and German actor Conrad Veidt don't talk about the war in the lobby of the El Capitan Theater after a plush-seat preview

CONVERSATION PIECES



Blackout at Ciro's: Hedy Lamarr goes enigmatic in black, is a target for all lorgnettes with her pulled-back hair, big bright earrings and a generous dose of good old-fashioned glamour



Said Anne Shirley in 1938 shortly after her marriage to John Payne: "Marriage isn't going to change this pair of friends. We want to keep on having fun..." 1940: So far, so good, plus a special Payne edition, 5-months-old Julie Ann



Time off from talking baby talk: Margaret Sullavan and husband Leland Hayward speak the race-track language at Hollywood Park. Subject of onlookers' conversation: Maggie's big hat and purse; mainly on the Sullavan mind: Daughters Brooke and Bridget



Fish story, feminine version: English Anna Neagle cuts a dashing square in a paillette-studded dinner dress, gets Frank Lloyd in a state of deep concentration on British relief

Satin and spice and everything nice: Binnie Barnes, with plain ribbons in her curls, not-so-plain diamonds on her wrists, gets a nice talking-to from Alexander Korda and his wife, Merle Oberon, exponent of scrollwork art

What visiting firemen write home about — eight Fink pictures of the people who caused more talk, turned most heads



PHOTOPLAY'S

OWN
Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

HANDLE WITH CARE



IF YOU HAVE LONG HANDS . . .

. . . you like detail; you are cautious, easily offended and sometimes overly suspicious. You like to dwell on your own wrongs. You are tactful and courteous.

SAYS LUCILLE BALL: "Strong capable hands are far lovelier than fat, too well cared for pink and white perfection."

SHE ADVISES: It's essential to control your hands and learn composure. Keep your hands still in your lap, palms up—it gives a more graceful line. Avoid characteristic poses like folded arms and interlaced fingers. Apply a good cream or lotion each night. Literally wring your hands. Massage the palms with the thumbs, rub vigorously to quicken circulation. If you must put your hands in hot water, wear heavy rubber gloves. Have a manicure once a week.

IF YOU HAVE SHORT HANDS . . .

. . . you're impulsive and quick-witted. Sometimes you're likely to be a bit impatient; you always dislike details of any sort.

SAYS JOAN BENNETT: "It's of great importance to have one's hands blend with one's personality."

SHE ADVISES: Never let your moons show—it tends to shorten and square the hand. Always see that the shade of your polish blends with the color of your clothes. In summer use light shades for pastels; in winter, deeper tones. Have a manicure once a week, with hands soaked in oil and wrists and hands massaged in oil. Change your polish as soon as needed, so that the nails never have a chipped look. Try a nightly treatment of cuticle oil rubbed around the nails.

THERE'S not a woman anywhere who can't be complimented on her hands, regardless of size, shape or texture, if she knows a few hand tricks. First of these is how to manage hands. For instance, when you walk along the street, do you let your hands swing by your sides? If you do, your reward will be reddened and swollen fingers. Fay Wray comes forth with this pointer: Always hold the hands in an upward position and they'll turn into lily-white attributes. Next time you're in line for a hand-shaking event, hold your arms above your head for a few seconds if possible. The hand you offer will then be a competent rival for any beauty advertisement.

Point number two in hand management comes from Margaret Lindsay. Always lead with the wrists, letting the hands follow. This will make your gestures easy and graceful. Be careful of gestures—don't concentrate on them, but let them be an unconscious part of you, as per Mary Astor's theory. She feels that the less attention paid to hands, other than keeping them beautifully groomed, the better. Otherwise your hand

(Continued on page 81)



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY HYMAN FINK

Barrymore

JOHN BARRYMORE tells of this as the most interesting evening he ever spent: Seems that one Thursday night, when all the servants were out and he was entirely alone in his Beverly Hills home, the doorbell rang. He answered it himself. Before him stood a tall, gaunt figure in a cape and top hat.

"Good evening, Mr. Barrymore. I should like to talk with you," said the visitor. Before John knew it, he was inside; had doffed his hat and cape; was striding toward the library. There he took down a book from the shelves. "Ah, Shakespeare," said the stranger. "Ah, the immortal bard. . . ."

Then he opened the book and began to declaim.

Within three minutes, Barrymore had gotten himself a book from the shelves. "Ah, Shakespeare," he echoed. And, as the other paused, he, himself, began to declaim.

Five hours later, they were still at it. They had done most of "Macbeth," scenes from "Hamlet," from "King Lear," "Othello," "King Henry V" and all the rest.

When the visitor finally made ready to leave, John clapped him on the back. "The best time I ever had in my life," he ejaculated. "A couple of hams in their element! You must come again, and soon!"

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

The other grinned and said he would. He did. The two are now fast friends. The visitor was John Carradine.

Cal York Goes on the Air in "I Want a Divorce"

MEET the newest Master of Ceremonies—Cal York himself! Every Saturday night tune in "I Want a Divorce," featuring stars of yesterday and tomorrow, and a beloved star of today, Joan Blondell, all introduced direct from Hollywood by PHOTOPLAY's famous columnist. Local radio columns indicate the nearest station and the exact time to listen to this popular broadcast. Tune in "I Want a Divorce" this Saturday—and every Saturday.

The Cooper ear is lent most eagerly at Ciro's. Storyteller is Walter Pidgeon; gingham girl, his wife Ruth

Well, What's the Difference?

IT happened once upon a time when Clark Gable was barnstorming through the Middle West with a small but doughty theatrical troupe. The play was a melodrama, of course, in which Clark, the villain, was supposed to be shot by the hero on a darkened stage while he is robbing a safe and, dying, to announce hoarsely, "He got me . . ." All went well in the build-up. The stage went dark at the appointed second. Clark, a stealthy, shadowy figure, pursued his nefarious business. The audience sat on the edge of its seat. But when the moment came for the hero to rush in and fire his blank-cartridge-loaded pistol, it failed to go off. He pulled the trigger again. Nothing happened.

So Clark, the resourceful, saved the day.

"He got me," he groaned. "He got me *with a knife!*"

Cal Notices This Month:

ORSON WELLES seems happier when Dolores Del Rio is on the set—which is often.



Targets for theater opera glasses were Mrs. Martin, daughter Mary, son-in-law Richard Halliday. On an extended vacation from Texas, Mrs. Martin loves to watch her daughter perform, claps excitedly at the end



Three for the show: Madame Ouspenskaya, Jimmy Cagney's sister Jean—pretty picture of pursed lips and gingham—and Eddie Albert turn out to see Gertrude Lawrence do some legitimate emoting

Claudette Colbert wears tailored suits most of the time, but she wears her hair in provocative ringlets that offset the mannishness. Smart gal!

The town is gin-rummy crazy, gin rummy being a new ten-card rummy game. One game and you're sunk for life. You should see Roland Young concentrating on it over at Dave Chasen's restaurant.

The dazed expression on John Wayne's face when Dietrich openly confesses her own beauty on the "Seven Sinners" set is something. John, who is so honest himself, can't figure out whether it's a gag or a what.

The very air around Wally Beery's big house seems lighter since the talk of Wally and Rita's reconciliation. Of course, so far it's only talk but—

Since Milton Berle's new nose bob landed him a movie contract, Jimmy Durante is beginning to look down that long proboscis of his and wonder.

A slight cooling seems to keep Georgie Raft and Norma Shearer from too many dates since George rushed that model in New York.

Aura of Rice

THE minute Deanna Durbin picked up the receiver, she heard the joy in Vaughn Paul's voice.

"I wanted you to know first," he said, "I've just been made an Associate Producer, Deanna."

Just like any other fellow telling his best girl the news.

Hush a bye, baby, Your daddy's a star—

THE domestic and parental urge seems to be sweeping all Hollywood these days, with those homes that aren't preparing for their own little ones getting ready for adopted babies.

Joan Crawford hasn't been so happy in years as she's appeared introducing her friends to her newly adopted daughter, Christine.

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, one persistently hears, have never got over the idea of adopting one of their own and have recently been glimpsed in a certain home for homeless babies.

Don Ameche, who was glum and blue all through the shooting of "Down Argentine Way," while his wife lay so ill following the birth of his new son, is all life and fun and pep again, now that Mrs. Ameche and the baby are home.

Lloyd Nolan has gone right out of his mind over his own prospective heir, due any minute, and has had a private telephone installed on his sets for months in advance.

Fred MacMurray could only say, "Gee, gee whiz," when Mrs. MacMurray brought home his little adopted Susan. They tell me Fred hasn't shot a skeet in weeks, just standing around watching Susan.

The surprise of them all, however, is Basil Rathbone, who lives these days for his adopted baby. And when Cynthia needs attention, don't think Basil wanders off in search of help—he's Basil-right-on-the-job, reveling in her need of him.

The Jack Bennys are wild with joy that a new baby of their very own is on its way to keep their adopted daughter, Joanie, company.

And so it goes, babies, babies, babies, soothing troubled hearts and bringing joy to movie homes.

Cal's Tour De Luxe:

COME on, fans, hop on Cal's old bus and let's take a trek 'round the studios to see what the stars are up to. Everybody off, for here we are at our first stop.

Twentieth Century-Fox

TYRONE POWER still has that mustache, we see, and according to the reaction of fans in Salt Lake City during the premier of "Brigham Young," he'll have to keep it. How do you feel about it? Cesar Romero is offering a reward for the tie holder he lost in Salt Lake, a present from Joan Crawford. Gene Tierney is being rushed off her feet these days by Eddie Albert and the local swains who can't get a look-in are plenty burned at Eddie. Linda Darnell is saving her best dates for Bob Sterling and Alice Faye is gathering up the numerous letters and wires and bouquets from Tony Martin (ex-husband), one hears, and weaving them into the little word, "Reunited." Paul Muni had his artistic feathers ruffled when he accidentally dumped himself in the water for a dock scene in "Hudson's Bay" and—shhh!—Mickey Rooney has a mad yen for Mary Beth Hughes!

RKO Next Stop

CAROLE LOMBARD reported on the "Mr. and Mrs." set with a huge bump on the nose and a lump on the ear, result of a Mr. and Mrs. fishing trip (Gable's the Mr.) with two bees practically eating her up. Gable sends her a pound of honey a day, as a gag. Lucille Ball's farewell to Desi Arnaz was touching and sincere. Make no mistake on this romance. This studio commissary is agog every day at lunch time when Lana Turner appears to have a salad with her latest heartbeat, Victor Mature, who is working here in "No, No, Nanette." We notice Ginger Rogers has abandoned that severe hair-dô for her new picture, "Kitty Foyle," praises be to Allah.

Warners—Everybody Out:

THAT antique necklace George Brent gave to Ann Sheridan on the eve of her departure to Honolulu may be replaced with a sure enough ring, his close friends say. George missed her that much. Olivia de Havilland is taking flying lessons from boy friend Jimmy Stewart. Olivia in slacks is so cute. Humphrey Bogart is being called Humphrey Weisenfreund (Muni's real

name) since he replaced Paul in "High Sierra," but he doesn't mind. Does Muni, we wonder? Alan Curtis, in "High Sierra" also, is so in love with Ilona Massey he had the star visit him on location and the whole darned cast fell for the beautiful Ilona. Brenda Marshall is all smiles over those two birthday presents—one, a year's option from Warners; the other, a new silver fox cape from boy friend Bill Holden. Priscilla Lane becomes mother to Clark Gable's child for "Four Mothers"—now wait—Priscilla's screen baby was also Clark's baby in "Boom Town." Margaret Lindsay and William Lundigan came out of church at Laguna and had to explain at the station house about their wrong parking. Fine thing.

Paramount—Get Off and Rest

MADELEINE CARROLL, who traveled 6,000 miles across the Atlantic to see her French aviator—and in vain—is consoling herself with Stirling Hayden, the second lead in "Virginia." Veronica Lake, Paramount's new discovery in "I Wanted Wings," is causing Robert Preston to look twice and maybe three times in her direction. The town is ribbing Preston Foster over his new fancy suits and slick haircombs since he's getting all the girls in his movies—especially since he grabbed Madeleine (in Technicolor) Carroll away from Gary Cooper in "North West Mounted Police," to say nothing of Dorothy Lamour in "Moon Over Burma" and Pat Morison in "The Round Up." Preston can't understand all this sex-appeal thing all of a sudden.

Dottie Lamour flew to Reno to meet her lawyer—not to talk divorce, but to see her heartbeat, attorney Greg Bautzer, who was there on business.

M-G-M—Last Stop—Wait Here for Tour 2

THIS studio is breathing relief over the termination of the Judy Garland-Dave Rose (Martha Raye's ex) romance. But they should see the parting (?) gift Judy gave Dave—a chain with numbers that spell "I Love You Truly." Judy's newest is Dan Dailey. Lew Ayres (*Dr. Kildare* Meets Cupid's Darts) is agog over Helen Vinson and Laraine Day says it may be some time before she becomes stepmama to hair-designer Sydney Guilaroff's adopted son. Hedy Lamarr came heart to heart with director Anatole Litvak at a recent party and Jimmy Stewart couldn't wait to get back from his vacation to see Livvie de Havilland. Clark Gable, far from selling his ranch, is going in for the raising of thoroughbred cattle. A woman fan waited for Walter Pidgeon's car to come out of this studio (now let's us be little ladies and gentlemen inside the gates) the other night and shouted so loudly Pidgeon stopped. "Do you really eat raisins in bed?" she demanded. Pidge isn't over it yet. And last, but not least, Mickey Rooney cut such a rug at Ciro's the other night with the dancer, Dolly Thom, the out-of-town visitors aren't over it yet.

What? No Beans?

SO you've envied those girls out in Hollywood with all the screen heroes to choose from. Well, let me tell you even the teen-agers find the going very slow in cinema town. Let 17-year-old Bonita Granville tell you about dates out here and then thank heavens for the good old high-school gang that meets on your front porch every night back there, wherever you are.

Bonita says Hollywood is the hardest place in the world to get a date—and can name only seven eligible escorts. And with all the pretty girls around, that's not so many.

Bonita's seven are Jackie Cooper, who gets star billing, Rand Brooks, William Orr, Mickey



Inhibitions sit up and take notice: Miss Faye and Mr. Romero change their tune and mind their manners for a night out at Ciro's

Inhibitions fall down and go boom at the West Side Tennis Club Bowery party. Prime noise-makers are satin-skirted Alice Faye, checkered-pants Romero

More Bowery bumpkins: Betty Grable and Lee Bowman put on a pretty act. Party motto was the louder, the better, in both sartorial and vocal effects



Bitten by the ball-game bug: Linda Darnell, Jane Withers at the Comedians-Leading Men game



Swimming pool is christened with a swim: Judy Garland, Sketch Henderson, Jackie Cooper, host Bob Stack and Lana Turner

Young Fry Society Cools Off

Minimum work, maximum play; Lana, who may have a "no marriage" clause in her new M-G-M contract, tête-à-têtes with host Bob Stack on the sidelines

Rooney, Robert Shaw, Bob Stack and Forrest Tucker.

"These seven are young enough to have mutual interests with a girl in her teens and old enough to know their way around, too," she says. But something in the way Bonita says the name Jackie Cooper leads us to believe he's still top man.

Cupid's Darts and Smarts:

MAUREEN O'HARA is dissolving that long-distance marriage of hers, the one that happened just prior to her sailing from England to America.

Believe it or not, but Vic Mature, who gets around these days, lunches with Lana Turner and spends the afternoon trying to get Ann Sheridan on the phone (keep your temper, Mr. Brent) and then meets Lana for dinner. He hasn't made that Sheridan contact so far.

There's a wee glimmer of hope that Priscilla Lane and her husband, Oren Haglund, may get together again. At any rate, they've been glimpsed together.

Brenda Joyce has come through her trial of movie success with flying colors. "I'll wait to see how much you change," boy friend Owen Ward told her.

Now that it looks as if Owen is at last convinced she's the same sweet Brenda, those wedding bells are tuning up.

Vote Yes or No on This One:

CAL feels it's up to his readers to settle the debate that's raging out here concerning Gene Autry's pressing his lips to a pair of very ruby ones on the screen.

Republic Studio wants him to.

"Aw, shucks, it ain't just the kissing," Gene says, when twitted about it. And with the actor devoted to Mrs. Autry, we know it isn't. But Gene, a smart and an ambitious lad, wants gradually to emerge in bigger and better pictures, being the hero, getting the girl and, well, kissing her.

Not those 52-second George Brent-Ann Sheridan kisses, but maybe just a little smack or two. But ten thousand kids over the country say a flat no. If their idol goes mooching around girls, they're through.

So, there it is. Would they mind, Gene's studio wonders, if they saw it once or twice, or dare they take the chance?

Come on, fans, what do you say? And please send your votes out to Republic Studio—we don't want our ears burned off.

Let's Play Hollywood's Latest Game:

IT'S the newest and craziest game since "Knock Knock," and every bigwig in town is playing it. Telephones on sets, studio commissaries, dressing rooms in restaurants and night clubs are in constant use with some star or another telephoning a friend his "One Says to Another" gag.

Here are a few we gleaned during one studio luncheon.

Try and top these:

One toe said to another toe, "Don't look now, but a heel is following us."

One hat says to another, "You wait here—I'm going on ahead."

One stocking says to the other, "I gotta run."

One wall says to the other, "Hold me up—I'm plastered."

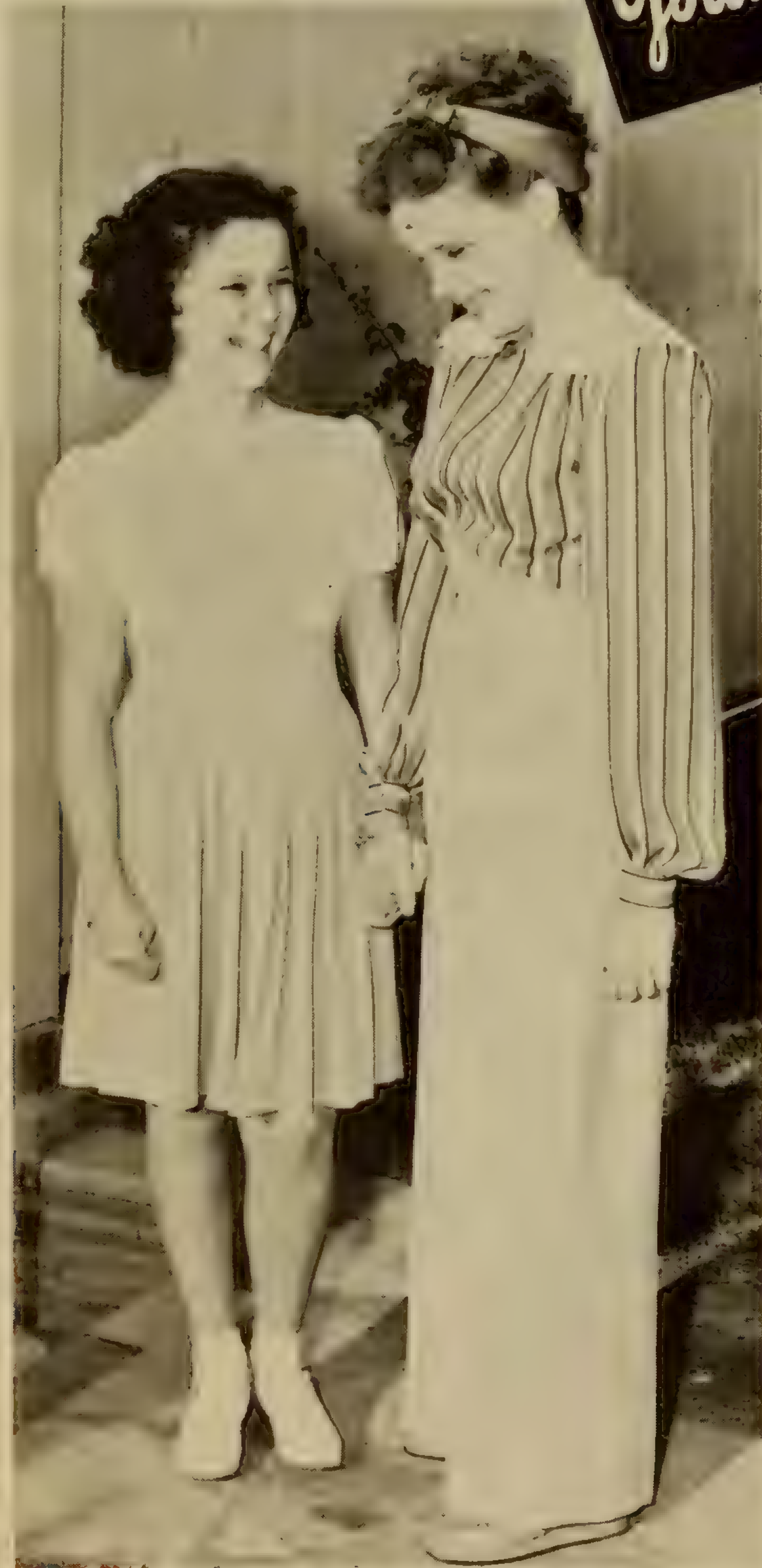
One wall says to the other, "I'll be ceiling you!"

The Age of Reason

WITH most Hollywood glamour girls simply suffering to keep young, we were surprised and even amused when the clerk in a swank Beverly Hills hat shop told us of Diana Lewis' (Mrs. William Powell) recent shopping spree.

Diana, who is not over 22, kept trying on the hats shown her, but couldn't seem to make up her mind.

"Oh, dear, she's going to be difficult," the clerk thought to herself, when suddenly Diana turned to her wistfully and said, "Haven't you anything a little more matronly?"



Per Emily Post, Shirley Temple wore her party dress and white socks to the christening, held hands with a casual Judy



Two on the aisle: Basil Rathbone and his wife Ouida, prominent party-givers of Hollywood, at the G. Lawrence play



Getting ready to get excited: The Bill Powells (Diana Lewis) and the Alexander Kordas (Merle Oberon) waiting for the flag at Hollywood Park



Stars out after dark at Ciro's are Burgess Meredith with a most candid Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart



Newcomer in a new combine: dark-haired Peggy Moran, latest Universal white hope, is currently arm-and-arming it with producer Joe Pasternak

Proud of Proud Parents

"WE'RE lost. We're on a desert island."

The woman sitting on the sands of Balboa Beach looked up to see a smiling 6-year-old boy romping like fury.

"Here's some sticks for the fire, Mommy," he said, running back. "Isn't it fun being shipwrecked?"

By this time, curiosity had the woman for the count of nine. Walking over, she discovered Joan Blondell and her two children, Norman and little Ellen, just two. Sure enough, they were playing lost. They were preparing a fire, just like real desert islanders and presently marshmallows appeared (Norman explained they grew on trees on their island) and then the really BIG moment came. Around the bend appeared their rescuer, Dick Powell, in a sailboat.

"They play that game every day," the hotel clerk told the woman later. "You won't find two more devoted parents anywhere than Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Yes sir, we're proud of 'em."

And Hollywood's proud of 'em too, Mister.

Five Cents a Glance

NICKEL-IN-THE-SLOT movies, a development of the popular "jute boxes" now blaring out swing records in barrooms, will make their appearance within the next few weeks.

Coin-operated cabinets, in which a reel of 16 millimeter sound short subjects is projected on a glass screen, about two feet high by two and a half feet wide, are now being distributed to hotels, cafes, railroad and bus terminals. Phonovision is the trade name of the metered movie projectors.

Designed for use in taprooms and other spots where the younger set gather, most of the reels will be devoted to musical shorts; dance bands, singers, dance numbers and bits from current musical comedies. The reels will be divided into eight subjects of three minutes each and will run continuously, no subject reappearing until the entire reel has been unwound. Each three-minute sketch will require the insertion of a nickel in the meter.

Paramount Pictures has taken over the production of the film for the machines and present plans call for a weekly charge of reels, keeping the musical numbers timely. Abe Lyman, Ozzie Nelson, Guy Lombardo and several other top-ranking bands have been signed to make the Phonovision reels.

Phonovision is headed by Frank Orsatti, former talent agent in Hollywood, and Sam Saxe, who until recently headed the short subject production department of Warner Brothers.

Barbara Stanwyck Is Surprised

HUSBAND Robert Taylor got the idea for the surprise when he and Barbara were at the

Beverly-Wilshire late one afternoon. They were just leaving when Barbara spied Monica, the young designer who had recently completed a whole flock of clothes for her to wear in her role of Mrs. Taylor in private life. Barbara excused herself and dashed across the foyer to tell Monica how much she was enjoying the new wardrobe. When Bob sauntered over, Monica was describing a beautiful pattern in plaid wool she had in at her Beverly Hills shop. "Grey, rose and green, it would be perfect for you," enthused Monica.

"Sounds keen," said Barbara, "but I'm so busy at the studio that I haven't much of a chance to wear the clothes you've already made for me. So I guess I'd better forget it."

(Continued on page 85)

We Cover the Studios

If you like the livelier things in life, this is your meat—some authorized eavesdropping on the sets

BY BARBARA HAYES

WELL, kids, it has happened. Mr. Orson (Man from Mars) Welles has actually started that movie of his that he was supposed to start in July, 1939. The epic (and no less) is called "Citizen Kane" and you will recall, if you have a good memory, that it is the one on which Mr. Welles will be the whole works, director, writer, producer and star.

We were among the extreme elect invited to see the very first scene recorded. It was the one where Tom Curran, made up as Theodore Roosevelt, is apparently bidding farewell to a group of enthusiastic voters as his train rolls off to only Welles knows where. For, so help us, the RKO publicity department insists that nobody at RKO yet knows what the story is about, where Theodore Roosevelt comes into it, or what kind of a role Orson is playing.

From what we could see, Orson is portraying some sort of a loud-mouth. We judge that purely by his clothes, which made him look like a race-track tout or someone very flashy. Judging by his actions he was also a phony, but as he didn't say a word but "Good-by" in the scene, that's only our guess. The train pulled away in a cloud of castor-oil smoke from the group of people all dressed in 1900 clothes. The great moment was recorded for posterity in two takes and we pulled away in a tremendous fog wondering, as all Hollywood is, if it is possible for the dynamic young star actually to write, direct, produce and act simultaneously.

We can hardly wait until "Citizen Kane" is released along about Christmas time to find out.

Of course, with Mr. Welles being so thunderous, there is a lot of terrific goings on at other studios, too. There is, for example, "Meet John Doe" over at Warners. That's the title, but no fact as far as we are concerned.

We tried—ah, how we tried—to meet John, but no dice. We wanted at least a glimpse of Gary Cooper who is its Mr. Big. But even as



November crush: Mr. Tyrone Power with a wave in his hair, Linda Darnell in his arms and a shirt on his back that every female covets—all in "The Californian"

On the super de luxe bandwagon is Republic with the "Hit Parade of 1941" in the making. For laughs, Sterling Holloway; for music, Frances Langford and Kenny Baker





Hits with Irish brogues: Judy Garland, George Murphy and Charles Winninger in M.G.-M's demure "Little Nelly Kelly"

RKO, Warners claim they don't know much about this story that Frank Capra is shooting. After a great deal of appointment making and breaking, we finally did get on the Capra set—and what did we find there? Gary Cooper? No, siree. Barbara Stanwyck? That's right, you're right, and the answer is no. All we found was a bunch of real choir boys singing Christmas carols before Edward Arnold's window, only not even Edward was in the window.

Very daunted and nothing had, we left the boys at their Silent Night-ing and went around the corner to see "Santa Fe Trail," the Errol Flynn Indians-and-red-dust vehicle, but we hit that on a day when only Van Heflin from the New York stage and Indians from Central Casting were emoting, so we tried another stage and success, success, we had come upon "High Sierra," plus Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Alan Curtis, Arthur Kennedy and the things that make Hollywood Hollywood.

For here, despite those other big specials working simultaneously in the same studio, was the real excitement. Here was the picture Paul Muni dropped his Warners contract rather than make. Here was Bogey, as all Hollywood calls him, getting his first real starring role. And here was Miss Lupino, "the new sensation," as they told us, forgetting all about Ida's seven discouraging years already spent in flickertown. Here, also, was Alan Curtis, beaming at being "borrowed"—which always means a good part for an actor—and young, unseen by movie audiences Arthur Kennedy whom Director Raoul Walsh whispered to us to watch as he thought him one of the most promising young actors he's ever discovered.

As if that weren't enough, there was also a dog. His real name is Zero because his owner says he never expected him to amount to anything, but he's called *Pard* in "High Sierra" and all the cast says *Pard*-Zero is stealing the picture and they can't do a thing about it. We saw *Pard* and hasten to report that he has not only

A hit with any accent, or what makes strong men waver: Marlene Dietrich swivels around in a paillette-studded dress, a new hair-do and an atmosphere of South Seas, gardenias and the Navy for Universal's "Seven Sinners"



personality but more ancestry than we ever saw in one little canine before. He looks as though he came from a short line of about forty breeds that all met in him, but the big kick of "High Sierra" is that he actually carries the suspense of the plot.

Bogey plays the last of the Dillinger gang, come to California with a couple of young recruits to rob a few final banks and to hide out in the Sierra country until the trouble blows over. Dynamite Ida is the girl who falls for him and *Pard* is the unwitting and adoring cause of their downfall.

Where Hollywood started being Hollywood on that set was in the attention Ida was getting. Actors from other sets kept drifting over to watch her work. She, herself, worn thin as a toothpick, admittedly tired and horribly worried over her English family, told us she loved all the new excitement over her, but that if she found her quickened career pace getting at all in the way of her life with her husband Louis Hayward that would be the end of the career.

AT Universal, reversely, Marlene Dietrich looked like a breath of champagne or what every man wants but seldom can afford to pay for. The Dietrich opus, "Seven Sinners," is Universal's boiling point for this month and it's that name-studded that the budget looks like some-

thing left over from 1929. Besides Marlene swiveling around in gowns by Irene (which never cost less than \$175 a throw) there are John Wayne, Broderick Crawford, Mischa Auer, Oscar Homolka, Albert Dekker and whole dressing rooms of others and the entire thing is so drenched in the tropical moonlight of the South Seas, gardenias, the Navy, passion—and we do mean passion—that it should be something slightly wonderful.

We caught a scene where Marlene as *Bijou*, a cafe singer and baaad girl, is giving the works to John Wayne, as *Lieutenant Bruce Whitney*, who is, as you might guess, a good clean lad but infatuated with her.

In fact, he wants to give up home, family and Navy for her, but did you ever hear about how love can regenerate a woman? Well, you are going to hear about it again in this one and with lots of pepper in the telling, too.

For girls who want to play sirens in private life, we recommend Marlene's dress which she wears to the Navy dance on board a battleship, and the way she's done her hair. Her hair is brought back into a cluster of tight little curls at the base of her neck. The fashion note is that she holds it in place with a great triangle of diamonds, the broad base line being against the crown of her head and the point of it against

(Continued on page 76)



THE GREAT PROFILE—20th Century-Fox

JOHN BARRYMORE as *Evans Garrick*, a once famous actor on the downgrade because of a fondness for the wassail bowl, agrees to appear in a very bad play written by Anne Baxter, when he finds out she has an "angel" in town in the person of her fiancé (John Payne). The play is staged with John's wife (Mary Beth Hughes) as the leading lady. It is supposed to be serious and as such is terrible, but John gets drunk; puts on such a show as no audience ever saw before and changes it into a comic hit. Gregory Ratoff, John's agent, has a terrible time pacifying some gangsters who are trying to collect an \$8,000 gambling debt. You'll laugh almost every foot of the way—and that's important these days!



NO TIME FOR COMEDY—Warners

WHEN you team Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell you have a pretty good start toward a hit. Jimmy is the small-town boy who gets to be a successful New York playwright. He and Rosalind are happily married until Genevieve Tobin, a lady who makes a practice of "inspiring" geniuses, urges him to write a play with a "message." You've guessed it—his new "serious" effort is a flop. Rosalind's portrayal of the wife is honest and appealing. Louise Beavers is the jovial maid, but, while you'll laugh at her, you may also think she is entirely too "fresh" to ring true. Charlie Ruggles is clever as ever; Allyn Joslyn is often very funny. All in all, though, the film is really much ado about practically nothing.

The Shadow Stage

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Brigham Young
He Stayed for Breakfast
Kit Carson
Lucky Partners
Rhythm on the River
Dr. Kildare Goes Home
Hired Wife
The Howards of Virginia
Rangers of Fortune



★ **HIRED WIFE—Universal**

THE plot of this smart, sophisticated comedy is obvious from beginning to end, but it unfolds so delightfully that you'll be enchanted.

Rosalind Russell is Brian Aherne's invaluable secretary. She's been in love with him for years, but every spring he falls for some other cutie and never for Roz. When he meets lovely model Virginia Bruce, Roz does her resourceful best to break it up. The ensuing complications involve a forced marriage with Roz, a lot of funny business by Robert Benchley and some bigger and better laughs. Surprise performance of the piece is given by John Carroll who plays an ingenuous South American.

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Dean Jagger in "Brigham Young"
 Mary Astor in "Brigham Young"
 John Barrymore in "The Great Profile"
 Gregory Ratoff in "The Great Profile"
 Melvyn Douglas in "He Stayed for Breakfast"
 Loretta Young in "He Stayed for Breakfast"
 Una O'Connor in "He Stayed for Breakfast"
 Ronald Colman in "Lucky Partners"
 Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the River"
 Brian Aherne in "Hired Wife"
 Rosalind Russell in "Hired Wife"
 Virginia Bruce in "Hired Wife"
 James Stewart in "No Time for Comedy"
 Rosalind Russell in "No Time for Comedy"
 Cary Grant in "The Howards of Virginia"
 Martha Scott in "The Howards of Virginia"



★ **THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA—Frank Lloyd-Columbia**

IF you said that this stirring screen dramatization of Elizabeth Page's book, "Tree of Liberty" is artistically well nigh perfect . . . If you said that the performance of Cary Grant is of Academy Award calibre . . . If you said that, all in all, this is one of the best pictures Hollywood has ever turned out you still wouldn't be saying all that you should about "The Howards of Virginia" unless you added one thing more—that it is a great picture. For the Howards' story is the story of the birth of the United States. As *Matt Howard*, Cary Grant abandons his usual wise-cracking roles and becomes an awkward, lovable Colonial backwoodsman who feels what a beautiful thing it is to dig in your roots and grow with a new land. Despite their almost insurmountable differences in background and temperament, he woos and wins the beautiful *Jane Peyton* (Martha Scott), one of the finest young ladies of Virginia. Together they go off into the "back country" of the Shenandoah Valley, to build with courage and toil an estate worthy of their ideal. Children come, the elder son a cripple whom Cary, with unconscious cruelty, instinctively shuns because the boy resembles Martha's snobbish brother, *Fleetwood Peyton* (Sir Cedric Hardwicke). In stirring scenes laid in historic Williamsburg, *Thomas Jefferson* (beautifully portrayed by Richard Carlson), *Patrick Henry* and other patriots gather to protest British oppression. History marches before your eyes, through the Revolutionary War, but back again at last to Williamsburg where the *Howards of Virginia*, separated by differences of beliefs and the long struggle for freedom, are united again.



★ **BRIGHAM YOUNG—20th Century-Fox**

TOLD here in a heroic manner is the saga of America's Mormons who, persecuted in three states for their belief in and practice of polygamy, trekked across 1500 incredible miles of wilderness to a haven in Utah. You see them first in Illinois undergoing a brutal raid by vengeful vigilantes. When, as a result of this, Mormon Leader *Joseph Smith* (Vincent Price) decides to fight back, he is convicted of treason and lynched. Arises, then, another leader in the person of *Brigham Young* (Dean Jagger, new to the modern screen) whose perseverance and faith enable him to guide his flock to the Promised Land beyond the Rockies. Even then, a terrible winter brings near-starvation and, when that trial is over, another enemy in the loathsome form of billions of grasshoppers threatens doom. Then it is that a historic miracle, for which there is no logical explanation, takes place. Sea gulls come winging over the horizon and devour the grasshoppers. Dean Jagger gives a performance so finished and so authentic as automatically to raise him to stardom. Only a little less finished is Mary Astor's portrayal of his wife, *Mary Ann*. Tyrone Power, although rather miscast, plays sincerely the role of Brigham's most faithful follower. Linda Darnell is equally good as a non-Mormon girl who finds it difficult to accept polygamy. In this reviewer's opinion, the doctrine of polygamy could and should have been honestly defended instead of being so obviously side-stepped. You may also criticize an occasional slowness of pace. Still, if you appreciate sincerity and historical significance in a film then you will be grateful to Fox for making "Brigham Young."

(Continued on page 84)

I

Want a Divorce



Frantic hours became a confusion of faces ...Grandma...Grandpa...the white-coated interne who said to Jerry, "I'm sorry—"

*Once to every marriage comes that fearful moment
when only tragedy can point the way to happiness!*

Copyright, 1940, by Paramount Pictures, Inc.

"A phone in every drugstore in Reno—" Jerry shook the telephone at Mac, who shouted, "Quit waving that thing at me!"

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THE early morning light etched sullen lines on Allan MacNally's young face. Lord, he was tired! Working all night, snatching a late plane to get home as fast as he could, was enough to make a fellow tired. But, even more than he was tired, he was angry. Where was Jerry? Where was his wife at five o'clock in the morning?

"Out with her sister," the maid had told him, enjoying his discomfiture. She had seen Jerry frantic with anxiety, awaiting the message from Mac that had never come. She had, indeed, cheered silently when Jerry had rebelliously left, dressed in her finest.

But none of this occurred to Mac. He only knew that Jerry was out with Wanda, the older sister she adored and he secretly despised. What right had Wanda to interfere? Wanda, who had let her own husband and little son slip through her petulant fingers. Wanda, who was just like all the other spoiled women whose divorces he handled so smoothly, loathing every trick but determined to give Jerry all the luxuries they'd missed during their first year of married life.

And what thanks did he get? The moment his back was turned—

He swung to face Jerry, as she swept defiantly into the room.

Even then, everything might have been all right. If she'd looked sorry, or even frightened,

or remorseful for not being there to greet him.

But she didn't. She slipped off her evening coat, looked at him, and said coolly, "Oh, hello. Where did you drop from?"

His collar felt tight, so tight Mac had difficulty getting the words out. "Where did I come from?" he said. "I—where have you been? Coming home at five o'clock—"

"Every place else was closed," said Jerry and yawned in his face.

Anger did things like that to them. Jerry's anger now was cold, it had turned in, she had herself well in hand, eyebrows up, eyes cold, frozen against him. With Mac, anger was hot, it shook him and his thoughts went around like a pin wheel. In the strange hot and cold of their anger they wanted to hurt each other.

Mac said, in a voice that shook, "Where have you been?"

"Oh, round and about," said Jerry. Her hands were perfectly steady as she lit a cigarette.

"Who with?"

"Wanda—"

"All right, all right, Wanda. Who else? You and Wanda weren't wandering around until five in the morning by yourselves, I know that much. Who were you with?"

"Don't cross-examine me, dear," said Jerry. "I'm no witness. Wanda had a couple of friends along—don't remember their names."

For a moment Mac sputtered like a fuse, then he exploded. "You—you'd go out and stay all that time with men whose names you didn't even know? Look, I know the kind of men Wanda runs around with. She doesn't care—

why should she? She hasn't got any husband to care what she does. David got smart—she hasn't got any husband waiting and worrying—"

"Oh!" said Jerry, the coldness breaking, "how can you say that? Waiting and worrying when I—don't you holler at me! Where were you? Did you come home to dinner last night? No. Do I know where you were since you left here to go to your office yesterday morning at nine o'clock? But I don't suppose that matters."

"You know where I was," Mac said. "I was working. I'm always working. I had to go to Reno to find out what a guy was doing. That's all. I wasn't out raising hell. I was working so you could have some swell clothes to go out with a couple of other men—"

"Pooh," said Jerry and picked up her coat and started toward the door. "I've heard enough of that nonsense. I'm going to bed."

"Not until I find out a lot of things, you're not," Mac said, swinging between her and the door, standing on the balls of his feet like a fighter ready for action. "You'll stay right here and explain what—"

"Just a minute," Jerry said dangerously. "If there's any explaining to do, you'll do it. You jump on me and yell and holler, but you seem to have forgotten that I sat here for hours, worrying and—and—actually calling up the hospital to see if you'd been run over—and praying you weren't hurt and thinking of all the awful things that could happen to you—you don't seem even to consider that—"

"Now wait a minute, honey—"

(Continued on page 78)

THANKS FOR



A marriage based on a faux pas: Bob and Mrs. Hope, former singer Dolores Read

The life and good times of the man with the big-league chin, fastest wisecracker in the wit business—Bob Hope



Sunk in debt up to his chin: Bob in the pavement-pounding Chicago era

BY SARA HAMILTON

BOB HOPE and Bing Crosby paused "in the day's occupation" of shooting a couple dozen rounds of golf at Lakeside to listen to a Presidential campaign speech on a portable radio.

"That's something you'll never be, Bob," Bing grinned. "President of the United States."

Instantly Bob's ire was up. "Why not?" he demanded, as a parade of political gags already goose-stepped through his mind up the White House steps.

"Because you have to be born over here to be President. You were born in England," Bing gloated.

Bob thought it over. "Oh, well, I wouldn't want the job, anyway. Except—" he amended quickly—"on a strictly percentage basis, you understand."

With Hope's recent personal-appearance tour, "on a strictly percentage basis," still the talk of the theatrical world, Bob is going to stay up there in the dough if he can arrange it, because he's been so far down there on the anti-dough circuit. He could remember how, back

in England when he was around seven, he'd made Aunt Polly laugh with his antics—and gotten a cookie as a reward. But the green-backed cookies hadn't flown in so easily.

After he'd come to America with his mother, father and six brothers, business had picked up a little. There had been the pennies he'd collected selling newspapers on the corner stand in Cleveland; the loving cups he'd won in every track meet in the city; the first prize he'd copped with his Chaplin imitations; and the free rides he'd gotten from a soft-hearted trolley conductor in exchange for some special Hope yodelings.

He'd finally picked prize fighting as an easier way to fame and as "Packy East" entered the Cleveland Novice Championships with all the aplomb of Jack Dempsey, but not quite the finish. Bowing out gracefully, he tried his hand at Sojack's dancing academy, with the firm intention of becoming a hoofer. He did—in every tank town this side of the Mississippi, and frankly those audiences didn't go into convulsions over black-face Hopeless Hope and his partner, George Byrnes.

So it was that Hope and Byrnes, those "dancemedians" as they called themselves (let Hope deny it, if he can) had got as far as New Castle, Pennsylvania, in their dancing act with only two—no, I'd say two and a half—things happening to them since their exodus from Cleveland.



Beginning of the end: With Shirley Ross Bob sang "Thanks For The Memory" in "The Big Broadcast of 1938." From then on, movies had him

Way back when: The Hope plays on Broadway in "Roberta" with George Murphy. About this time, he loaned hat and cane to a kid in the orchestra, a fellow named Fred MacMurray, to make a movie test

to his chin (see, it has its uses!) and went hungry again. He stuck it out for six months. Finally one theater manager said, "I can give you one day's work on Decoration Day, but it will only pay—"

"I'll take it," Bob said and stayed to riot Chicago. He moved to the Chicago theater downtown and formed his own company (Edgar and Charlie McCarthy were among those present) and when he finally left vaudeville behind, he made a present of that act to his troupe. Somewhere along life's highway, they tell me, it's still going strong.

One of those things was Bob's transformation from black-face to white. One night he'd come to the theater too late to make up and somehow, when the audience saw what was underneath the burnt cork, they were convulsed all out of proportion to the act, which wasn't even funny. There were Bob and Byrnes stepping lightly to "Way Down Upon The Swanee River"—you know, tippety-tap, tippety-tap—while on the end seat, row four, a very redfaced gentleman took one look at Bob and suddenly began beating the back off the gentleman sitting next. "I tell you, it's the gawdarndest face I've ever seen," he kept screaming, beating away and wiping his eyes. They eventually had to lead him from the theater. The other gentleman, named Wilson, had lumbago for weeks.

Bob left off the burnt cork and went naked-faced from then on.

The other event happened shortly after he and Byrnes had joined with Daisy and Violet Hilton, the Siamese twins, who joined in the

middle. One night the theater management had no one to announce the fact that Marshall Walker and his Whiz-Bang revue were to appear in New Castle the next week. The manager thought of Bob. The question of would he do it rapidly developed into whether the manager and ten wild horses could keep him from doing it. He got out there and he told every Scotch joke he knew. He killed the people. They howled for more. When Bob left that stage, he'd already mentally rehearsed his new act as a monologist and booked himself into the New York Palace.

He said good-bye to his partner and headed once again for Cleveland and Detroit to polish off his act before Rotary Clubs and church socials and Lady Macabees who made swell marble cakes with white frosting for refreshments afterwards. Then, ready and willing, he departed for Chicago and starved. "No jobs were flying overhead. There were no jobs to fly," as Alice might have put it. So he sank into debt up

NEW YORK managers gave him the old hoity-toity when he left the Windy City six months later. So Bob gave it to 'em right back, see. They should try to book him into suburban joints! Him, the riot of Chicago. They compromised on Eighty-sixth Street, finally, and here was Chicago all over again. That easy-flowing barrage of wisecracks, ad libs, jokes, far and away above the average, lifted him right into big time and the Palace. After that there was no place left to go in vaudeville, except the Palace again. He played it eight times on his big-time jaunts on big-time circuits.

Once, after a fling at a Broadway musical comedy, "Sidewalks of New York," he found himself right out on the "Sidewalks of New York," and no kidding. The show was a flop. But his next one wasn't quite so sudden in its demise. It was a little musical opus called "Ballyhoo" and in no time (like a papa and mama rabbit) there were other little opuses, among them such goodies as "Roberta" with

(Continued on page 82)



Left to right: Hunter Scott, Harriet, Hank, Margaret Scott. The four celebrated Hank's graduation from high school in 1923 by staging a mock funeral procession for a "Mr. Jones"



George Billings, famous Lincoln impersonator, gave Hank his first professional acting job in vaudeville



The star of Omaha's Community Playhouse as he set out for Cape Cod's summer theater, with Jayne



Jayne Fonda Schoentgen (at left) and Harriet Fonda Peacock dug into attic trunks for albums to show the author of this story, Wilbur Morse, Jr.

The Boy From Omaha

(Continued from page 30)

with a murmured: 'Hold your bustle, dearie, my driver is rather reckless!'

Although he was an excellent dancer and joined his sisters on many parties with their friends, Hank, so far as family memory recalls, had no real Girl, with a capital G, until he entered the University of Minnesota.

THEN Love Came to Henry Fonda. He was 18; she was 17; and their great romance was kept alive by daily letters in which Hank excelled as a wordy wooer.

But a more revealing picture of Hank at this period than I could ever draw is contained in one of his own letters to his family, which Mrs. Peacock resurrected from an attic trunk of mementos and gave me permission to reprint. It follows:

Unity House
Minneapolis, Minn.
December 27, 1923

Dearest All of You:

Joyous days! Come and gone; leaving memories that swell with dreams of what might have been!

It seems almost sinful that I should admit to you that I have spent such a wonderful Christmas, and it is the first away from you all! But Love is unparalleled, and I think you can understand! Really you should be glad that I have been taken care of so wonderfully, and not given time to become homesick.

Of course I must tell you of it all! But in the telling I can't approach the real sentiment.

She wouldn't go out Christmas Eve so I stayed there. I helped trim the tree, and cracked nuts for the morrow, and helped wrap presents. I even helped wipe the

dinner dishes! About eleven P. M. they decided to play the "give and take" then instead of waiting till morning. And it was just like home! Each one taking turns unwrapping their presents, screams, laughter, running around and kissing the family (I only felt out of place not being one of the family . . . yet!) and coming to Dad's and Mother's presents last. It was all too glorious!

Earlier in the day I had sent Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone a lovely poinsettia plant, and they were overjoyed, for it was the first Xmas they had not bought one themselves and had been wishing to have one. It had a "Wandering Jew" in it which will grow and last some time.

Mr. Pettibone gave me a Milano pipe like my other, in a different style. He also gave me a gold case for match packets and a box of 50 packets!

Sid gave me a dandy blue-bordered hanky for my suit pocket—and it just matches my new tie. By the way, Harriet, I must compliment your judgment. I have never seen a nicer tie, or one that I liked better, and everyone has spoken of it since I have worn it!

Altogether it was one of the happiest Christmas Eves that I have spent. (Isn't that terrible to say?) and Christmas hadn't even come yet!

At noon on the famous birthday, I went back for dinner. We drove down to the New Nicollet Hotel for dinner and spent the afternoon there. It is a gorgeous place, far superior to anything in Omaha. And the dinner was far above criticism! Turkey! And consommé! And innumerable things with French accents and good tastes! After the meal we had indoor sports in the lobby. Betty and Sid and I just acted like

kids, and that's not hard for me at all! Later we went to the State and saw Pola Negri and Rod la Rocque and Adolphe Menjou. It was the first time I had seen any of the actors. "Forbidden Paradise" was very good but the name doesn't mean anything. I shall never miss Adolphe Menjou again. His was not a villainous role but he suited it to a T. Don't miss it if you haven't seen it yet.

After the show we came home for lunch, fruit cake and wine. Mr. Pettibone just made some grape wine and he's just like Dad about it! It hasn't cleared up yet but it is good. He has some loganberry syrup and he wants to know what to do with it. Remit ans.—

Bridge till twelve-thirty. They wouldn't hear of my going home, and put me to bed in the guest room.

Was up early Friday to return to Unity to take the kids to see "Peter Pan," the premier showing in America given by the Journal for the poor kids of Minneapolis.

Sid was also up early and Mr. Pettibone said it was a compliment to me. He said they would have me every night if it got Sid up early! I got extra tickets for "Peter Pan" and took Sid and Don Oathout. Don took Sid down and they met me at the Garrick. "Peter Pan" was very good and we enjoyed it as much as the kids.

After "Peter Pan" the three of us took lunch at Dayton's Tea Room, quite like the Brandies. Don is an awfully nice fellow and made good company. After lunch we window shopped, and stopped to hear the latest records in a music shop. Tell Harriet to get "It's All the Same to Me," by Cliff Edwards on The Perfect Record.

Determined to make a day, we went to the Strand in the afternoon and saw Betty Compson in "The Garden of Weeds." Rockliffe Fellowes made it enjoyable for me.

Home and to work in the evening. My next date isn't until New Year's Eve, and I don't see how I'll last that long. Positively I've got it so bad I'm in agony! My one solace is the ukulele! If you could see me moaning and playing that thing, you would never know your son and brother!

Your Christmas package came Tuesday, and of course I couldn't wait. I must thank you each one individually.

I see you haven't lost your gift of rhyme, Dad. But how come the lim'rick in the box of candy? The candy is good and I'm taking it slow. It's not half gone yet. (Continued on page 74)

NO MATTER IF
I'M "ALL IN" AT
BEDTIME, I
NEVER NEGLECT
MY LUX SOAP
ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIAL

PAULETTE GODDARD

I'VE FOUND THESE
FACIALS THE **BEST** CARE
FOR MY SKIN. WORK UP
A RICH **LUX SOAP**
LATHER, THEN PAT
IT IN GENTLY

RINSE FIRST WITH
WARM WATER,
THEN WITH COOL

DRY THE FACE
WITH QUICK, SOFT
PATS. NOW LOOK
IN YOUR MIRROR—
SEE HOW **FRESH**
YOUR SKIN LOOKS!

STAR OF
PARAMOUNT'S

"North West
Mounted Police"

Charming, isn't she, this pretty young star? And what smooth, soft skin! She tells you how she cares for it—gives it protection skin needs to stay lovely. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. That's why when you use this mild white soap regularly you don't risk the unpleasant little blemishes and coarsened pores that may come when pores are choked. Use cosmetics all you like, but try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. See if they don't help you have skin that's smooth, soft—appealing.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

The Boy from Omaha

(Continued from page 72)

There is nothing better than the practical gift, and the much needed shirt was sure welcome, Ma! I pinned the pin on and wore it out, of course. And the two pairs of "You just know she wears 'em!" sure do look fine on me. Personality revealed in the ankle!

I may as well admit right now that the leather memory book didn't turn out. The tooling was all right and I had a good design and monogram of A.L.P. but I put it on the radiator to dry, for I was in a hurry, and the *\$?! etc., thing was so hot it burned the leather! I had put no expense on it, over a 12c silk cord to bind it. This was Christmas morning so I was frantic with the lack of a gift for her. However, I got a cedar chest of candy and it got by big.

I guess I've exhausted the topics and besides I'd better post this tonight. My laundry didn't come, but I guess the Xmas rush was too much for you.

Write me, all of you, especially of the parties. Devouring Love,
Son and brother,
Henry

THIS idyl ended when Hank left college at the close of his sophomore year at Minnesota. The demands of his job at Unity House had left him little time for study. Money was none too plentiful in the Fonda family and Hank decided it was time he relieve his father of some of the burden.

Back in Omaha, Hank filled a succession of jobs, all of them stopgaps. None satisfied his urge to be getting started on a real career, a career, preferably, that was allied in some way with art.

It was about this time that his mother turned from the telephone one afternoon and said: "They've got a job they want you to do, down at the Community Playhouse." Thinking it was an assignment to paint scenery, Hank strolled into the office of Gregory Foley, the director, munching an apple and carrying a sketchbook.

He learned to his consternation that the "job" he had been called to fill was not scene painting but the juvenile lead. With the opening night only a week away, the hero of the piece, Philip Barry's "You and I," had fallen ill and a friend of Mrs. Fonda's had suggested the company call on "that nice-looking Fonda boy."

By the end of that week, Hank had realized that in the theater lay all the opportunities he had been unconsciously grasping for in his search for a career. For the rest of the season, he spent every waking hour at the Playhouse. And from Greg Foley, nervous, intense little Irish dreamer, he began to absorb the technique of the theater.

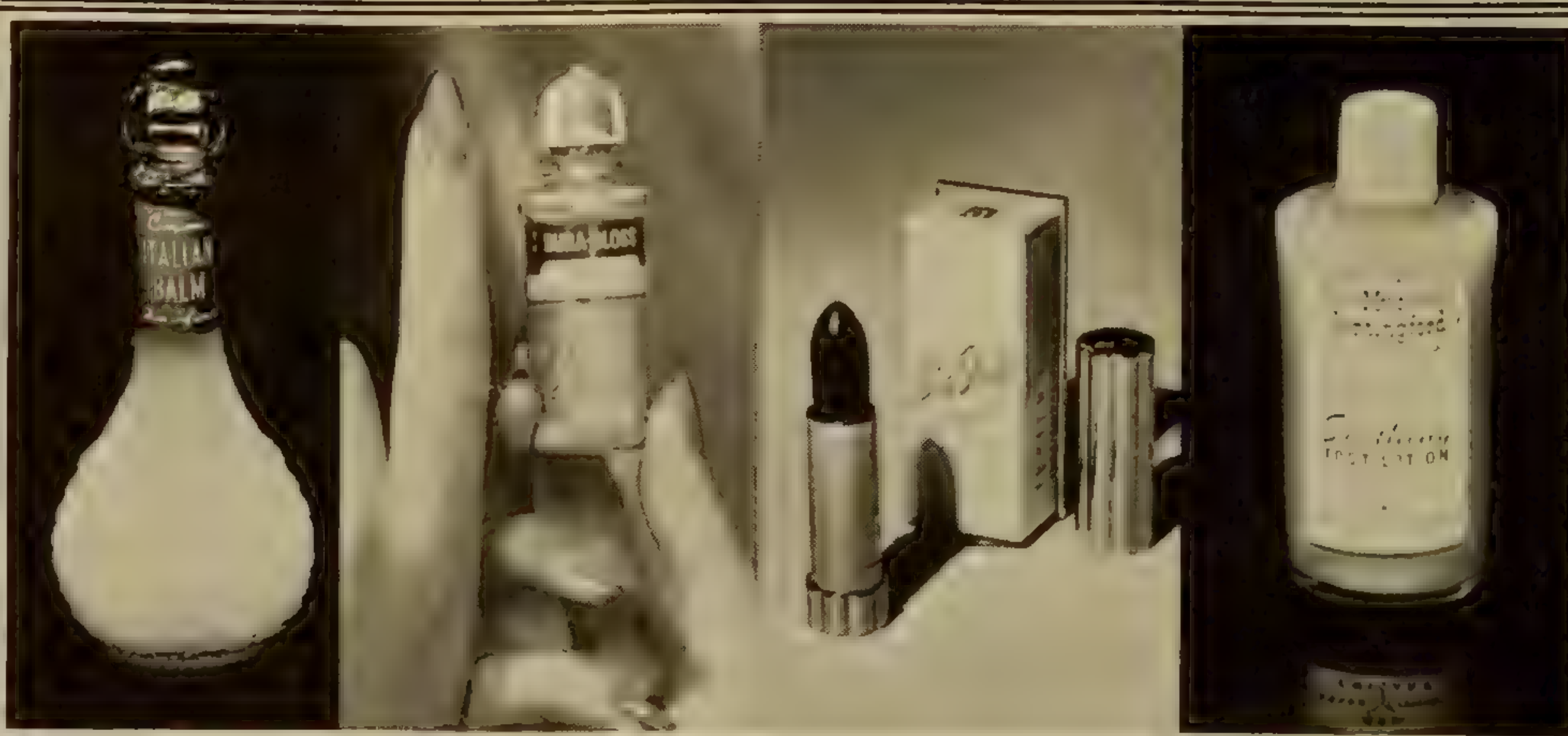
The following fall, Hank had belatedly returned to a remunerative occupation as a filing clerk with a credit company, when Foley phoned him.

"I'm going to do 'Merton of the Movies' as the first show and you are to be Merton," the Irishman announced. Hank's heart bounced. This was it!

But this, very decidedly, was not it, in the opinion of Brace Fonda.

"You've got a good job," his father reminded Hank. "You're just starting in. You can't fool around all night rehearsing and be fresh and fit for anything in the morning."

The first family row in the history of a very loving household ensued and for



Don't spend your entire beauty budget on your face! Hands often hold the key to romance. Campana's Italian Balm is one way to assure hand softness. \$1 in its "basket-weave" decanter bottle.

No trial and error method about Dura Gloss nail polish. Their new "finger tip" package with bottle cap finger nail attached permits you to try the color as it appears on your nails. Only a dime.

In the lingo of the movies Lucien Le-long's "Big Shot" lipstick is stupendous and colossal. It's also smart and amusing. Try it in the new Black Tulip shade. \$2, and it's refillable if you ever use it all up.

Many a wrinkle has been put on the face by tired and aching feet. Since Mme. Huntingford introduced her Soothing Foot Lotion there are smiles where frowns were. Yours for a \$1.00 and worth it.



Strictly in the fun-to-use-sweet-to-smell department is Prince Matchabelli's pancake-flat talcum bath mitt. Of soft, velvety wide-wale corduroy it is laden with fragrant talc to make you smell so-o-o pretty after your bath. \$1.

There's something about luscious, sun-ripened fruit that makes our mouths water, and Dorothy Gray's "Ripe Cherry" make-up is just as tempting in color. All are matched to blend with the fall colors. \$2.50 complete.



Neatest trick to come out of Revlon's sleeve is a patriotic manicure case and purse carryall, "Knapsack." Remove original contents and you have a pocket for cosmetics and one for gadgets. \$1.00.

COSMETIC Counter

Like a fortune teller peering into the future, the beauty camera's lens is focused on YOU! And, let us add, it doesn't miss a single line, wrinkle or blemish on your skin. While these efficient aids from the beauty mart are performing their duties they are also adding greatly to that "joy of living" spirit we all possess.

- Peggy Sweet

two months Brace Fonda did not speak to his son. And Hank, firm in his decision to carry on at both the Playhouse and in his job, kept proudly to himself.

"Merton" was an unqualified success. Hank was superb.

When he reached home that night his father and mother and Harriet and Jayne were waiting up for him. The girls rushed to his side, exclaiming enthusiastically over his performance.

"You were wonderful! The audience loved you . . . but there was one scene, in which I think you didn't quite. . ."

The sisterly advice was suddenly cut short by Brace Fonda's voice.

"Shut up! He was perfect!"

It was the real turning point in Hank's life, that fireside reconciliation with his father. From now on, with the family's faith in him, he could point toward making a serious stab at the theater. The first step was in offering himself to Greg Foley as an assistant director and thereby learning more of the tricks and trade of the stage.

At the close of his second season as a jack-of-all trades with the Community Playhouse, Hank essayed his first venture in the professional theater. A news story in the Omaha Bee announced that George Billings, a vaudevillian who had gained some fame as an impersonator of Abraham Lincoln, was thinking of elaborating his act, a monologue in which he recited several of the Emancipator's speeches, into a playlet.

Hank obtained an interview with Billings at his hotel and proposed a playlet written around Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby. Billings was impressed with Hank's enthusiasm and agreed to hire the young man as his partner on a three-month vaudeville tour, if Hank could prepare a suitable script before the end of the week.

The night before Billings was to leave town, Hank returned with a fifteen-minute playlet which contained a part for himself as a young aide to the President. The old actor was delighted and, three nights later, Hank, attired in the blue coat of a Union officer, walked out on the stage of a Des Moines variety house, in his first miming for money.

"On the strength of my professional experience of the summer," Hank related, "Greg Foley hired me as assistant director of the Community Playhouse at a salary of \$100 a month for the winter. I acted in only one play that year, 'Beyond the Horizon,' by Eugene O'Neill and by the end of the season I was anxious to get my fingers into a pot of grease paint again."

There was one excellent opening road to Broadway, Greg Foley had told Hank—the summer theaters that dotted Cape Cod. Why not go on East and seek a spot at the Cape and then, in the fall, tackle Broadway?

"I'll do it!" Hank exclaimed. "Who knows what may happen at the Cape?"

It was just about the same time that a husky-voiced young girl from Norfolk was invited to join the cast of the University Players, a group of college thespians who had organized a summer theater at Falmouth, Massachusetts.

The girl was Margaret Sullavan, who was to be described a little later by Hank, as "sugar and cream and hot ashes!"

The summer romance between Hank Fonda and Margaret Sullavan that lead to marriage and divorce; the long, unfruitful years of Broadway failures and then the stage hit that skyrocketed him to Hollywood; his whirlwind courtship in Europe of socialite Frances Brokaw; and the happiness he has built on the wreckage of early disasters are the chapter headings of the concluding installment of "The Boy from Omaha" in PHOTOPLAY next month.



MRS. VINCENT ASTOR



MRS. PHILIP HARDING (ALICE ASTOR)



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

"...a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness"

— WALTER PATER, MARIUS THE EPICUREAN

AMERICAN TRADITION of Beauty

American beauty is rarely beauty of features. Piquancy attracts. Vivacity. Yes, *alacrity*. And—let us not turn up our noses at this—*cleanliness*!

Before that pearly freshness of the American girl's face, came an enduring tradition of fastidious care of her person.

Youth's admiration takes in the shining brushed hair, the crisp simplicity of the dress as well as the wondrous undimmed freshness that radiates from the face. These are three aspects of the same inherent virtue.

Cultivate your skin's smooth enchantment gladly, frankly, without falter. Give your face at least once daily the authoritative Pond's ritual, based on the structure and behavior of

the skin. Its users are among the fresh-skinned, *soignée* daughters of America's foremost families.

BATHE your face in an abundance of luscious Pond's Cold Cream—spreading it all over with creamy-soft slapping fingers. Slap for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes. This cream has 2 actions. One, cleansing. The other, softening. It achieves these effects by *mixing* with the dead surface cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin.

WIPE OFF with bland and persuasive Pond's Tissues—and you've wiped off the softened debris, helped remove some of the softened tops of blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

FLOOD and SLAP a second time with releasing Pond's Cold Cream. This slapping increases both the cleansing and the softening. As dirt is released, wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. Pores seem finer. In the softened skin, lines are less apparent.

LUXURIATE now in the cooling astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener, splashed on with a pad of cotton dripping with it.

COAT your whole face with the final blessedness of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Here is a cream whose specific function is to disperse harsh skin particles, little chappings caused by exposure, and leave your skin delightfully smoothed. Wipe off the excess after one full minute. Observe that this cream has laid down a perceptible mat finish. Your rich reward is your skin's satin touch—its flattering reception of and faithful hold on powder.

This, in full, always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily ritual—aid to a fresh, flower-soft skin. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's!

GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—Frankly to lure you to our larger cream jars, which are actually a better buy, we are handing you **FREE** (for a limited period) a tempting supply of our equally authoritative hand lotion, **DANYA**, with each purchase of the medium-large Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of the cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

WOMAN-SKIN

owes its witchery to that tender look and feel, so different from a man's. And women through the ages intuitively have tended and coveted this treasured birthright of theirs, this delicacy of skin which lovers and poets have ever likened to the delicate face of a flower.



MRS. VINCENT ASTOR... MRS. PHILIP HARDING (THE FORMER ALICE ASTOR)... MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR... present leaders of the family which has dominated American society for generations, have for years observed the Pond's ritual... MRS. VINCENT ASTOR devotes much time to the cause of music in New York, especially the Musicians' Emergency Fund

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 67)

her neck. Her gown is an absolute sheath of softest beige chiffon, relentlessly outlining the figure, high-necked and long-sleeved but with paillettes in a broad leaf design outlining the breasts and neck in manner intended to make strong men waver. It's colossal for any girl with a figure that can stand it. With it, Marlene wore no stockings and wedgies in white satin with silver paillettes.

Even little Republic, where small-budget but great-action pictures are usually the staple product, is on the super de luxe bandwagon right now, busy as it is with getting "Hit Parade of 1941" ready to delight the likes of us. It marks the return of sweet-voiced Frances Langford (also in RKO's "Too Many Girls") and crooning Kenny Baker to the screen and has Hugh Herbert, Mary Boland, Patsy Kelly and Sterling Holloway in for the laughs, long, slim Ann Miller for the dances and Jan Garber and his band for the tunes. It is all about a girl and a boy who save a radio station from going down before television and who, therefore, fall in love. Hugh Herbert is Kenny's screwball uncle who nearly ruins everything.

As we sat watching the takes, Ann Miller, the girl whom RKO once had under contract and who played in "You Can't Take It With You" and then invaded Broadway last winter to become a tap-dancing sensation, came over and asked us to watch the dance routine she was working out.

Was that a click! Ann aspires to be a Ginger Rogers type of star. She wants to combine dancing and drama and, looking at her ebony black hair against her very white skin and seeing the youth and vivacity of her, we think Ann has that ambition in a gold bag.

JUST to prove that one can never rely on anything in this burg, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the giant studio of them all, is serenely engaged in going against the general trend. "Bittersweet" still being in the works, Metro's newest important pictures are demure intimate ones, "Little Nelly Kelly" starring Judy Garland and George Murphy, and "Third Finger—Left Hand" starring Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas.

"Little Nelly Kelly" is one of those gamut-runners for both Judy and George. Judy plays both a mother and daughter, George plays a husband and father. The twist lies in Judy's ending up as a young girl and George as an old man. The plot, a sweetheart, concerns the triangle of old Michael Noonan (Charles Winninger) who vows never to work, his daughter Nelly (that's Judy) and hard-working Jerry Kelly (that's George), the man with whom she elopes.

The scene we witnessed was where Charlie Winninger and Judy, as father and married daughter, are eating breakfast. Charlie was consuming real breakfast food and Judy, on a diet, was dying from sheer envy.

Judy, reading her lines, said, "Doesn't your conscience bother you?"

"Not a bit," said Winninger, lading in the corn flakes.

"Do you want me to think you're not the man my husband is?"

"I'm twice the man," said Charlie, still busy with the corn flakes.

That was all there was to the scene, but as it took a lot of timing to get all the action straight, it had to be shot three times and each time Winninger would get fresh coffee and corn flakes and cream and Judy would groan. It

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 1)

12. A NEW WRINKLE! PHOTO MATCHES
Have your own likeness, baby's, Fido's, Topsy's or a picture of your house imprinted on little books of matches. Carry them yourself—such swank! Or give them away as gifts. Take your snapshot to Lord & Taylor, New York. Eight days later you'll have your Photo Matches, 50 books for \$7; 100 for \$12.50.

13. A DUMMY TO THE RESCUE
You know how often you face the problem: Shall you wash your sweater, or have it cleaned? Well—here's an end to your worries. A darling dummy called "William's Perfect Sweaterblock" that takes all the drudgery out of drying sweaters and restores them like magic to their original size. \$1.95 at fine stores.

14. BUBBLING BODY SHAMPOO
The high spot of the day . . . bathing with Usa-Foam's Million Bubble Body Shampoo! Just squeeze the soapless shampoo from the tube into two tiny holes in the moistened sponge and then up ooze millions of scented bubbles that soothe, refresh and bathe. \$1 a set. Franklin Simon's, N. Y.

15. TIPS ON TABLES
Do you realize how your home life centers around your tables! How uncomfortable you would be if there weren't enough of them about—or they were badly placed or wrongly chosen! Take your tips on tables from the booklet, "The Choice and Use of Tables," 10c. Address: Imperial Furniture Co., Grand Rapids.

16. THE BUSINESS OF BATHING.
Is bathing a bore, or is it one of your eagerly anticipated end-of-the-day diversions? It all depends on what you do to make it good. Or you can rely on Revelry who have all the answers in a 50c kit that contains Perfumed Water Softener, Fragrant Talc and Eau de Cologne. At drug and department stores.

17. NET RESULTS
Net your curly golden locks in a "No Runette" and you can shower comfortably . . . sleep peacefully . . . even ride in a rumble seat, knowing you'll come up smiling, every gleaming strand in place. Make your own adjustment with the drawstring. All sealed in cellophane—25c at Lord & Taylor, New York.

18. NICE FOR NAILS
La Cross has a make-believe calfskin satchel that travels like a seasoned trooper, properly rigged with all it takes to keep your nails in trim while you're on the march—namely, nail file, tweezer, emery boards, polish and cuticle remover and one of the newest La Cross Wigwam nail polishes. \$2.50 at all department stores.

was fascinating, watching her shift from this hungry kid into the serious young woman she was portraying and just as intriguing hearing her voice change from its own snappy 1940 accent into an Irish brogue. If a single scene is any criterion, we'd say "Little Nelly Kelly" will put Judy smack up there in the first box-office ten.

Over on a neighboring stage we found Myrna Loy being a girl who pretends to be married so that the men who work with her in business will not flirt with her. (Maybe male audiences will believe any girl would carry on that way, but we dames know better!) We discovered Myrna being businesslike with Lee Bowman, who is being predatory; and then in a later scene with Ann Morris, Myrna's lines (we mean her written lines) revealed the fact that the title "Third Finger—Left Hand" refers to the finger on which a girl wears her wedding ring. We didn't listen too closely, being most intrigued with noting the details of Myrna's suit, which was most certainly what a business woman should wear if only she could get Adrian to whip things up for her.

THE suit was of honey-beige gabardine with a softly tailored silk blouse of an exactly matching shade. Its coat, while in the longer-torso line, was bloused over an attached belt that went entirely around the waistline, making the whole thing very flattering. It had a notched collar and wide lapels and the keen touch was a gigantic carnation attached to the lapel with a very small matching carnation attached to the collar above. Very new and snazzy, that.

But when it comes to fashion influences and blouses the one we want is a copy of the one Tyrone Power is wearing in "The Californian." It is the most beautiful blouse we have ever seen and Ty inside of it is the handsomest thing in Hollywood and Ty, blouse and picture we prophesy will ring more bells than a twelve-day fire.

We drove some seventy-five miles out of Hollywood into the ranch country to get a load of Mr. Power with a wave in his hair and a glint in his eye and Linda Darnell in his arms, and never were we more rewarded. The boy was bubbling over with happiness, telling us that he'd never been so happy in his entire career as he is in playing this sort of Spanish Robin Hood, a lad who robbed from the rich of Los Angeles and gave to its poor back in the wild romantic days when it was merely a lazy pueblo dreaming in the sun. (Believe it or not but that was only a bit more than a hundred years ago.) Ty gets a chance at everything in this one. He rides (and how magnificently he does ride. We know; we watched him). He fights duels, he flirts, he loves, he is a bandit and an aristocrat, he is dangerous and witty. Why, he even dances. It's all romance, 100% proof, and as the scenes we caught were the final ones, we can herewith tell you, without spoiling the fun, that it all works out magnificently. Before that point is reached, though, Ty goes through so much excitement that they have to keep a special make-up kit on hand to paint him up constantly, to make him look as though he's covered with gore. So think how we felt as we stood looking at him in that ruffled white satin shirt open at the throat with its full sleeves blowing back from his arms as he yelled to a make-up man, "I want my blood." The way we felt was envious. We wished we might have some of the Power blood, too, if that would mean such possession of charm, handsomeness, sensitivity and intelligence. (Annabella, please don't note.)

Ah, well—another month, another crush. That's us.

Movie Critic Gives 5 Stars to New SAMSON *De Luxe* CARD TABLES

1941 STYLES PREVIEWED IN HOLLYWOOD
... NOW ON SALE IN YOUR CITY!

Cal York, PHOTOPLAY'S man about town, says:
"Take it from Old Cal, many of the biggest movie stars are crazy about the 1941 Samson De Luxe card tables! Again the only tables with five great features! They fully harmonize with the furnishings in Hollywood's fine homes."

GORGEOUS
NEW
STYLING

2
IMPROVED
COASTER
ASH TRAYS

NEW
BEAUTY
RIM

WASHABLE
STAIN-PROOF
FINISH

AMAZING
NEW
STRENGTH

Lovely RITA HAYWORTH, now appearing in "ANGELS OVER BROADWAY" a Columbia Picture, says: "Samson De Luxe Card Tables have captured all Hollywood with their luxurious beauty and original designs."

FIRST TIME

New, Improved One-Piece Construction!
Side Counter-sunk Into One Solid Piece of Wood! Extra Strong! Extra Smart! New Beauty Rim!

No. 778—
Leather Effect
Center—
Floral Border

FREE!
2 NEW IMPROVED
COASTER ASH TRAYS!

Included Without Extra Cost! Hook-in Slot!
Can't Fall Off!

ENTIRE NEW CAST OF "HIT" STYLES!

BE THE STYLE LEADER IN YOUR CLUB
WITH THESE STRIKING TABLES!

ORDER BY NUMBER
(A) 775—Deeply embossed ivory center—burl walnut effect border.
(B) 774—End grain wood design center—burl walnut effect border.
(C) 776—Natural maple effect—floral center.
(D) 777—Fiddle mahogany effect.
(E) 795—For chess-checkers-cards, inlaid wood pattern.

New! More Comfortable!

SAMSON DE LUXE FOLDING CHAIRS

Form-Fitting Back! Padded Seats! Tubular Steel Frame! Silent, easy fold! Colors to Match Samson Card Tables! Better Buy Several. Make up a complete set of four chairs and a table. An exquisite, useful gift. Get several for your own personal use, too.

Only—
\$2.98
Slightly Higher at Distant Points

Only
\$2.98
Slightly Higher at Distant Points

MAIL ORDERS FILLED
If your dealer isn't supplied, send \$2.98 plus 35c for postage and packing to nearest plant. Specify model number. We ship anywhere in U. S. A.

SHWAYDER BROTHERS., Inc, Dept. R-263, DENVER, COLO.; DETROIT, MICH.

SAMSON DE LUXE CARD TABLES AND CHAIRS

● Again Samson De Luxe Card Tables have captured the fancy of glamorous Hollywood. These new creations are just out—having their first showing at your dealer's. Be the first to see this gorgeous array of captivating colors and exciting new designs. You'll select several of these sensational furniture values to enhance the beauty of your home. They're ideal for luncheons, play rooms, sewing and scores of other uses. Just look at these features! Washable stainproof tops . . . Two improved Coaster Ash Trays . . . Gorgeous new styling in wood-grained effects and SAMSONHYDE which looks like richly embossed leather. And that amazing new improvement—Beauty Rim—another Samson exclusive! See your dealer today!





No one was sick at our house when the family doctor stopped in yesterday. But he was tired out and came in to rest before his next call. Then I had an inspiration.

"Here's your medicine," I cried, handing him a stick of Beeman's. "Take this and relax." "Beeman's!", said he, "my favorite chewing gum. It's mighty good medicine for tired tastes. I'm really rested now. Send me your bill—your treatment is a treat."



I Want a Divorce

(Continued from page 69)

"I'm not going to wait a minute. It's been the same all the time lately. Oh, maybe not staying out all night, but never thinking about me—"

"Jerry, will you listen a minute? I'm trying to tell you I had to fly to Reno in a hell of a hurry to talk to—"

"Don't they have any telephones in Reno? See?" Jerry picked up the telephone, waving it at him. "One of the greatest little inventions. You give a number and get your wife and explain little things like that to her so she won't worry. Only takes a minute, just a tiny little bit of decent consideration!"

"Didn't you get my message?"

"What message?"

"I told the porter at the airport. I told him to call—"

"So you told the porter? With a phone in every drugstore in Reno—"

She made a wide gesture with the telephone and Mac, his goaded temper running rampant, shouted, "Quit waving that thing at me!"

He snatched the waving telephone from her hand, tore it loose from its moorings and threw it through the plate-glass window.

Jerry regarded him with a cool stare. Then she started again for the door.

"Jerry," Mac said. "You've got to hear me out. I had to go to Reno for Brandon on a divorce case that—"

This was the red rag. When Jerry turned she was hot with fury.

"Divorce cases! Brandon! You do anything he tells you to do—"

"When it means six thousand dollars in my pocket, I sure do."

"Six thousand dollars for whose broken heart this time?"

"What'd you mean? Are we going back over all that again?"

"Yes, we are," said Jerry, and this time it was her voice that shook with fury. "I'd get up and yell it from the top of the roof if I could. I'd tell everybody how I hate all this divorce—divorce—all the rotten way you and Brandon take every little tiny divorce case and boom it up—"

HE closed himself against her. He had to. He said, haughtily, "I don't know what you're talking about. You're hysterical, that's all. You better get wise to yourself." His voice was raw with hurt, with disappointment. "I'm going places, Jerry. This is just the first step—"

"It's the wrong first step," said Jerry.

"You're nuts," said Mac bluntly.

"You heard me," said Jerry. "It's simple. You can go your way—yours and Brandon's and all this divorce mess—or you can go mine and get out of it—but I don't see from here how you can go both."

"You're crazy!" said Mac.

"You said that before," Jerry reminded him. "I don't like this racket you're in. Tonight was the last straw. I've been warning you for a long time. Now—I'm telling you. Either you're coming my way and do the things we planned to do when we got married—or you can go on with this punk racket—by yourself."

"You want me to throw away the reputation I've made? You want me to kick the chance to make enough dough so we can do the things we want to do right out the window? I've sweated and worked and broken my back building it up—we're young, we can wait for the chance to do the other things when I've got a fifty thousand dollar a year reputation. If you think I'm going to toss all that away and go back to being

scared to death every time anybody knocks at the door for fear it's the landlord, you're plain wacky."

"So that's it," Jerry said, low.

"Plain as I can make it," Mac said, in a high forced voice.

"All right," said Jerry and picked up her coat.

WANDA wasn't asleep. She didn't sleep much, nowadays. Staring at the ceiling in the darkened room, she remembered how she used to think it would be pleasant to sleep alone, not to have to bother about David getting up in the morning, hearty and noisy. Now—

A noise in the outer room startled her and she sat up on her elbow.

Jerry stood in the doorway, gray in the morning light.

"What—" Wanda snapped on the light, "Jerry. What happened?"

"Got an extra pair of pajamas for me?" Jerry said defiantly.

Wanda swung back the bedclothes and sat on the edge of the bed.

"What's wrong?" she said sharply.

"Was Mac sore?"

"Mac?" said Jerry. "I've left Mac."

Wanda's bare arm reached for the telephone.

CAST

Geraldine (Jerry) Brokaw . . . Joan Blondell
 Alan MacNally . . . Dick Powell
 Wanda Holland . . . Gloria Dickson
 Jeff Gilman . . . Frank Fay
 Grandma Brokaw . . . Jessie Ralph
 Grandpa Brokaw . . . Harry Davenport
 David Holland, Sr. . . Conrad Nagel
 David Holland, Jr. . . Mickey Kuhn
 "Peppy" Gilman . . . Dorothy Burgess
 Erskine Brandon . . . Sidney Blackmer

Screen Play by Frank Butler

Directed by Ralph Murphy

"What's that for?" Jerry said.

"I'm going to call Mac and tell him to come and get you this minute," Wanda said. "You can't—"

Jerry moved swiftly, took the telephone, held it hard against her. "Look, Wanda, don't do that. This is between Mac and me—the way it was between you and David. We've got to work it out. If he won't—it'll never be right—I didn't interfere with you—"

"Why didn't you?" Wanda said wearily. "Why didn't somebody beat my ears off and teach me a little sense and a little tolerance? Jerry, I've lost my husband and my son and everything else that's strong enough to hang onto. Don't be such a fool, Jerry. Hang onto it—fight for your marriage—fight for it—"

"I am," said Jerry, steadily. "This is my way of fighting. I won't live with him if he goes on this way. Don't talk, Wanda. He'll have to come to his senses—you'll see."

Wanda made a strange, helpless gesture with her hands. She sat there staring while Jerry took a suit of pajamas out of the drawer and went slowly out.

The weeks went by, strange, utterly unreal weeks. Weeks of surface thought, held tensely, stubbornly against deep

thought, against the pitiful emotions underneath.

Jerry played bridge with Wanda's friends, went shopping, went to the movies, had her hair done. Her mind was as stiff with stubbornness as her back and her back was like a poker. When she thought about Mac, when the ache way down inside her was loneliness and despair and wanting him, she set her teeth and said, I'm right. I'm right and he knows it. It's for him, for his sake I'm trying to make him see. But he doesn't care any more, that's all. If he cared even a little bit, he wouldn't stay away, he'd come and get me.

Mac worked eighteen hours a day, flinging himself into his work with a sort of insane determination not to think. If you didn't go home until midnight and you were so exhausted your teeth ached, you wouldn't feel that other awful ache because the whole house cried for Jerry. Inside himself he said, she ought to understand. If she loved me she'd know I'm just doing all this until I get enough dough so we won't ever have to go through all that again. But she doesn't care any more, that's the answer. If she did she'd come on home.

The house finally got him. Can't stay here, he thought. Can't keep on coming home every night and hoping she'll be here. I'll go nuts myself.

So he moved to the club. He telephoned and got Wanda. "I'm moving to the club," he said. "I'll send the keys over. Tell Jerry she can do what she likes with the house."

"Mac," Wanda said hurriedly, "don't you want to talk to her? She's—"

But Mac had gone all sore and hurt inside. He knew all about Wanda. Wanda, he thought, was against him, she had always been against him.

So abruptly he said, "No, what's the use?" and hung up.

Wanda put down the receiver and turned to Jerry. "That was Mac," she said. "He's moved out of the house."

"Why, didn't—he didn't he want to talk to me?" Jerry said.

"He said—he didn't," Wanda told her.

THEY were silent a moment, both of them aware instantly of small Davey, staring at them. Jerry went on helping Davey to pack his suitcase. It seemed to her that Davey was always a little strange when he was here with his mother. Certainly, right now, he looked a little confused and not at all at home in the smart modern apartment.

Jerry said, "Everything packed, feller?"

"Mostly," said Davey. "My dad ought to be here pretty soon, to take me home."

Sharply, Wanda said, "This is your home, too, Davey."

Davey looked around. "Oh yes, sure," he said politely, "only it's all sort of for ladies here, isn't it?"

As the child wandered out, Wanda said sharply, "David does it on purpose." Her voice broke. "He knows I don't know anything about baseball and horses—he tries to make Davey think this is just some awful tiresome place he has to come to. I don't understand children very well—when you only see them once in a while—boys—"

"When he gets older—" Jerry said helplessly.

The doorbell buzzed and David came in. There could be no doubt about Davey's joy at sight of him.

"Have a good time with the ladies, son?" David said.

"In case you've forgotten," Wanda said, "I happen to be his mother."

"Get your duffle bag," said David. "We got to go." While the boy was gone, David said, "You don't look very fit, Wanda. Better slow up a little."

Jerry felt she hated him, hated all men, their arrogance, their stubbornness. The way David had once groveled at Wanda's feet and now—

Davey kissed his mother, but he forgot her before the door was shut. He was gabbing away to his father in a fashion that made his recent behavior in the apartment, his silence and careful politeness, an appalling thing.

A boy came with the keys to the house and Jerry went to get her hat.

"Why don't you go see Grandma B.?" Wanda asked suddenly. "She always—you always—"

Jerry only shook her head. She couldn't, right now, face Grandma B.

THE house, when she got to it, was strange and familiar and terrible. Celestine greeted her joyfully. But Jerry couldn't for a moment say anything. She pushed her hat back and looked around her, wistfully, a little dazed and bewildered. What had happened to this house and the people who used to live in it so happily?

She said, "Funny—it seems as if it was a different woman who lived here. Yet—Celestine, I feel as if I'd been away for years and I feel as if I'd never been away at all."

"Yep," said Celestine, "that's what Mr. Mac he say, too. Kin I get your bags?" "I'm not going to stay," Jerry said.

"Mr. Mac—he say give you all the keys, fix up your room, he say it's yours—" said Celestine.

"I don't care," Jerry said. "He's—heartless or he'd know I couldn't live here any more. It's got ghosts— Come on, Celestine, I'm going to close up."

But Jerry couldn't seem to get busy. Everything had a memory, she kept stopping to look at things—things they had bought together, she and Mac, books they had read together—

The doorbell rang and she jumped and dropped back into an ash tray the half-burned cigarette she had picked up—Mac never smoked his cigarettes more than halfway.

It was Jeff. She cried, "Jeff. Jeff. It's good to see you."

His face was all crinkled with some emotion. "Well," he said, "I been here every Friday. I kept saying to myself, 'Today's the day she'll be back.' Looks mighty good to see you home, Jerry."

"I'm not—home," Jerry said. "I just came to get my things."

"You mean you ain't coming back here to live with Mac?" Jeff asked.

"Mac's gone to the club and I—I don't want to live here any more," Jerry said, trying to hold her voice steady.

"Well," said Jeff, "I guess I don't know anything about anything any more. I'd a sworn—you and Mac—"

He put the paper down on the table. Then he picked it up again. Handed it to her. "You see that?" he said.

It was an early afternoon paper. On the front page was the story that told of David's marriage the night before. He had married that nice woman and he hadn't even told Wanda this morning. Jerry sat down because her knees wouldn't hold her upright any longer.

Wanda—Wanda would care about this, she would be hurt.

WANDA sat in her bedroom staring at the same paper. There was a small odd smile on her face. She kept hearing Davey's voice—"Aunt Helen made me a sweater—Aunt Helen helped us—" So now Aunt Helen was David's wife. But she—Wanda—she was his wife.

Well—that was that. Now you were a bright young divorcee, now your husband had a new wife, your son had a new mother and you had—what?

She ought to tell Jerry about it first, explain to Jerry, warn her. She dialed the number and it rang and rang, but

nobody answered.

She hung up the phone, carefully. Maybe, after all, it wasn't necessary to explain to Jerry. She'd understand without any explanation.

GOING down the walk with the last of her bags in her hands, beside Jeff whose arms were full of the last load of books, Jerry heard the phone ring.

Jeff said, "Phone's ringing."

Jerry said, "Doesn't matter. Probably some of Mac's friends."

"I'll drive you over," Jeff said, "help you get this stuff out. Hop in, sister. I—I feel like I'd been to a funeral."

"How silly," said Jerry, brightly. "My goodness, divorces happen every day. Look at how many Mac gets for people in a week."

Oddly enough, at that exact moment, Mac wasn't getting anybody a divorce. The judge had just refused to grant a decree. He was a tall, silvery-haired judge, with a stern eye. He said, "There aren't any honest grounds for divorce in this case. I believe these two people can get back together. If as much time were spent trying to bring people together as you lawyers spend getting them apart, it would be a better thing. I warn you, no divorces will be granted in this court unless there are legitimate grounds and unless every effort toward reconciliation has been made and enough time has elapsed to convince me that all chance of avoiding divorce has gone. Decree denied."

His eyes, stern and steady, were on young MacNally. And Mac looked back at him, suddenly startled. He'd heard that this new judge, Judge Williams, was tough.

He said, "Thank you, Your Honor." Walked out, his face taut with thought.

Jerry parked the car in front of the apartment house and they went upstairs. Everything was very quiet. Her key stuck, and Jeff put the books down on the floor and opened the door for her. There wasn't a sound. The living room glittered coldly, the mirrors threw back two figures, the rumbled, weary figure that was Jerry and the dark, sad figure of Jeff, his arms loaded with books.

"Homelike little place," Jeff said, and his voice echoed and he wished he had not spoken. He didn't like the feel of this place. There was something very wrong here. Only sound was the ticking of a big clock, measuring the seconds off precisely, heartlessly.

Jerry called, "Wanda." She said, "Put 'em down anywhere, Jeff. Maybe she's gone out. I'll see—and I'll buy you a drink."

"I need one," Jeff said as she went out.

A moment later he heard a strange strangled sound, then silence, then Jerry screamed once. The scream was high and shrill and agonized.

Jeff went to her in long bounds. But there wasn't, he knew, anything you could do. Once he saw the way the blonde head hung down from the shining bedspread; once he saw the way the hands clutched that newspaper. He called a doctor, an ambulance, but once he'd seen Wanda lying there he knew none of it was any use.

And he couldn't think of much of anything to say to Jerry. To comfort her. He felt a little sick and scared himself, but all Jerry said was, "I know why she did it. I know."

THE frantic hours were filled with all the strange things you read about in the papers but never think can happen to you. A confusion of faces. There was Grandma Brokaw, and Grandpa. The white-coated interne who said, quite gently, to Jerry, "I'm sorry—we were too late." The ambulance driver, in uniform, looking big

Smart women everywhere



CHOOSE

King Edward EXQUISITE Silverplate

Every piece you need..
for every occasion

If you've yearned for a really complete silver service to complement your finest table settings... to make successful entertaining easy... see KING EDWARD SILVERPLATE now.

You'll thrill to its delicate beauty, its classic charm—its low cost. You'll like the hollow handle dinner knives with stainless steel blades, extra plating where wear is greatest, all backed by an unlimited service guarantee.

For the most formal dinners to simple buffets your silver is both complete and correct when it's KING EDWARD. See the 99-piece service for 8 in its handsome anti-tarnish chest for only \$37.50 at your favorite department store or jeweler. Other sets at \$14.50, \$19.50 and \$24.50.

Where wear is greatest, most used spoons and forks are extra plated.



★ 99-PIECE SERVICE FOR 8 IN \$37.50
ANTI-TARNISH CHEST FEATURED AT
Open stock price without chest, \$43.60

NATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES



for lovelier legs in sheer hose!

Legs are lovelier, hair-freed by IMRA*, the ladylike way to keep skin feminine!

IMRA, odorless, painless cosmetic depilatory...pure white cream...is so pleasant to use. Just spread it on...leave on briefly...rinse off. Skin is hair-free as alabaster. No nicks or scrapes...no "scars of battle!" No bristly razor stubble. Nothing in IMRA to stimulate new growth. Get a tube today. Three sizes, 65¢, \$1.00 and \$1.25. Or send in the coupon for generous trial tube.

ARTRA COSMETICS, INC.
distributors
730 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY



*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., U.S. Pat. Pend.
Copyright, 1940 by Artra Cosmetics, Inc.

IMRA, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City
(Canadian address: 751 Victoria Sq., Montreal)
I enclose 25¢ (stamps or coin). Please send generous trial tube of IMRA to:

NAME
STREET
CITY STATE 17b-11

and awkward in the pretty bedroom.

David was there, looking terribly haggard. Standing for a moment beside the bed, his face torn and old.

"I never thought—I never thought she'd do that," he said, over and over, monotonously. "I thought she was happy. She wanted—she was the one that wanted—I never thought she'd do anything like that."

AT last they'd taken Wanda away. You couldn't believe it, quite. Only a few hours before she had been there, so gay it seemed, so alive, planning, talking, combing her lovely hair—this was her place, her home. Now—

Grandma B. said, "Geraldine."

"Yes, Grandma," Jerry said.

"There isn't anything we can do for her now," Grandma B. said sturdily. "Never was much, it seemed like. She—she went her own way, Wanda did, and—looks like she chose her own end. I'm not one to speak ill of them that are gone. But—less I'm mistaken, I'm only going to say right out in words what Wanda herself said—the way she went. If her poor little life's going to have amounted to a hill o' beans, if it ain't going to be just wasted from beginning to end, we got to do her the justice to understand what she done and what she'd want you to understand out of it."

"Me?" said Jerry. "Oh, Grandma—Wanda was—"

"She was pretty unhappy, I guess," said Grandma B. and put her old hand on the girl's young shoulder. "You got to be pretty hopeless about the future to do—that. When it just got so she seen what a mistake she'd made, she took the easy way out."

"Easy?" said Jerry. "Oh no—"

"Oh yes," said Grandma B. sternly. "It's a lot easier to die and get out of everything and all the mess you've made than it is to live and see it through. But—Geraldine, I guess what she wanted to say to you was for you not to go the same way. I guess that maybe was the last thought she had."

"When she broke the vow she made before God," Grandma B. said slowly, "she started something evil and bad. Plain bad. She started it and she broke her vow before God and there wasn't any real reason for it, except just selfishness. So the evil kept on growing

and growing. But—listen, honey. Whenever she is right now, what Wanda wants to say to you is—Jerry, don't you make the same mistake I did. Don't throw love and marriage vows away and take the path I did. Go back—go back to your husband—"

"How did you know?" Jerry said.

"I knew," said Grandma B. "I was waiting for you to come to me. I thought—I could have told you in a better way, but Wanda's told you all I could ever tell you, hasn't she? You got to fight for what's right in this world. If Mac's wrong you got to fight him—but you got no call to break the solemn vow you took before God."

The tumbled weary head went down on Grandma B's knees and the worn old hand stroked her hair.

"Jerry," said Grandma B.

When Jerry looked up, Mac was standing in the doorway.

"Jerry—" he said.

She never knew how she got to her feet, how she crossed the room, but she was in his arms, her head buried against him, her sobs shaking them both.

"I'll try, Mac," she said, "Oh, Mac—"

"Baby, sweetheart," Mac said, "don't—I was wrong. Just—just stick around, Jerry, we'll find the way somehow."

ACROSS the big table, the little girl looked at the young man with the streaks of gray in his curly hair. She had been a little frightened when they told her the commissioner of the court wanted to talk to her, but now she wasn't frightened at all.

He said, "Well, now, Carolyn, what do you think about all this?"

Carolyn looked over her shoulder. Her mother and father stood there, stiffly, their faces all funny, the way they'd been lately.

"Well," she said, twisting her handkerchief, "I—I love Mummy and I love Daddy and I don't see—if we could just live together like we always did—"

Commissioner MacNally, who under the now famous divorce judge, Judge George Williams, held these reconciliation meetings in his chambers, looked up at the man and woman. His face was grave, the smile had gone.

He said, "Look, Mrs. Edwards, suppose Bill does stay out all night once in a while playing poker with the boys. Is

it so terribly important? You know what my wife does then?"

His eyes strayed to the big framed picture of a woman which stood on the table. The woman wasn't young and she had never perhaps been beautiful. But Mrs. Edwards felt better for just having looked at her.

"When I stay out all night once in a while, working or maybe having some fun with the boys, she goes downtown and buys a new hat—and," he grinned at the man, "if it looks as if it ought to be used for an ash tray instead, I just have to put up with it. I know you burned up that new hat of your wife's because you thought it looked silly, but I guess, Bill, there isn't anything we can do about hats. When you stop to think about it, you'd hate to have Carolyn missing you just because you didn't like her mother's spring hat."

"Put it that way—" said Bill, shifting his feet.

Carolyn said, "You like my new hat, don't you, Daddy?"

"Of course, it's bad for Bill to stay out playing poker," Mac said, slowly.

"I guess he's got a right once in a while," the woman said quickly. "He works awful hard and he always did like to play poker."

When they had gone, Mac sat looking after them, a little smile on his face. He was still smiling when the Judge came in. Mac got to his feet. You did, somehow, when Judge Williams came into a room.

"All set?" the judge said.

"Yes," Mac said, "when they left she was snapping my head off for criticizing Bill's poker game."

Judge Williams put some papers on the desk before him. "Things are looking up," he said. "Our percentage of reconciliations, especially where there are children, gets better every month. Things—remember when I told you it could be done?"

"Do you know what I said to myself that day, sir?" Mac said. "I said, 'Sure, maybe, but there's no money in it.'"

"There isn't," said the Judge. "But you and Jerry are eating, aren't you? You'd better go now. She'll be waiting. Thank you, son."

"She'll be waiting, all right," Mac said. "Thank you, sir."

THE END

IT'S DONE WITH MIRRORS



TAKE one look at this picture, two looks at your own profile. If they resemble each other, you have a "classic cameo profile," which is likely to spell fame, fortune and a gold ring in any language. In a PHOTOPLAY aside, it spells Vera Gilmer, blonde lovely who migrated from California to the East Coast, posed prettily for commercial reasons, was chosen after two short months as the girl with the "classic cameo profile." Which all means she won a free trek to Hollywood by TWA Stratoliner, popular star transportation from coast to coast. In Hollywood Vera appeared as Cecil B. De Mille's guest on the Lux Radio Theater and returned to Vivien Leigh the "Gone With the Wind" cameo brooch she's wearing here. The beautiful brooch was borrowed so that reproductions could be made.

Handle with Care

(Continued from page 60)

mannerisms, effective in their natural selves, turn into stilted affectations.

Remember that your hands record every motion of your mind in everyday life. You can make your face but you can't your hands. Says Linda Darnell: "The person who lacks poise often manages to preserve a certain calmness of expression. Hands give her away, recording tenseness or strain, which makes them old before their time."

To get down to some problem children in the hand business. Nails that break easily being one of the most irritating. If your nails are brittle, file them in the fashion of Ann Sheridan—let them grow out straight from the sides and then file only on the tips. To condition her nails, Mary Astor uses a soft brush when washing her hands. There is also a special nail conditioner available which makes the nails stronger, plus giving a satin smoothness to your polish that retards chipping and peeling.

If the texture of your hands doesn't quite make the skin-you-love-to-touch grade, use hand lotion and creams and more hand lotion and creams. Irene Dunne rubs a lotion or cream from her fingertips to her elbows every morning and evening, massaging the arm until entirely dry. Try a bleach or freckle cream if your skin's too dark. If your cuticle is rough and unwieldy, massage cuticle or nail oil thoroughly into the base of the nail daily.

Big hands don't necessarily put you out of the beauty running. Anita Louise wears a 7½ glove; Barbara Stanwyck and Ida Lupino, 6½. Just dramatize their length and concentrate on making the fingers long and tapering. Try Margaret Lindsay's exercise: Massage the fingers one at a time, begin-

ning at the palm and ending at the tips, smoothing toward the end of the nail.

If your hands are stiff, you can easily make them flexible by exercise. Irene Dunne's best bet is to clench the hands tightly, then open them as wide as possible five or six times. Or relax your hands every so often during the day and then shake them vigorously.

A weekly manicure is a must on the hand list. If you can't afford it, you can give yourself a professional manicure at home, thanks to Ann Sheridan, who offers this quick, efficient procedure. Remove the old polish with an oily remover. Then use a cuticle cream or oil around the cuticle, massaging it in well. Wash the nails thoroughly in soap and water. Then file, just at the tip. Apply

two coats of a colorless nail base—it makes your polish adhere longer (if the nails are long enough, apply it to the underside also). Use two coats of polish, too. Each coat should be applied in three strokes—one down the

center and one on each side. Never cover the cuticle with the polish. As a finish use another coat of nail base so your polish won't chip. If you use the nail base over the polish two or three times a week, your polish will last longer and look better.

Experiment with your hands—find the right way to wear your nails, the best cream or lotion to use, the exact shade of polish that suits your coloring. Or go different for a while like Irene Dunne, who takes a day or two off now and then during which she just buffs her nails to natural high lights.

Study your hands, map out a personal procedure, forget about your gestures and you'll come out on the right side of the hands-across-the-table business.

FIND OF THE MONTH

No more peeling polish, ruined stockings, bad tempers! There's a perfect nail conditioner on the market that does away with chipped edges, peeling polish. For information about this product, write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City.

IF YOU'D LIKE YOUR HANDS TO EXPRESS YOUR PERSONALITY:

ADVISOR: PERC WESTMORE, WARNERS' MAKE-UP EXPERT.

If you're utterly feminine like Bette Davis: Long oval nails, shell-pink polish.

If you're dark and dramatic: White opalescent polish, rounded long nails.

If you're the mysterious sophisticate like Marlene Dietrich: Long beautifully shaped nails.

If you're charmingly young like Olivia de Havilland: Short, delicately tinted nails.

If you have vivid coloring like Jeanette MacDonald: Short nails, soft shade of polish.

If you're "small and cute": Light cinnamon-rose polish, with tips showing white.

If you're vivacious like Paulette Goddard: "Mandarin" nails, very long and bright.



Dramatize your new fall clothes with

Revlon's new "vamp" shades

Pink Garter
Scarlet Slipper
Black Mask

Your new fall clothes are knowingly simple, to focus attention on YOU. To live up to such exciting demands, you'll wear Revlon's new "Vamp" shades in Nail Enamel, Lipstick and Cheek Stick (exciting new cream range in stick form), with black, new taupes and green. Every precision-tested shade is unmistakably dramatic, yet subtle enough to please even a finicky husband. And you'll find the nail enamel is so long-wearing it does away with men's pet peeve: chipped polish. What's more, the blended perfection of fingertips, lips and cheeks gives you that effortless chic other women envy.

Pink Garter and Scarlet Slipper in Revlon Cream Nail Enamel, Pearl-Glow Enamel, Lipstick and Cheek Stick. Black Mask in Revlon Cream Nail Enamel only.

for your fingertips, lips and cheeks
"it's right because it's *Revlon*"

I'm "Choosy"

...and here's why I choose

FIBS*

THE KOTEX* TAMPON



The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top no artificial method of insertion is necessary! A Kotex product. Fibs merit your confidence!



Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.



Made of Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.



FIBS—Room 1458A, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name

Address

City State

Thanks for the Memories

(Continued from page 71)

that wonderful song, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," the Ziegfeld Follies with Fanny Brice, the future *Baby Snooks* of radio, and "Red, Hot and Blue," with Jimmy Durante and Ethel Merman, followed by "Say When" with Harry Richman.

"Roberta" brought several memorable events. First—for the first time in his life Bob was mistaken for a chorus boy (oh my gwacious!) and secondly, he loaned his hat and cane to a kid in the show's orchestra, a fellow named Fred MacMurray, to make a movie test.

"And what's more I had to come to Hollywood, just to get back my property," he says. "That's all that brought me." To this day, Hope and MacMurray are fast friends.

The chorus boy thing (this kills me) occurred when George Murphy, a member of the "Roberta" cast, took Bob down to the Vogue Club to hear the new singer, Dolores Read.

Miss Read noted the Hope boy was a nice-looking, glib-tongued young man and when Murphy mentioned "Roberta," she instantly visioned him as some kid in the chorus. She was very sweet and charming, but said nothing of his work. But somehow she kept remembering those brown eyes and roamin' in the gloamin' nose and—well, she went to the Wednesday matinee and literally crawled out of the theater in embarrassment. Hope, as one of the leads, was only the hit of the show, that's all.

He came back a few night later. She never let on. But when she told him she was leaving next day for the Embassy Club in Florida, there was a noticeable panic in the brown eyes.

"If only I hadn't gone back that second time," he told us once, "or kept telephoning every five minutes to Florida, I'd have been all right. What was I after anyhow?" he suddenly questioned.

Him, at his age, should ask us!

They were married at Christmas time, six years ago. They still are. Dolores is beautiful, charming, plays a diamond-studded game of golf, is an adoring mother to their 14-months-old Linda, who openly adores Daddy Bob. And Bob adores right back, only he won't let on right out in the daylight before everyone. Not him. Not that old bluffer, who isn't fooling anybody. We saw through him.

Recently Linda had a cold. "It's crazy," Bob kept saying. "Look, she's smiling at me. She has no cold."

"He's that way about everything," Mrs. Hope confided. "He never believes a new situation arises until it's upon him with both feet."

For example, there was the trip to England last year, where the Hopes went to visit Bob's 95-year-old grandfather, William Henry Hope, who rides like fury all over England on a bicycle. ("And I can't even walk," Bob moans.) Everywhere was the thunder of approaching war—everywhere but in Bob Hope's head, that is. He went right on his even way, having a wonderful time. "What's all the fuss? There's been scares like this before. It'll blow over." So while Mrs. Hope stampeded the American Embassy for transportation home, Bob blithely played golf.

She got him on board the English ship all right, still cheerful. Still wondering at the undue commotion. The second day out he came on deck, a smile from here to there on his face, to greet a flurried Mrs. Hope. "Where

have you been, I've been looking for you," he demanded.

"I've been to lifeboat practice," she coolly announced. "War was declared on Germany last night by England."

"Where's my lifeboat?" he yelled. "Why do people keep things from me?"

He kept up the morale of that ship every league of the way, singing, clowning, allaying fears. He was the hit of the ship.

BOB HOPE hasn't just happened. He's no fool. He knew to achieve one must have an objective. So he has his. He's achieved everything except the production of pictures. That will come. Just as radio did. And movies.

He blames the loss of five years of radio achievement on himself, because he turned it down flat when it first came his way. He didn't think he'd be any good on the air. He changed his mind when he went over on the Rudy Vallee show. And Major Bowes Family Show. A series with an oil company followed and finally there was Hope with his first big radio show with Shep Field's orchestra to blow the bubbles. Out in Hollywood, when he finally arrived, Warners stuck him on the Lucky



ON THE COVER:

Paulette Goddard wears her new sport suit of imported gabardine. The jacket in bright lacquer red is collarless with slash pockets bound in black to match the skirt. Paulette's new Mexican coiffure is a Hollywood sensation. The center part continues down the back and the side braids are interwoven with velvet ribbon that ties in a bow. Suit from Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills

Strike show and he rioted the customers. Today, on his own Pepsodent show, the Hope gags tumble out a mile a minute.

He's Radio's headache as far as ether stars are concerned, bringing unheard of challenges to the air. Where most comedians survive for years on one standard gag, such as "Want to buy a duck?" or, "I'm a bad boy," Hope creates them like a threshing machine, turning them out in bundles, sifting, sorting and baking them into loaves. All over America, for instance, are the familiarly quoted gags of "You and your education!" "How do you like that traffic cop?" "That's what I keep telling them

down at the office," "All right, so I ain't neat," and the nation-wide quiz of, "Who's Yehudi?"

I think he likes best the "How do you like that traffic cop?" gag. Carefully he explained to us its radio beginning. He was down at the Del Mar track waiting for a Crosby horse to come in when suddenly a strange horse walked over and said, "Pardon me, is this the Santa Anita track?" Bob said no, it was Del Mar. Whereupon, the horse said, "Well, how do you like that traffic cop!"

The "Who's Yehudi" gag started at a rehearsal. Noticing the orchestra violinist was absent, Bob said, "Where's Yehudi?" (for Yehudi Menuhin, of course). At that instant, Jerry Colonna walked in.

"Who's Yehudi?" he asked and everyone howled. So it stayed in the show and became the 1940 password of every kid in the country.

Like Vallee, he's a discoverer. Jerry Colonna, Brenda and Cobina, those damosels of his air show whose very names bring on a shriek, Honey Chile Wilder, followed by numerous other Honey Chiles and Skinnay Ennis, have all leaped to notoriety through Bob's shows.

He doesn't write all his own gags. But he's conceded by experts to be the best editor of radio gags in the business. Five or six men, some old vaudevillians, turn in their copy (each is assigned to his own portion of the program) to Hope, who unerringly goes over it, eliminating, building or accepting.

While most of Hollywood plays or dances, the light in Bob's workroom over the garage burns far into the morning, as he polishes up his program. He never grows old or crusty, worried or harassed in the process. He eats it up and can toss more gags into the air than most comedians dream existed.

NINE years ago movies began rapping on his front door. While doing a vaudeville stint in Los Angeles, Pathe prevailed upon him to make a test. "The Pathe rooster never crowed again after it saw the egg I laid," Bob said.

In 1938 he came to Hollywood for a bit in "The Big Broadcast" and with Shirley Ross sang a song entitled "Thanks For The Memory." Pictures had him. I doubt if they will ever let him go. His "Road to Singapore" and "The Ghost Breakers" stood them in lines, exactly as his personal-appearance tour did, exactly as his new "Road to Zanzibar," with Crosby and Lamour, probably will.

He lives, breathes, exists for entertainment. His conversation at home (a new one at Toluca Lake) is as flavored as his radio dialogue, but with no attempt to be funny, remember. His cocksureness is forgiven by reason of his natural ability and the way he laughs at himself.

His casual conversation with Mrs. Hope concerning a new dentist is ripe with Hopeisms. "He lets me give myself the gas," Mrs. Hope explains. "I'll go when he lets me give it to him," Bob says quietly.

He loves you. Once, while on his recent tour, a baggagemaster at Joliet tried to shove the fans away from Hope's train. Bob was at him like a wild man. "You leave my fans alone," he cried.

Yep, they tell us he's the last of the old musical-comedy heroes to come into movies. Maybe. But anyway, he's the first movie comedian to become a hero and get the girl. He's made husbands on the screen popular and taken funny men out of the custard-pie wagons.

For that we owe him gratitude. For the memories yet to come, thank you, Bob Hope.

Wedding in the Fall

(Continued from page 46)

in an old painting and had my answer. For that style, they usually crossed a fichu of lace in front and let the ends hang down, in back, sometimes long enough to form a train.

"Using net veiling, I followed this idea so that the bride's veil hangs from the neckline and develops into a long train. More of the net with a cluster of white flowers forms a small headdress, the short veil falling shoulder length.

"The veiling is also used for long frills from the below-elbow sleeves of the gown which is of heavy white satin made over a white taffeta petticoat, elaborately quilted. The dress opens in front to reveal the quilted design."

If expense is a consideration to the bride, she may use rayon satin and rayon taffeta, Irene suggested. They will make up very well and a suitable quality can be purchased at 59c a yard. To make the skirt stand out as it should do, make a petticoat of nurse's cloth. This you can buy for 29c a yard.

THE negligee worn by Martha Scott in one of the dramatic scenes of the picture makes a pretty dress for bridesmaids, whose gowns should reflect the bride's gown. This skirt, as you will see in the sketch, is cut away in front in scallops over a stiff petticoat. The fichu neckline has no Watteau pleats and is finished in front with four velvet bows.

"Don't go in for pastels for a November wedding. Use warmer colors," advises Irene. "If you have a big wedding, have the first bridesmaid in yellow and the last one in copper color, with graduating shades between. Let them carry old-fashioned bouquets.

"If you have only one bridesmaid—which is wise if the wedding is held in a tiny chapel or a small home—have her wear the colors you have chosen for the wedding decorations."

Howard Bristol, who decorated the set in which Martha took her wedding vows, suggests that for an elaborate home wedding you bank your fireplace in a solid wall of flowers; use tall white candles on the mantelpiece; place a white satin-covered altar before the fireplace and a white satin kneeling bench in front of that for the bride and bridegroom. You can ornament the altar with white flowers.

"A novel color scheme for any autumn or winter bride, and one I have not seen used yet, is clay pink and soft yellow," said Mr. Bristol. "It's a sort of grayish pink. Dress your bridesmaids in this and give them yellow roses, and let your maid of honor wear yellow with pink flowers. Sweet peas may be obtained in clay pink tints."

WEDDING suppers may be as simple or as elaborate as you choose.

You may serve no more than tea, coffee or fruit juice with cake. If your

crowd is more sophisticated, follow Ginger Rogers' example and serve cocktails, champagne and hors d'oeuvres.

Here is Anita Louise's supper menu:

Fresh fruit cocktail	
Hot consommé	
Individual squab stuffed with wild rice	
Green garden peas	
Tiny French fried new potatoes	
Mixed green salad	
Ice Cream	Cake

Travis Banton, who has designed clothes for most of the stars in Hollywood, believes that fall and winter weddings can be much more spectacular than summer ones.

"A November wedding should be held if possible in a great cathedral.

"White velvet could be used for the bride's gown, that very thin, supple velvet that drapes well. But stiff white and silver brocade with the bodice embroidered in pearls would be marvelous.

"If the wedding is in a church, match your bridesmaids' gowns to the colors in the windows—have deep rich reds, sapphires, emeralds, ambers. Give the bride a real coronet or tiara with the veil draped over it.

"For a sumptuous home wedding, put your bride in white satin and the bridesmaids in taffeta or moire. If the bride is in silver, they can be in gold-colored taffeta; but if she is in white, put them in deep turquoise and have the maid of honor in deep coral. Or put them in jade green and the maid of honor in chartreuse."

MR. BANTON believes there is an idea for a "different" wedding in a gown he has just created for Linda Darnell to wear in "The Californian." This gown is of heavy black faille silk with raised black dots in an irregular pattern on its wide skirt, a simple bodice with long sleeves, a mantilla that not only covers the head but crosses in a fichu and is fastened at the back of the waist.

"This gown is copied from a Goya portrait," he explained, "so the wedding should be a Goya wedding. The bride's gown would be white faille silk. The bridesmaids should wear bright yellow faille silk gowns made in a variation of this pattern, with Spanish combs in their hair. They should carry red roses."

Irene advises: "All brides should remember that half the beauty of the gown lies in the way it is worn. Don't slump. Learn to walk well and stand as if you were proud of yourself. When you kneel, don't flop down and don't feel gingerly around for the kneeling bench before you get to it. Know where it will be and sink down gracefully.

"Once the wedding march begins, stop worrying about the ring, the bridegroom, the wedding party, everything. Do your part and look your loveliest!"



* Carole Landis and John Hubbard, stars of the Hal Roach-United Artists production "Road Show", as they appeared at the World Premiere in Hollywood.



"Love is an art
SOFT HANDS
can practice"

Says
Carole Landis
(Lovely Hollywood Star)

ALL RIGHT! BUT HOW
CAN I KEEP MY HANDS
SOFT... WITH DISHES AND
HOUSEWORK TO DO?

LOTS OF GIRLS USE
JERGENS LOTION. THEY
SAY IT FURNISHES
BEAUTIFYING MOISTURE
YOUR SKIN NEEDS.

I LOVE
YOUR HANDS,
DEAR!
THEY FEEL
SO SOFT!

Easy to help prevent
disillusioning Roughness
and Chapping

LOVE-WORTHY, SOFT HANDS can so easily be yours! Suppose water, wind and cold do dry the natural softening moisture out of your hand skin! Keep furnishing new beauti-

fying moisture with Jergens Lotion.

So quick to use—never sticky! Jergens applies to your skin 2 skin-smoothing ingredients used by many doctors. Soon "make over" pathetic, roughened hands. Start now to use Jergens Lotion.

**JERGENS
LOTION**

FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

FREE! YOUR CHANCE FOR LOVABLE HANDS

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 4017 Alfred St. Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

I want to see how quickly Jergens Lotion helps me have lovably soft, smooth hands. Please send my free purse-size bottle!

Name _____

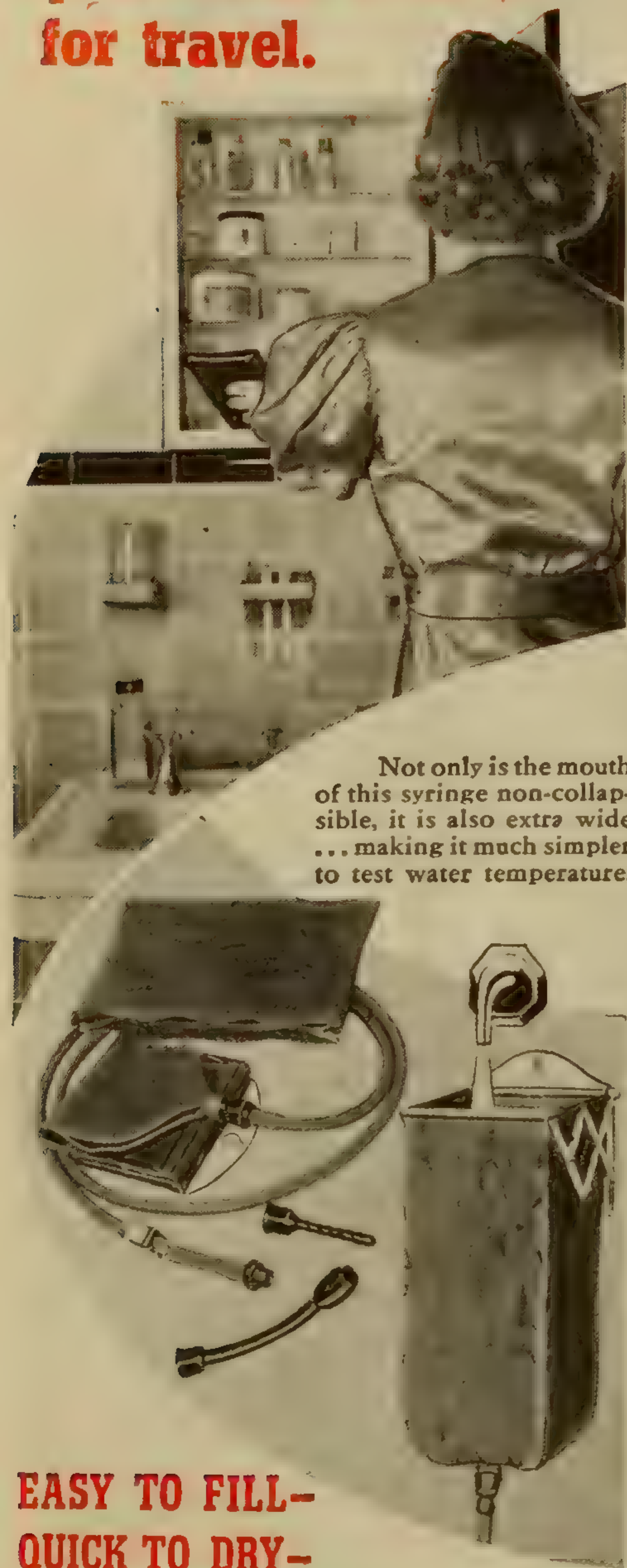
Address _____

THE JERKIN DINNER DRESS ON PAGE 43 MAY BE FOUND AT THESE STORES

Almy Bigelow & Washburn, Salem, Mass.
Arbaugh Co., Lansing, Mich.
Block & Kuhl, Peoria, Ill.
Brager-Eisenberg Co., Baltimore, Md.
Brandies & Son, Omaha, Nebr.
Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles, Cal.
Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood, Cal.
Duluth Glass Block Store, Duluth, Minn.
Edwards & Son, Rochester, N. Y.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Elder Johnson Co., Dayton, Ohio.
England Bros., Pittsfield, Mass.
Gilchrist Co., Boston, Mass.
Grant & Co., Painesville, Ohio.
Halliburton's, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Hess Bros., Rockford, Ill.

Kahn's, Oakland, Cal.
Keith-O'Brien, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Kern Co., Detroit, Mich.
Olds, Workman & King, Portland, Ore.
Penn Traffic Co., Johnstown, Pa.
Rhodes Bros., Tacoma, Wash.
Sanger Bros., Dallas, Texas.
Sheehan Dean Co., Elmira, N. Y.
Shepard Stores, Providence, R. I.
The Stripling Co., Fort Worth, Texas.
Vanderver Dry Goods Co., Tulsa, Okla.
Wieboldt Stores, Chicago, Ill.
Wurzberg Dry Goods Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Geo. Wyman & Co., South Bend, Ind.

**COMPACTO, the
unique French-type
Syringe, folds ingen-
iously into a small
rubberized case—
equally handy for
your bathroom or
for travel.**



Not only is the mouth of this syringe non-collapsible, it is also extra wide ... making it much simpler to test water temperature.

**EASY TO FILL—
QUICK TO DRY—
COMPACTO ACTUALLY HOLDS
2 QUARTS, 10 OUNCES OF LIQUID**

• At home, just tuck it away on your medicine-cabinet shelf—concealed in its smart-looking, talon-fastened case. On trips, it takes no more space in your suitcase than a small handbag. Yet a Compacto holds far more liquid than an ordinary syringe . . . and is the *only* folding syringe with a non-collapsible mouth to facilitate mixing and to prevent spilling when in use. \$2.95 at leading drug and department stores—in Red, Jade, Blue, and White with Cases to match. White also with Black Case.

**A Selected
RED-SEAL
VALUE**



**The
SEAMLESS RUBBER
Company**

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Specialists in Fine Rubber Goods for 65 Years

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 68)

**ELSA MAXWELL'S PUBLIC DEB. No. 1—
20th Century-Fox**

THIS amusing but not very heavy picture takes a good poke at Communism. Brenda Joyce as Penny Cooper is a debutante soup heiress who, because she has nothing better to do, has been converted to Communism by the family butler (Mischa Auer). Bent on embracing all things Russian, Brenda takes her fiance, Ralph Bellamy, to a Russian cafe where, after an altercation with a forthright waiter (George Murphy, 100 percent American) over her beliefs, she is spanked publicly and thoroughly by that gentleman. A blast of publicity results, all of it so bad that it actually affects the sale of Cooper's soup. This, of course, amounting to the killing of the goose that lays the golden egg, is not at all to Comrade Mischa's liking. He beseeches Comrade Brenda to do something about it and she complies by making Waiter George a vice-president in the soup company and her favorite (for publicity purposes only) boy friend. Charlie Ruggles is funny, as usual, as Brenda's uncle and Elsa Maxwell enters into the picture now and then, although for no very good reason.

HAUNTED HONEYMOON—M-G-M-British

A NOT too mysterious and not at all exciting mystery story starring Robert Montgomery and Constance Cummings. The scene is laid in an English hamlet where Bob, a detective for the fun of it but a good one, and Constance, writer of mystery thrillers, go for their honeymoon, only to be confronted by a murder mystery. The cast, mostly British, is a good one, but the action drags woefully.

CAROLINA MOON—Republic

ONE of the best Gene Autry pictures yet with the scene laid in the Carolinas where Gene manages to save the tax-burdened estate of a proud old Southern family from the clutches of a villain. June Storey is attractive as the daughter and Smiley Burnette, Gene's pal, contributes some swell comedy. You'll like the songs.

COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN—Paramount

WELL, the music is good, and that's something. Also, if you have a hankering to see some of your homespun radio favorites such as Pat Barrett (*Uncle Ezra*), Harold Peary (*Gildersleeve*), *Old Timer* and *Mirandy* from the Fibber McGee show, why then you might find it worth your while to see this not exactly momentous production starring Bob Burns. However, the story is pretty thin and the humor rather tired.

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—RKO-Radio

AN excellent cast has some trouble in putting over a not so excellent story of two girl dancers—a good girl and one not so good—and their fight for success. Lucille Ball will make you sit up and take notice as the burlesque queen of doubtful virtue. Maureen O'Hara is the "good girl" dancer and Louis Hayward a millionaire playboy. The authentic performances of Ralph Bellamy and Maria Ouspenskaya, always grand troupers, bolster up the story considerably.

FLOWING GOLD—Warners

THIS is a sort of weak echo of "Boom Town." John Garfield and Pat O'Brien are oil drillers and Frances Farmer is

the girl in the case. At first, John and Frances fight like everything, but when the well which John and Pat are drilling for Frances' father, Raymond Walburn, is threatened they buckle down and pull together fine.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE—M-G-M

IF you like those zany comedies then you'll enjoy this one. It's about a timid life-insurance salesman (Lew Ayres) who sells a \$50,000 policy to a certain individual (Lloyd Nolan) who he thinks is a solid businessman but who is in reality a gangster with a \$25,000 reward on his head. Whereupon, Lew, through a series of ludicrous situations, tries to safeguard Lloyd, thereby keeping the company he represents from knowing he has "covered" such a bad risk and firing him pronto. Rita Johnson plays Lew's girl friend; Nat Pendleton supplies the laughs.

★ HE STAYED FOR BREAKFAST—Columbia

COMMUNISM is adroitly kidded in this screamingly funny farce about a very serious Communist, Melvyn Douglas, who escapes from shooting pompous banker Eugene Pallette by hiding in the apartment of Pallette's estranged wife, Loretta Young. Loretta thinks this situation is very funny (which it is) so she hides him for several days, during which time he almost converts Loretta's maid, Una O'Connor, by getting her exceedingly drunk. Loretta's love life during this period becomes quite difficult, too, since not only is Pallette trying to get her back, but Alan Marshal is also in love with her and the two of them keep popping in and out of her apartment. Loretta Young is lovely enough to make anyone give up Communism; and Melvyn Douglas is wonderfully funny.

**I MARRIED ADVENTURE—Osa Johnson—
Columbia release**

THIS is the pictorial record of Martin and Osa Johnson's adventures in the faraway places of the earth, but don't get the idea it is merely another "travelogue." It is, instead, a real-life drama, replete with excitement, color, humor and suspense. Tied together with well-written and well-delivered narrative, it shows you such thrilling sights as a terrible grass fire on the African veldt with wild animals fleeing before it; the Johnsons' discovery of a pygmy tribe; the slaying of a charging rhinoceros by a shot from Osa's gun; the capture of a 450-pound orang-utan. You won't want to miss this rounding-up of twelve years of superadventure.

★ KIT CARSON—Small-United Artists

IF you liked "Stagecoach" then you'll also like this pioneer melodrama. The story is first concerned with the adventures of a wagon train pushing through the savage Shoshone Indian territory under the leadership of Capt. John C. Fremont, famous in California history (played by Dana Andrews) and the equally famous scout, Kit Carson (played by Jon Hall). Later you see a clash between Americans in California and the followers of the dastardly Mexican general, Castro. Lynn Bari is the girl of the wagon train whose favor is vied for by Carson and Fremont. Ward Bond is exceptionally good as Carson's jovial side-kick. The fact that this drama is in the main historically true adds considerably to its interest.

LADIES MUST LIVE—Warners

THERE is nothing to write home about here—just an unpretentious little story about a millionaire farmer boy (Wayne Morris) who falls for a night-club singer (Rosemary Lane) and an officious small-town buddy (Roscoe Karns) who thinks that every urbanite is a "city slicker" and that, therefore, Rosemary must be after Wayne for his money. This makes for some funny situations. There's a tag line by Cliff Saum, Wayne's Indian butler, that will send you out of the theater in stitches.

★ LUCKY PARTNERS—RKO-Radio

GINGER ROGERS and Ronald Colman in an unusually sophisticated comedy which has stretched several points in the matter of plausibility, but is good entertainment nevertheless. In the beginning, Ronald and Ginger go halves on a sweepstakes ticket which, if lucky, is to provide funds for a strange sort of platonic honeymoon for the two of them—this, despite the fact that Ginger is engaged to Jack Carson, whose performance as a pompous, stuffed-shirtish sort of bloke is one of the high lights of the picture. Well, the ticket is lucky and Ginger and Ronnie go to Niagara Falls—as brother and sister. There a lot of things happen, all quite incredible but at the same time mirth-provoking. Ronald turns in an excellent performance, although it is this reviewer's candid opinion that he is not at his best in comedy. Ginger is, as usual, herself first, the character she is portraying afterward.

MEN AGAINST THE SKY—RKO-Radio

WHILE this is probably more of a man's picture than a woman's (as aviation pictures usually are) it should provide a good hour or so of entertainment for anyone's money. Its star, Richard Dix, is a onetime "ace of aces" grounded because of drink and bad breaks but who loves flying so much that he won't give it up. Instead, he secretly directs the building of a supermarvelous fighting ship. Edmund Lowe is the wise-cracking head of a plane manufacturing company; Wendy Barrie is Richard's sister, a draftsman in the plane factory. Kent Taylor, the chief engineer, proves to be a most attractive romantic hero.

PIER 13—20th Century-Fox

LYNN BARI in a role which gives her a real chance to show she's good; Lloyd Nolan in an amusing little piece which doesn't pretend too much and therefore doesn't let you down. The story's about a hard-working "copper" (Lloyd) and his efforts to get the best of crime and also to win a plenty cocky waitress-owner of a waterfront cafe (Lynn). Douglas Fowley is the villain who gives Lloyd quite a lot of trouble.

RIVER'S END—Warners

HERE we have one of those stories about two men who look so much alike they are mistaken for each other, with confusing results. For instance, Dennis Morgan plays both the wrongfully accused murderer who is fleeing from the law and the Canadian "mountie" who is trailing him. When the "mountie" is killed, the fugitive impersonates him in the hope that he can discover the real culprit. A fine supporting cast includes George Tobias, Elizabeth Earl, Victor Jory and James Stephenson; some rousing action makes this fairly good entertainment.

★ RHYTHM ON THE RIVER—Paramount

THIS picture has everything—color, music, comedy, a swell story all about

a famous but phony song writer (Basil Rathbone) who in reality can't write songs at all but has to employ anonymous talent. That is where Bing Crosby and Mary Martin come in; Bing is Basil's composer and Mary his lyric writer. You'll like the genial Mr. Crosby better than ever in this role. Mary is gay and lovely. Basil's performance, instead of being "heavy," is extremely funny and Oscar Levant's dour comedy (as in "Information Please") is a scream. There are some swell songs.

WILDCAT BUS—RKO-Radio

AN implausible story presented in such an implausible way that you won't miss much if you skip it for a good book. Fay Wray is the heroine, operator, with her father (Oscar O'Shea), of a cross-country bus line which a lawless wildcat line is trying to sabotage. Charles Lang, a newcomer with considerable promise, is the hero. Paul Guilfoyle as a bus driver offers the most authentic performance of the whole piece.

★ DR. KILDARE GOES HOME—M-G-M

A SOUND, down-to-earth story and a grand cast make this new addition to Metro's Kildare series first-rate filmfare. This time, Jimmy Kildare (Lew Ayres), just appointed resident physician in the hospital where he served his internship, and assistant to the cantankerous but lovable Dr. Gillespie (Lionel Barrymore), seems set for a brilliant future. Then he returns to his home town and finds his father, the elder Dr. Kildare, quite literally killing himself with overwork. This means that Jimmy must give up his brilliant future and remain to help his father. However, he hits upon a plan, the development of which will keep you thrilled and entertained. Laraine Day is lovely and appealing as Nurse Lamont, Jimmy's fiancée, and Lionel, despite the fact that his histrionics are now confined to a wheelchair, is as convincing as ever.

ARGENTINE NIGHTS—Universal

INSTEAD of real South American romance, you have the Ritz Brothers and the Andrews Sisters (of radio fame) gently poking fun at conventional Latin legends. There isn't much story and what there is is lost in monkey business. Settings, however, are a convention hall, an ocean liner and a ghost hotel. If you go for the Ritz Brothers at all, you'll like them fine here. The Andrews girls' dancing is something to see.

STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR—RKO-Radio

A HORROR story which will keep you sitting on the edge of your chair, with Peter Lorre playing an escaped homicidal maniac and John McGuire and Margaret Tallichet in important roles. In the beginning, John, a reporter, helps to convict an innocent man of murder through use of circumstantial evidence. Ironically, he himself is later accused of a similar crime. Margaret, his fiancée, finally manages to discover the real criminal. Staging is dramatic and suspense well sustained.

★ RANGER OF FORTUNE—Paramount

FRED MacMURRAY, an ex-West Point man, Albert Dekker, a former professional strong man, and Gilbert Roland, a Mexican bad man with a tender heart, make a swashbuckling trio of heroes for a swashbuckling picture. You first see the three riding near Santamarta, Texas, where they encounter a little girl (Betty Brewer) driving a covered wagon in which her father is dying. They decide to right this wrong if they can and returning to Santamarta they make good their resolve after a great deal of mystery, excitement and shooting. In Santamarta, too, is a very pretty girl (Patricia Morison) whose heart Fred almost wins. The ending is such that you may expect a sequel in due time. Incidentally, this Betty Brewer is a youngster of whom you'll be seeing more.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 65)

And she did. But not Bob.

The next morning Monica got an order by telephone: "Hello, Monica. Bob Taylor speaking. Please make up that plaid you described yesterday. And not a word to Mrs. Taylor. I want to surprise her." Now who said American husbands weren't thoughtful?

On the Record

BING CROSBY'S Paramount's "Rhythm On The River" is ready for the needle fans. M. Crosby himself has recorded four of his songs. They're all good, so remember: "Only Forever," "When The Moon Comes Over Madison Square," "That's For Me" and the title song (Decca 3300, 3309).

The boys with batons are also doing well by that rhythmical river film. You can have Bobby Byrne offering a new danceable job on "That's For Me" and "Only Forever" (Decca 3313). Or Eddy Duchin on "Only Forever" (Columbia 35624). Charlie Barnet, swingster, saxophonizes a fifth number from the score: Victor Schertzinger's "I Don't Want To Cry Any More" (Bluebird 10825).

Maestro Duchin turns his record into a double feature by placing "Who Are You," from Universal's "The Boys From Syracuse," on the back. But there, too, you can get the original. For Victor has put Allan Jones, star of the filmus-

ical, to work and he's come forth with "Falling In Love With Love" and "Who Are You?" (Victor 4525).

Still speaking of originals—and no reasonable facsimiles—there are the Andrews Sisters and their new "Argentine Nights" musical. "I Want My Mamma" and "Oh He Loves Me" are fine disc products of their Universal camera venture (Decca 3310).

"Argentine Nights" also has that hepster's delight, "Rhumbogie." One of the best orchestral interpretations of the work is Bob Chester's—with his up-and-coming new band. As a partner, he, too, does "Rhythm On The River" (Bluebird 10800).

If you like sweet and soft music, you might try Del Courtney's choices: The title song from "Dreaming Out Loud" and "I Wouldn't Take A Million" from "Young People" (Okeh 5692).

Tommy Dorsey has taken good care of Warner Brothers' "Ladies Must Live" and its tuneful "I Could Make You Care." Tommy's other side—"The World Is In My Arms"—comes from "Hold On To Your Hats," one of the legitimate shows (Victor 26717).

When M-G-M's "Strike Up The Band" appears it will be aided by a powerful musical composition "Ballad For Americans." Bing Crosby takes four record sides and in that free-and-easy way of his sings the Ballad (Decca Album 134).



BRIGHT GIRLS

use Maybelline... the
Eye make-up in Good taste



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in distinctive gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades — Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in dainty zipper case. Same shades



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, finely pointed. Black or Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six exquisite shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

Perhaps one business woman in a hundred realizes the power of lovely intelligent eyes. And she's the one who inspires confidence—who gets ahead. Why not discover the full potentialities of *your* eyes? Use Maybelline Mascara for lashes that appear *naturally* long, thick and dark. This makes your eyes look larger—more wide-awake. Subtly accent depth and color with Maybelline Eye Shadow blended lightly over eyelids. Give your brows trim, definite character with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. See how easy it is to capitalize on your most expressive feature—your eyes. You can get generous purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at any 10c store.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Round Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 34)

daughter has movie possibilities." So they investigated and, sure enough, the man Mary had mistaken for a wolf in scout's clothing was authentic. Mary, the nearest approach to Jean Harlow they had yet found, signed a six-months contract with M-G-M, which for some reason was not renewed at its expiration. Twentieth Century-Fox saw what M-G-M has failed to see and grabbed Mary Beth for seven long years. She began in "Free, Blonde and 21," proceeded into "Star Dust," "Four Sons" and then "The Great Profile."

Mary Beth (the Beth is short for Elizabeth) was born November 13, 1919, in Alton, Illinois, and moved with her family to St. Louis when she was just three. After her parents decided to separate, Mary Beth stayed with Grandma Lucas in St. Louis, while her mother worked in a governmental position in Washington, D. C. When she was older, Mary B. was taken to her mother by Grandma and entered in the Holy Cross Academy. After graduation she enrolled in the Clifford Brooks Dramatic School and soon began playing good roles in the Brooks' stock company.

When Mrs. Hughes' health began to fail, Mary Beth and her mother decided to go to Florida, but Grandma would have none of it. "Go to California and play with John Barrymore," she commanded.

So Mary did.

Mary Beth lives in a modest house with her mother, drives an inexpensive car. Because of her extreme bloneness, Latins and Turks are constantly writing her flowery proposals. One of the latter actually invited her into his harem!

Norma Talmadge's "Camille." From then on, Gilbert was set.

The past few years (during which he was Connie Bennett's steady beau) he devoted his time to making pictures in Spanish and Hollywood rather forgot him. But things have changed now.

His brown eyes are fringed by long dark lashes, his black hair is curly and usually at sixes and sevens. He's darned glad Fate made him an actor instead of a bullfighter like his father.

Think of Gilbert with one of those pigtail haircuts, for instance.

Genius in Flight—

A great man has come to America. A man who, late in life, voluntarily left the land of his birth, Germany, where he had become a national legend in the theater, to begin all over in a strange country. At 72, he has begun again, for when Albert Basserman stepped forth in his first American film, "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," he was a sensation on sheer acting merit. From that minute on he has progressed through "Foreign Correspondent," "Knut Rockne—All American," "A Dispatch from Reuters," and "Escape," with studios bidding for his services, one after the other.

Albert Basserman is an Aryan, but his beloved wife Elsa is half-Jewish. For fifty years he was the greatest German exponent of Shakespeare, Ibsen and Schiller. Then, suddenly in 1933, was swept into oblivion the Germany he had known and loved. One night on the theater marquee where the names Elsa Schiff (his wife) and Albert Basserman shone forth, lights were suddenly removed—the name of Elsa was gone.

Quietly the great actor paid off his company, packed belongings and left Germany—a voluntary exile—for Vienna. When the Nazis invaded that city as well, he moved to his grape farm in Switzerland. After him came the German Minister of Propaganda, pleading (an unheard-of honor) that the Bassermans return, promising no harm should be done to Elsa. Basserman ignored the message and when his friend Ernst Lubitsch wrote him to come to America, he knew he had found the answer.

In a quiet little two-family house in Beverly Hills, Albert and Elsa live with Anna, their Viennese cook.

Albert Basserman was born in Mannheim near Heidelberg and graduated from the University as a chemist, preparatory to entering his father's pulp and paper factory. But before he began his career, he went to see his older brother on the stage.

From that moment on, he lived for nothing else. His career was crowned with the award of the famed Iffland ring which, since the middle of the 19th century, has been given to the best actors of successive generations.

For years his love for Elsa Schiff remained undeclared, yet he always insisted upon her being in all his plays. "Finally," laughs Elsa, "I had to be shameful, in fact it was the most shameful thing in my life, the way I clung to Albert until he had to take me. I knew, you see, he loved me all the time."

Today he can be seen on the streets of Beverly Hills, walking and walking, or sitting out on his back porch in collar and tie and polished shoes, between pictures, of course. Or going to see his favorites, Cagney, Garbo, Mickey Mouse, Snow White, The Seven Dwarfs (for the twentieth time) and Pat O'Brien.

A Spaniard from Texas—

Gilbert Roland placed third in the critics' poll of the month for his role in "The Sea Hawk." But to those who know the dark and Latin actor well, he places first in charm and a certain naïve quality of manner that's confusing to young and old alike. But cozy. One wouldn't expect it of Hollywood's Beau Brummell. Or would one?

Men like him. That's always a test for these Latin lookers. In fact, every day he's not working, which isn't so often these times after the releases of "Rangers of Fortune" and "Gypsy Cavalier" he can be found at Chasen's round table with writers, directors, lawyers, producers and actors, lunching like any good (well, no, not good) Rotarian. Afternoons find him at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, where Señor Roland, as a tennis player, proves he's just about the best in the West.

In Beverly Hills he maintains a house, a limousine, a houseboy and a radio-victrola that constantly plays his 3000 records (symphonies, operas, you name it) over and over, and yet again, over. Ask any neighbor on Bedford Drive.

If Pancho Villa had not happened to Mexico and threatened to kill all Spaniards, Gilbert and his parents would not have fled to Texas. At thirteen he ran away from home, came to Los Angeles, bought his first long pants on Main Street, got a job sorting newspapers and then, hotsy tots, another one as a movie extra. If an agent (Fate again) hadn't happened on a movie set one morning at 2 A.M., when the cast was working all night, he might never have become a movie star. But the agent did, spied the extra, took him under his wing and got him a job with Clara Bow in "The Plastic Age" and then as Armand to

AND NOW FOUNDATIONS OF NYLON

The miracle yarn Lastex plus the magical thread Nylon now combined by Formfit in girdle and Girdleiere styles which you will be proud to wear. They're lighter, softer, firmer and will wear longer. Ask for

Nylies
BY
Formfit

GIRDLES \$5

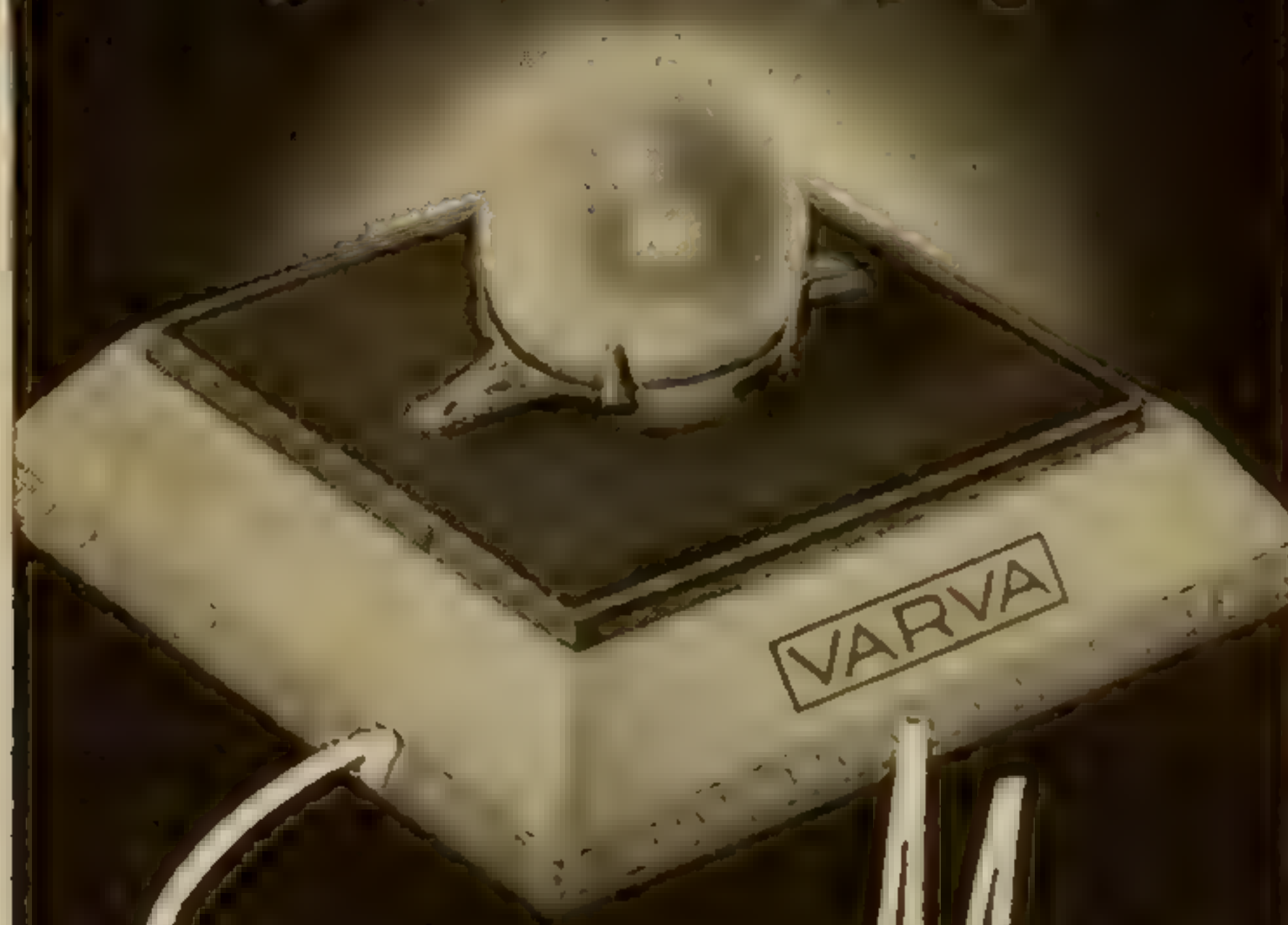
GIRDLEIERES \$7.50

AT THE BETTER STORES

MADE BY THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

THE JEWEL OF PERFUMES

BY VARVA



Suivez Moi
MEANING "FOLLOW ME"

\$7.00

Lift the pearl-like flacon from its rhinestone setting . . . unscrew the cap . . . and indulge in this irresistible scent inspired by the rare green orchid. Carry it in your handbag or leave it in its jewel setting to glorify your boudoir.

... and the fragrance
lasts and lasts!

At your favorite store or write:
UNITED TOILET GOODS CORP.
19 W. 18th St., New York City

YOUR GRACIOUS HOST
FROM COAST TO COAST



The Gotham



The Drake

The Blackstone



The Town House



Bellevue Biltmore

A. S. KIRKEBY, Managing Director

KIRKEBY
HOTELS



Currently peppering up Twentieth Century-Fox's "Down Argentine Way": Carmen Miranda

GRADE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get seventy or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 88.

1. This glamorous Hollywood pair call each other Ma and Pa:

Joan Blondell, Dick Powell
Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor
Carole Lombard, Clark Gable
Lili Damita, Errol Flynn

2. The names of the following star's sons all rhyme:

Bing Crosby Don Ameche
Basil Rathbone Ray Milland

3. Two of these actresses were first married when they were only 15 years old:

Hedy Lamarr Kay Francis
Constance Bennett Carole Landis

4. He was once a pearl and salvage diver in the West Indies:

John Carroll Jon Hall
Henry Wilcoxon George Sanders

5. The "E." in Joe E. Brown's name stands for:

Edgar Edward
Everett Evans

6. He was the first actor to play "Bulldog Drummond" on the screen:

John Barrymore Ronald Colman
George Brent John Howard

7. Two of these stars played "heavies" in silent pictures:

Carmen Miranda Myrna Loy
William Powell Spencer Tracy

8. He was the first actor to win an Academy Award for the best performance in a talking picture:

Gary Cooper John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess Warner Baxter

9. As a sideline, he produces bow-and-arrow hunting shorts:

Errol Flynn George Bancroft
Victor McLaglen Wallace Beery

10. Elsie is:

Bette Davis' nickname
The gold statuette given Academy Award winners
Nazimova's daughter
The most publicized cow in America

ELLEN DREW, soon to appear in Paramount's "TEXAS RANGERS RIDE AGAIN," exclaimed—"The MASTERS Tables are so beautiful I wish I had room for more of them!" Miss Drew, like other Hollywood stars, has MASTERS Tables in her home.



HOLMES Lamp
Commode \$24.75*



BARRIE
Occasional Table
\$34.50*
With leather top
\$37.50*



SHIELDS Cocktail
Table . . . \$27.50*

Like the Stars

Now you can select

TABLES that HARMONIZE

from

Imperial's
MASTERS
Group

Imagine the thrill of selecting for your own home the tables that Hollywood's glamorous stars enjoy! With Imperial's MASTERS Tables, you can do just this. Acclaimed by Hollywood, yet well within your budget — these beautiful creations are so skillfully designed they harmonize with each other and most leading styles. Made of mahogany and including 12 popular types, these intriguing new MASTERS Tables are now featured in a special group display at your dealer's.

*Slightly higher at distant points.

IMPERIAL FURNITURE COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

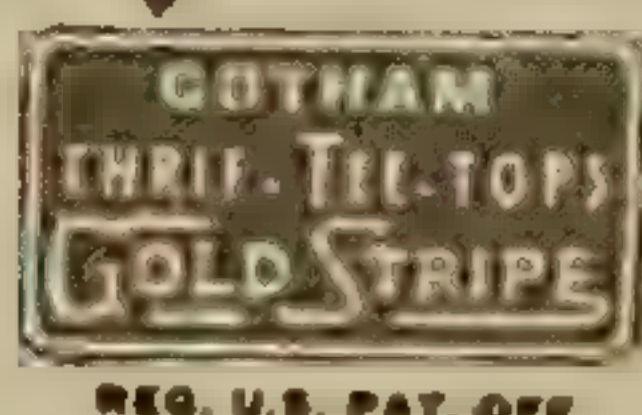
IMPERIAL FURNITURE CO., Grand Rapids, Michigan, Dept. 11-F
Enclosed find 10c for which send me your new illustrated booklet, "The Choice and Use of Tables."

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



VOTED TOPS
BY
SMART YOUNG
AMERICA

Pedigreed



WEARTWIST,
COTTON-LISLE

ONLY 69¢ PAIR

Rising young stars and junior executives stand pat for **Pedigreed** Gotham Gold Stripe. The good-looking stockings "Quality Tested" by the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau*

You're elected—to receive a free copy of Gotham's "Color Clues". Write for it today.



*Official testing laboratory of the
National Retail Dry Goods Association

Gotham

SILK HOSIERY COMPANY, INC.

200 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK

GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE NYLONS BEST BY TEST

THE Make-up Surprise OF YOUR LIFE!



It's waiting for you—the very *first* time you use **HAMPDEN POWD'R-BASE**! This wonderful beauty foundation...

- gives your skin a soft, smooth, more youthful appearance
- keeps your make-up fresh and lovely for hours
- helps conceal lines and blemishes
- prevents nose-shine.

HAMPDEN POWD'R-BASE "makes" your make-up. It's the *perfect* powder base because it is light, non-greasy, easy-to-use, in convenient stick form...and most important, it comes in your *own* complexion shade.

Be sure to try it today—for the make-up surprise of your life.

25c in Drug and Dept. stores—
also in 50c and 10c (trial) size

More than 12 million sold

POWD'R-BASE

hampden

IT "MAKES" YOUR MAKE-UP



They mould the bosom into lovely, glamorous lines—but that's only part of the thrilling story. They *also* fit to a fraction of an inch, because back-fastenings and shoulder straps are *adjustable*—and the low backs are shaped to stay in place, without "riding up." Bandeau, or with 2- or 6-inch diaphragm bands—\$1.00 to \$2.00

Right: *"Intimo" brassieres for smart emphasis on the "dividing line"—\$1.00 to \$5.00. *"Curtsy" two-way-stretch pantie girdle No. 1526 (regular girdle, No. 1506)—each \$2.00. Send for free Style Booklet P: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

AT ALL LEADING STORES

Maiden Form

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES • "ONCE-OVER"

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"



Wendell Willkie Talks about Movies

(Continued from page 25)

know were arranged for the picture boys by a press agent.

"When he arrived at Colorado Springs, the Governor of Colorado met the party at the airport. He was carrying two big Western wide-brimmed hats, probably as a gift to the distinguished guest.

"We cameramen all called to Mr. Willkie, 'Put one on! Put on a big hat!' and he just grinned and murmured 'Bunk!' and waved the idea away like an annoying wasp.

"But anything that he would normally do, he'll stop and do over and over again for us, if we want pictures. He's the most patient man I've ever been assigned to photograph."

Wendell Willkie was equally suspicious of any artificiality in his appearance the day he donned grease paint for his "Information Please" film, according to Eddie Senz, the make-up man who groomed the guest star for his initial appearance before studio movie cameras.

"Mr. Willkie did not like the idea of being powdered at first," said Senz. "But I explained that the heat of the lights creates perspiration which damages the grease-paint make-up and requires the application of a large powder puff between scenes. On my explanation, Mr. Willkie gave in with his usual genial willingness and even posed for some news photographs during a powder-puff application.

"The actual making-up of Mr. Willkie was a very simple job. He has a very photogenic face. He possesses every attribute in contour for good photography. I had to make no changes in facial structure. Actually, all I had to do to prepare him for facing the cameras was to put on a routine skin foundation to darken the tones."

To Clifton Fadiman, John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams and Oscar Levant, the "regulars" of the "Information Please" series, Wendell Willkie appealed as a "star pupil" in their quiz. His naturalness and ease before the cameras and the microphones were commented on and his fund of facts and figures on political and economic questions provided him with ready answers to a wide variety of queries from Master of Ceremonies Fadiman.

No less pleased with the venture was Willkie himself, who told PHOTOPLAY's reporter the experience had been "grand fun."

"And do the movies themselves appeal to you as a form of relaxation, Mr. Willkie? Did you, for example, during your vacation at Colorado Springs, turn to films for recreation?"

"Yes. I saw a few there and in New York I go to the movies fairly frequently," he replied.

"Would you say you were a fan?"

"No, I don't think you could actually call me a fan. I enjoy the movies. Mrs. Willkie and I attend them often. But

to be honest, I don't think I'd be classed as a movie fan."

It is Mrs. Willkie who is the critic of the family, when it comes to films, the writer learned.

One of the pictures shown the Willkie party at their hotel in Colorado Springs was "The Great McGinty," the Brian Donlevy film which rather caustically satirizes the very machinery of politics against which the Republican candidate has been crusading. But to Mrs. Willkie, "The Great McGinty" must have gone too far in its satire, for before the end of it she got up and left the room where the film was being run. Mr. Willkie remained to see the rest of the picture, but refrained from commenting on his reaction to it.

Another film shown the Presidential candidate while he was in Colorado Springs was "The Ramparts We Watch" and this document of war scenes held obvious interest for the Indiana man, who enlisted in the artillery when we entered the first World War and came home from France a captain.

"He was visibly moved," said one of the party who saw the March of Time release with the Willkies. "He said it took him back to the days when he was getting on a troop train in just such a small town as was shown bidding farewell to its soldiers. The sailing of the transports, loaded with uniformed men, reminded him of the day he himself steamed off for France."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Willkie remember the movies from the days when they were called "store shows" in Indiana; flickering reels of cowboy and custard-pie epics and the heartbreaking heroics of the golden-curbed "Biograph Girl," who later was to become known as Mary Pickford. Both have maintained their interest in the movies through the years.

Wendell Willkie is well known to New York theater-goers, too. He and Mrs. Willkie often are seen at one of the Broadway stage hits. But equally frequent are their visits to one of the smart little neighborhood film houses, off Fifth Avenue, where the best of the year's screen offerings are given second runs.

From the manager of their favorite film theater, PHOTOPLAY learned that the Willkies, if their record of attendance is any indication, prefer comedies to the heavier drama; musicals to the man-meets-menace type of talkie.

To Wendell Willkie, one of the greatest potentialities the screen holds is its value as a historian. To the cavalcade of history the films already have recorded, it is safe to predict Willkie himself will be adding, in the next month, his full share of the pertinent and the picturesque.

Whether or not he is elected President of the United States, Wendell Willkie has the vote of those in the movie business who have worked with him, as a "regular guy."

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 87 with these correct ones

1. Carole Lombard, Clark Gable
2. Don Ameche (Donny, Ronnie, Tommy, Lonnie)
3. Constance Bennett, Carole Landis
4. Henry Wilcoxon
5. Evans
6. Ronald Colman
7. William Powell, Myrna Loy
8. Warner Baxter (for "In Old Arizona")
9. Errol Flynn
10. The most publicized cow in America

If You Want to Get There

(Continued from page 17)

the office of C. B. De Mille, producer of "North West." Arriving in his outer office, she told his secretary, demurely, "Please say that Louvette is here."

The secretary did, too, such are the Goddard powers of persuasion and then Paulette—pardon me, Louvette—stuck her head in the door.

"How you lak, eh?" she inquired.

C. B. grinned. "So you're the girl who sent the post cards," he remarked. "I might have known you'd be around sooner or later."

Whereupon, he had her read part of the "North West" script—and signed her for the rôle of Louvette without even a screen test.

Smooth piece of manipulating, eh what?

OR take that time Paulette and David Selznick got to talking about golf out at the Lakeside Country Club. I was there myself. Of course, now, everyone knows Paulette is a whiz at golf, but at that time it was different. From the way she talked about the game—diffidently, sort of—you would have thought her nothing but an amateur. Well, the conversation ran along and pretty soon she and David were arranging a match—for rather stiff stakes, too—and Paulette was getting a whale of a handicap. She didn't ask for it, exactly. She just modestly accepted what David chivalrously offered.

Then she beat the pants off him. I can see her yet, there on the eighteenth hole after she'd holed in in one under par, inquiring impishly, "Not so bad, after all, am I?" And David, grinning wryly, telling her: "No, not bad at all, you little devil!"

But, as I say, he was grinning and that is significant. I mean, when Paulette pulls a fast one, she makes you like it! Which is, of course, a part of really being smart.

Of course, Paulette doesn't always win. Sometimes she doesn't want to. Like that night at Palm Springs when she and—well, I won't mention names, but a couple of Hollywood actresses and a very important producer got into that blackjack game.

I was standing right back of Paulette's chair and I saw the whole thing. They had been playing about an hour and the producer, who was the dealer and should have had the odds in his favor, was losing and getting sorer than a boiled owl.

The other two girls didn't seem to care about that. Finally, each a big winner at his expense, they quit playing, which left just himself and Paulette in the game. He was getting purple by now and he complained bitterly when suddenly Paulette set out a huge stack of chips.

I saw her hand. She had a nine and a ten—nineteen, a perfect hand to "stand" on. The exposed card in front of the producer was a seven. The odds were that he would have a ten or a face card underneath, counting seventeen, which meant that, according to the rules of the game, he would have to "stand," too, and that Paulette would beat him.

He fingered the cards and looked questioningly at Paulette. Of course, I expected her to "stand" (that is, not take any more cards since the point is to come as near to twenty-one as you can without going over) but believe it or not, she chose otherwise.

"Hit me," she said quietly, in the vernacular of the game.

So he did, with a six spot.

Cheerfully, she flipped the card over.

"Too many," she said, cheerfully.

"You win my money."

So the game broke up with the producer cheerful again and very kindly disposed toward Paulette. All the rest of the evening he ignored the two actresses who had won from him and paid attention to her. They're still fast friends. Just the other day I heard he may soon do a big picture and that its star will be Miss Paulette Goddard. . . .

IMAGINE she's been that way always. Certainly she has since Hollywood has known anything about her. How otherwise, could she have withstood, nay triumphed, over what Hollywood has come to describe as "the Chaplin situation"? Here she was, an unknown member of the Goldwyn Follies chorus in "The Kid from Spain." Charlie Chaplin spotted her. The eventual outcome was that four years later he put her into "Modern Times," where she was good, but nothing cataclysmic. Meanwhile, she became—or did not become—Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and for the past five years has been subjected to the most anomalous, the most trying, the most (you would think) heart-breaking situation in which a woman could find herself. But has it got her down?

Quite obviously, no. Instead, she seems to have turned the mystery of her relationship with Charlie Chaplin to her own advantage. Consider. For more than four years after she did "The Kid from Spain," she never faced a camera. Yet she got more publicity than half the stars of Hollywood. Her friends became legion.

So she remains. There is no apology in her. There is little humility. You ask her, as a reporter, about her status in the Chaplin household and she picks you up and sets you down.

"I never discuss my personal affairs for publication," she says. Yet such is the dignity of her refusal that you quite likely find yourself apologizing to her!

Yes, Paulette Goddard has beauty; she's supposed to have the most perfect figure in the world. But it isn't beauty that has put her where she is today.

It is brains. For instance—take the matter of *Scarlett O'Hara*. At first they said, when Vivien Leigh was chosen, that Paulette, until that time apparently one of the likeliest possibilities, was brokenhearted. The truth was that Paulette knew before David Selznick met Vivien Leigh that she herself wasn't going to be *Scarlett*; that Selznick didn't consider her a sufficiently experienced actress for such a tremendous role.

So, believe it or not, and contrary to various stories current at the time, it was Paulette Goddard who introduced Vivien Leigh to David Selznick. At a garden party, it was, not on the Selznick lot the night "Atlanta burned" as reported. Paulette, the perspicacious, knowing she had lost out, had done her bit toward steering this most coveted of all film roles toward a girl who, no matter how great her triumph as *Scarlett*, was sufficiently different from herself never to be a rival—an English girl, not an American; an opposite to herself in personality, in type, in background. Out of it all, she herself emerged unhurt; in fact, appreciated still more for the dignity with which she accepted her "disappointment."

Well, as I was saying—no smoother operator ever "operated" in Hollywood!

HERE'S A BEAUTY TIP

To match your
lips and fingertips



Now Marlboro brings you the utmost in fastidious grooming—the smart, red Beauty Tip! By the choice of Marlboro, you have always said "Fastidious". This is one *more* luxury added to Marlboro's overwhelming superiority.

Now Only 20¢

MARLBORO

America's Luxury Cigarette

ALSO AVAILABLE!—THE FAMOUS IVORY TIPS...AND PLAIN ENDS



A

SENSE OF VALUES

Seasoned travellers seem to have an uncanny sense of "where to stay" in a strange city. Due to its central location, inspired cuisine and "glad you're here" spirit of hospitality, you'll very likely meet them in Baltimore's newest and largest hotel. . . .

\$3 to \$6 single

The
LORD BALTIMORE
Hotel
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

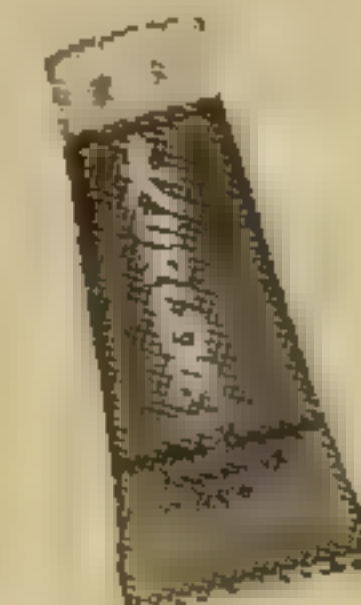


Twinkling Eyes
Make Her Loveliest



Her secret is KURLASH, the magic eyelash curler that curls the lashes back from the eyes, makes them appear larger, lovelier, brighter! It takes less than 30 seconds and no practice or skill is required! You, too, can be a smart girl. Acquire a KURLASH for just \$1.00!

P. S. KURLENE, the oily-base lash cream mates up with Kurlash perfectly. Applied to lashes—makes the curl last longer—gives more luxuriant appearance! 50¢



KURLASH

The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line
THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. CANADA, TORONTO 3

Write Jane Heath, Dept. A-11, for generous trial tube of Kurlene (send 10c in coin or stamps). Receive free chart analysis of your eyes and how to make the most of them.

Color: Eyes _____ Hair _____ Skin _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold... Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
 (Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

Lighter Complexion
 by using
Mercolized Wax Cream



A simple way to remove the dull, drabness of your complexion and reveal the lighter, lovelier skin tones. Just use Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. Its active ingredients help to flake off the older, darkened surface skin in minute, almost invisible particles, revealing the fairer, younger-looking underskin. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILETORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

the Modern way
 to relieve temporary
 pain and discomfort
 of "trying days"



... Effective
Analmine
 CAPSULES
 Give quick relief!

15 CAPSULES
 50¢

Ask your druggist • The Analmine Co.
 6381 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Proceed at Your Own Risk

(Continued from page 21)

papers," he warned her. "And that will mean you won't be in California on Sunday night to go on the air. . . ."

Dorothy left New York without seeing Herbie again.

When a case is to be tried by a jury a star's lawyer usually recommends a settlement. He knows, from sad experience, that the sympathy and decision of the twelve men and women of the jury is practically certain to favor whoever sues a "rich movie star."

Not long ago a famous Hollywood star—who has asked us to withhold her name—was sued by a man for injuries he sustained when his car skidded in water that lay in a road one block away from her property. This star was away when the accident occurred, but the policeman on the case reported her property was being tamped—her home was under construction at the time—and that some of the water used in the tamping had run down the hill.

Months later a suit for \$25,000 was brought against the astonished star who insisted the case go to court. But even when she convinced her lawyer there still was water in the road where the accident occurred, even though it no longer could run down the hill from her property, he advised her to settle this case out of court.

"It will be a trial by jury," he said. "The attorney for the other side will stress the cost of your house and your income against his client's small earning capacity—which they insist the accident has curtailed—and. . . ."

The star was convinced. She settled.

Even those the stars pay to serve them turn against them. Bitter experience has taught the stars that one reference isn't nearly enough when they engage domestic help. They check back and back. Too often servants they have discharged have demanded—and received—two and three and even six months' pay. A discharged servant may not have grounds for a suit, but he can give interviews to newspapers which have harmful implications.

THE threats to which the stars are subject aren't always subtle. There are some trade papers—widely read and unbelievably influential in motion-picture circles—which make it very clear that stars, directors, writers and producers can expect their efforts to receive grueling criticism unless they buy space in these publications at so many hundreds of dollars a page.

Even fan mail proves dangerous. The stars know that most of the presents they receive are sincere tokens of admiration. But in self-defense they must return whatever is sent them; they must meet good faith with suspicion. For very often a piece of lace or embroidery, a miniature, a book, or a locket is sent to a star with a letter which makes it appear a present without actually saying it's a present. Then, months later, when it's likely the "present" is no longer available, another letter arrives explaining it was a valuable possession being offered for sale and that it or some ridiculously large sum of money must be forwarded to the writer at once.

When a star receives a script in the mail it's returned posthaste. And the star is as terrified as if that script were a venomous serpent. For the stars know if they ever appear in a story that even remotely resembles the story that was sent them they'll have another suit on their hands.

Larry Crosby, who handles the affairs of his brother Bing, says:

"Mail that looks as if it might be a story or a song is returned unopened, with a form letter. Sometimes, naturally, we make a mistake. Back in March, 1939, for instance, we opened a song—to our horror—but returned it immediately with a letter explaining what had happened. Three months later, in June, we released 'Sing You Sinners' in which Bing sang 'I've Got A Pocketful Of Dreams.' Whereupon the author of that song we had opened by mistake, or his lawyer, thought we had stolen some bars of melody. And if it hadn't been a matter of record that Bing had made a test recording of 'Pocketful Of Dreams' in December—three months before that song was mailed—we'd have been in a tough spot.

"We were saved a suit, which was better luck than we had any right to expect. But it was an expensive mix-up nevertheless. Paramount sent lawyers out from New York to take affidavits. And this, together with other legal details, set us back several hundred dollars."

MANY of those who menace the stars' well-being unquestionably suffer from delusions. But, as one star cynically observes, it's interesting to note that usually it's the stars who are in the top income brackets who are mistaken for husbands and wives and brothers and sisters, long lost.

Which reminds us of the story about the little man, not young, not old, who walked up and down in front of the main entrance of the RKO studios one rainy day last winter. He wore a double sign that read:

"GINGER ROGERS IS UNFAIR TO THE FATHER OF HER CHILDREN."

Traffic snarled while drivers and their passengers stopped to read it—until a police car finally came along and took the little man and his illusions away.

Lately, indignation and a sense of justice aroused, the stars have been insisting upon seeing cases through the courts irrespective of what this costs them in unfortunate publicity, time and annoyance. Clark Gable took this attitude when Violet Norton named him as the father of her 14-year-old daughter.

Clark had received rambling letters six months before Violet Norton, backed by a Canadian who believed her story, arrived in Los Angeles. All these letters he turned over to the FBI. And finally Violet Norton wrote to the Federal Attorney herself, thus putting the matter in the official lap.

In this case the government filed charges of mail fraud and Clark was the complaining witness. When the case—which ended with Violet Norton's being deported—came to trial Clark spent ten days on call, on the stand, or waiting under subpoena. He was working on "Parnell" at the time and this cost Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer thousands of dollars in overhead.

Recently Wally Beery was fortunate enough to outwit a gentleman who might have grown considerably richer at his expense. Wally had been seeing something of the wife from whom this gentleman had been separated for a long time. And one night, after a preview at a neighborhood theater, Wally and she returned to the Beery house for refreshments. Half an hour later Wally's houseman answered the doorbell and this girl's husband stalked into the living room. He intimated there was going to be trouble—plenty of trou-

ble. Wally let him talk at length. Then he opened a door of an adjoining room and out walked Mr. Beery Sr. and a police captain who had heard everything.

Fortunately for Wally this man had boasted of the coup he planned. The man to whom the boast had been made was a lodge brother of Wally's who went directly to Wally and gave warning.

Hollywood stardom never has been the marvelous existence it seems from the outside. For many years many cycles of stars have lived in a state of constant apprehension—but nothing like apprehension in which the stars live now that the very good works they do are twisted to brand them as disloyal citizens.

WE know of no star who has been more consistently persecuted in this respect than Melvyn Douglas. . . .

Melvyn Douglas has a lovely home on top of a hill, filled with the beautiful possessions he has worked for and chosen with appreciation and pleasure. He wants to leave his house and all that is in it to his son and his daughter. He also wants to leave his son and his daughter a world in which they may find a fair amount of contentment and peace.

Aware that he won't be able to do this unless the great proportion of people is better satisfied, he works tirelessly as a member of the board of the Department of Social Welfare in California and a member of the California State Relief Commission.

"Today," he says, "we must consider our migratory agricultural workers as a special problem of our times. When the farms on which they were born and raised give out they can't go on to new land the way Abraham Lincoln's family did. There are no more frontiers!"

Unquestionably Melvyn Douglas once had hopeful interest in the USSR, together with thousands of other intelligent and loyal Americans. But he long ago lost that hope and that interest. As he said to us:

"I do not see how anyone can continue to believe in the USSR as an experiment. It must, I fear, be considered an episode, a most unfortunate episode."

It is in spite of such sentiments—which are human and intelligent but certainly not communistic—that Melvyn Douglas is called a Red more often and more vehemently than anyone in Hollywood.

KIDNAPPERS, blackmailers, unscrupulous servants, shrewd lawyers, opportunists of all kinds and demented people of every description . . . they hover like evil moths about those who stand in the bright light of fame. However, with few exceptions, the stars have been able to deal with these menaces and to survive them, even though this sometimes has been done at great cost, great cost to their personal happiness as well as their bank balances. But this new menace is another story. There's no possible way the stars can combat having their intelligent interest in new forms of government misconstrued as sympathy for those governments or the money they give for humanitarian reasons misconstrued as support of Communistic, Fascist or Nazi organizations. For even when they're able to satisfy Representative Dies that the charges brought against them are false it is inevitable that doubt regarding their activities and their intentions should linger in the public mind. And in these perilous times no one, least of all those who depend upon public approval, can survive publicity which brands them as un-American.

Poor Jane Goes to the Dogs

(Continued from page 24)

nately the suitcase was locked. Then I gave Lolette a good brushing and supper and taught her to sign her autograph with her right paw.

This a. m. Lolette got me up at seven on acct. of she is housebroken.

It being Sat. there was no school and I was sorry on acct. of everybody in my own home was against me. Nancy was sore because I wouldn't let her in the bathroom for half an hour while I was bathing Lolette. I shampooed her with Wow Wow which I hope doesn't stain taffeta on account of she shook herself all over the draperies. And Mops was sore because our carpets are pearl gray and Lolette left a foot print which turned out to be indelible and now they have to be taken up and cleaned. And Pops acted like he was understudying the district Attorney:

Pops: What were you doing at the airport?

Me: We were at the Ritz when . . .

Pops: (interrupting) Ritz? What were you doing there?

Me: Just hanging around.

Pops: Is that so! And whose car and chauffeur were at your disposal?

Me: *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Pops: (furious) Is that so! Well whose dog is this?

Me: Madeleine Carroll's.

Pops: Who the devil is Madeleine Carroll?

I could hardly believe my ears. I know that Pops has a good many blind spots, but that was too much. Then pops called Lilybud and it all came out about the things from A. & F. though she tried to protect me. We were in the midst of a scene when a telegram came as follows:

PERSONALIZED SERVICE FOR SENSITIVE DOGS

Care J. Lyons, 167 E. 74, New York. GENTLEMEN. PLEASE BOARD LOLETTE UNTIL FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS. REGIME FOLLOWS AIRMAIL. MADELEINE CARROLL.

Made secret rendez-vous with Barb at Zoo as we had volumes to tell each other. Lolette was delighted to see her. Went into cafeteria and got her a frankfurter and us some ice cream and who was there but Vera Bailey and that mut of hers and she came right over and joined us without being invited. So I told her point blank that Lolette belonged to Madeleine Carroll and had lots of inhibitions and spoke only French and she was impressed but Rex wasn't and treated her as if she belonged to his own social stratum.

Received letter from Madeleine as follows:

Gentlemen:

Kindly take the best of care of Lolette who is very delicate. Her regime is as follows:

Monday: calves liver—2 fresh vegetables.

Tuesday: raw egg in milk—3 fresh vegetables.

Wednesday: chicken liver—2 fresh vegetables.

Thursday: raw beef (top round)—2 fresh vegetables.

Friday: vegetable plate—tomato juice.

Saturday: goose liver—2 fresh vegetables.

Sunday: beef or lamb stew with greens.

All vegetables should be steamed.

Give her cod liver oil or sun baths. She is to be bathed and groomed twice a week.

Kindly send me your literature as I have not heard of your service.

and it was signed with her autograph!

Lolette seems to have Spring Fever. She isn't eating properly.

YE GODS. I think I wish I were dead. Lolette is lost. She has been gone since yesterday morning. Just disappeared. We are all frantic.

LATEST BULLETIN: Vera phoned that Rex is gone too. Lolette came over to her house and barked outside the yard and she let her in and later they were BOTH GONE. Pops has advertised in all the papers. I'm distracted. I can't even concentrate on a movie. Poor Lolette.

YE GODS. Madeleine is coming to New York. She is coming to get Lolette Monday at 3. I wonder if I could buy a duplicate dog. But of course she'd know. I'll go over to the cafeteria and to all the old haunts and maybe I'll find her.

Now I can write *Finis* to the chapter.

Monday morning we were all frantic and even Pops hated to leave for the office, knowing how I felt. We were sitting at breakfast and not saying much, and Pops said of course he would reimburse Miss Carroll financially and Mops suggested that he come home and talk to her and he said he would and at that moment who should come walking in but Lolette herself. She didn't even have the decency to have her tail between her legs, but was wagging it and she ran around so glad to see us all that nobody had the heart to scold her, and Lilybud brought her some breakfast which she ate like she was starved. And she was all dirty.

The phone rang and it was Vera to say that Rex had come home too. So we had a family conference and decided that it wouldn't be necessary to tell on Lolette.

Lilybud baked a cake and wrote Lolette in icing on it and we were all ready when the bell rang and it was SHE. She seemed surprised that it was an apartment and not a store, but she was so happy to find Lolette looking so well that she said she was grateful to us and Mops explained some things to her and we all talked at once and Lolette jumped on her lap and she talked French to her, and everything was going wonderfully when Pops came home, and he and Miss Carroll got talking and he thought she was swell and I remembered when he didn't even know who she was. She stayed nearly 2 hours and she said she had a wonderful time. I told her it was the ambition of my life to go to Hollywood and she said if I ever did I could come and stay with her, and Barb too. Pops and Mops both heard it.

So after she left Barb and I had a conference and made a lot of plans for our trip next summer, and it looks as if we might be able to swing it at last.

But Lilybud said something that makes me wonder if I really want to go. She said,

"If I was you, Miss Jane, I wouldn't be fixin' to show my face on that Coast. In along about 9 weeks there's gonna be a scandal in certain high class kennels and that there Miss Carroll ain't no fool. She knows darn well that storks don't bring puppies."



Composé de Parfum

Sinful Soul

A favorite with women of discriminating good taste and exquisite charm.

Also "Foolish Virgin" and "Dream For Two"

\$1.00 and \$2.50

THE FRAGRANCE LINGERS ON AND ON

gabilla

At your favorite store or write: GABILLA, Inc., 19 West 18th Street, N.Y.C.



TYPEWRITER 1/3 PRICE

STANDARD OFFICE MODELS
1/3 MFRS. ORIG. PRICE

Easiest Terms
as Low as **60¢ a Week**

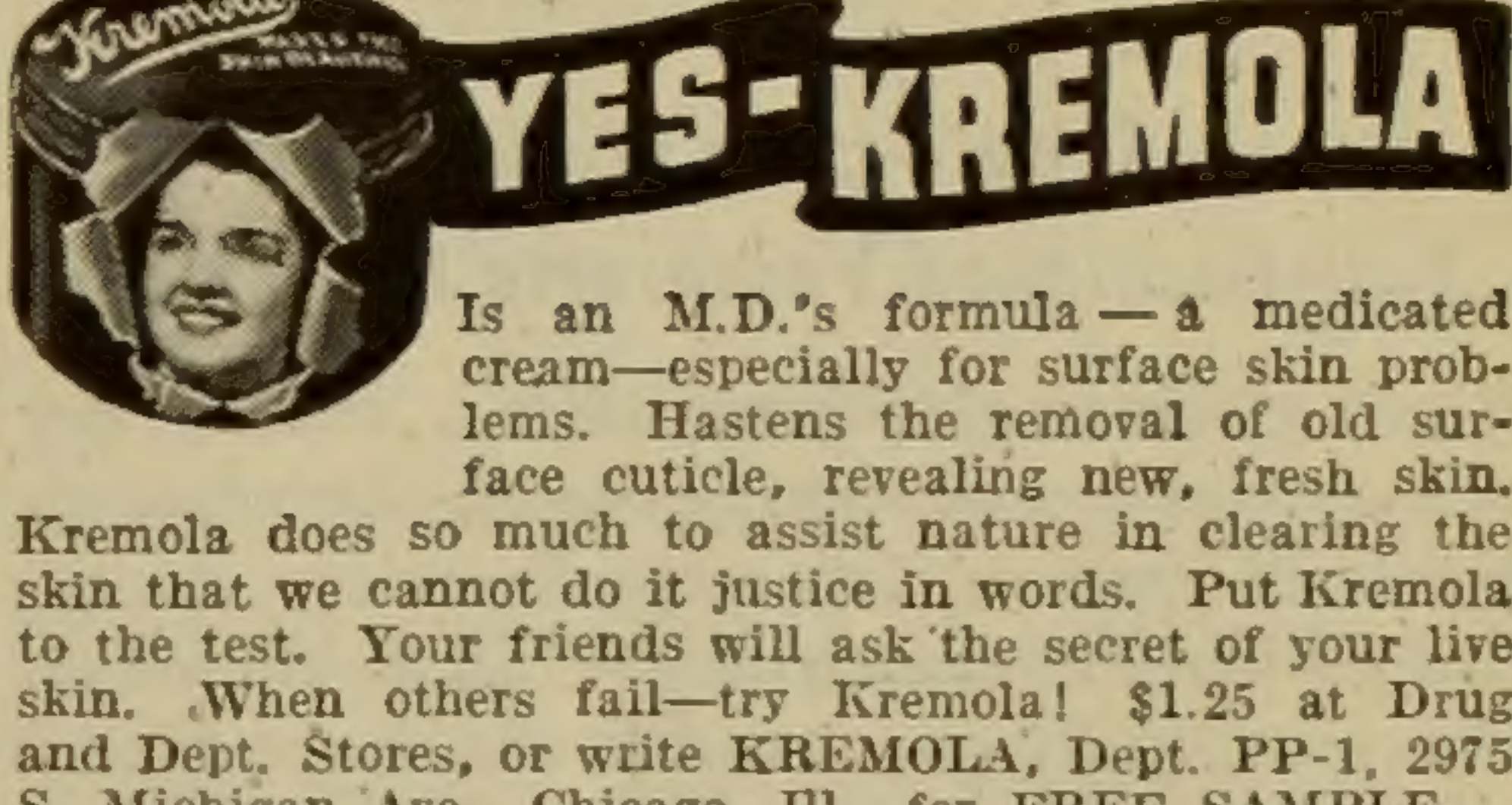
All late models completely rebuilt like brand new. FULLY GUARANTEED.

No Money Down—10 Day Trial

Free price-smashing catalog shows all makes in colors. FREE COURSE IN TYPING INCLUDED. See catalog before you buy. SEND NOW.

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCH.
Dept. 1162, 231 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

10c A DAY



YES-KREMOLA

Is an M.D.'s formula—a medicated cream—especially for surface skin problems. Hastens the removal of old surface cuticle, revealing new, fresh skin.

Kremola does so much to assist nature in clearing the skin that we cannot do it justice in words. Put Kremola to the test. Your friends will ask the secret of your live skin. When others fail—try Kremola! \$1.25 at Drug and Dept. Stores, or write KREMOLA, Dept. PP-1, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., for FREE SAMPLE.

DON'T LET JANGLED NERVES Wreck Your Life

Bernarr Macfadden's new book, *More Power to Your Nerves*, contains definite practical help for those suffering from nervous disorders. Page after page of this remarkable book is devoted to actual case-histories taken from the files of various Macfadden health resorts. These case-histories give you the symptoms and the detailed treatments employed in these nerve cases. Here you get not theory—not experimentation—but the last word in modernized physical and mental hygiene for nervous sufferers.

Here in 246 pages of intensively interesting reading you discover how you can gain complete control over your nervous system. How you can banish fear, worry, anxiety. How you can mend your shattered nerves and once again enjoy the thrill of living.

More Power to Your Nerves sells for only \$2.00. And if you are not satisfied with the book, merely return it within 5 days and we will refund your \$2.00. Send for your copy today.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Dept. P-11, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

PRISCILLA LANE STARS IN RED CROSS TRAILER

Priscilla Lane, deservedly popular Hollywood actress, is the star who appears in the American Red Cross Roll Call Trailer this year. This trailer, which runs a minute and a half, will be shown in moving picture theaters all over the country during the annual Red Cross campaign for members which begins November 11 and ends November 30.

In this short film Priscilla dramatically appeals to the theater audience to join their local Red Cross chapter. To set the example, she leads the way by joining right on the set while the movie cameras grind to preserve her action to posterity. The trailer further pictures the Red Cross in action bringing help to refugees, fighting the terror of flood and fire, giving food to the hungry and providing shelter to the homeless.

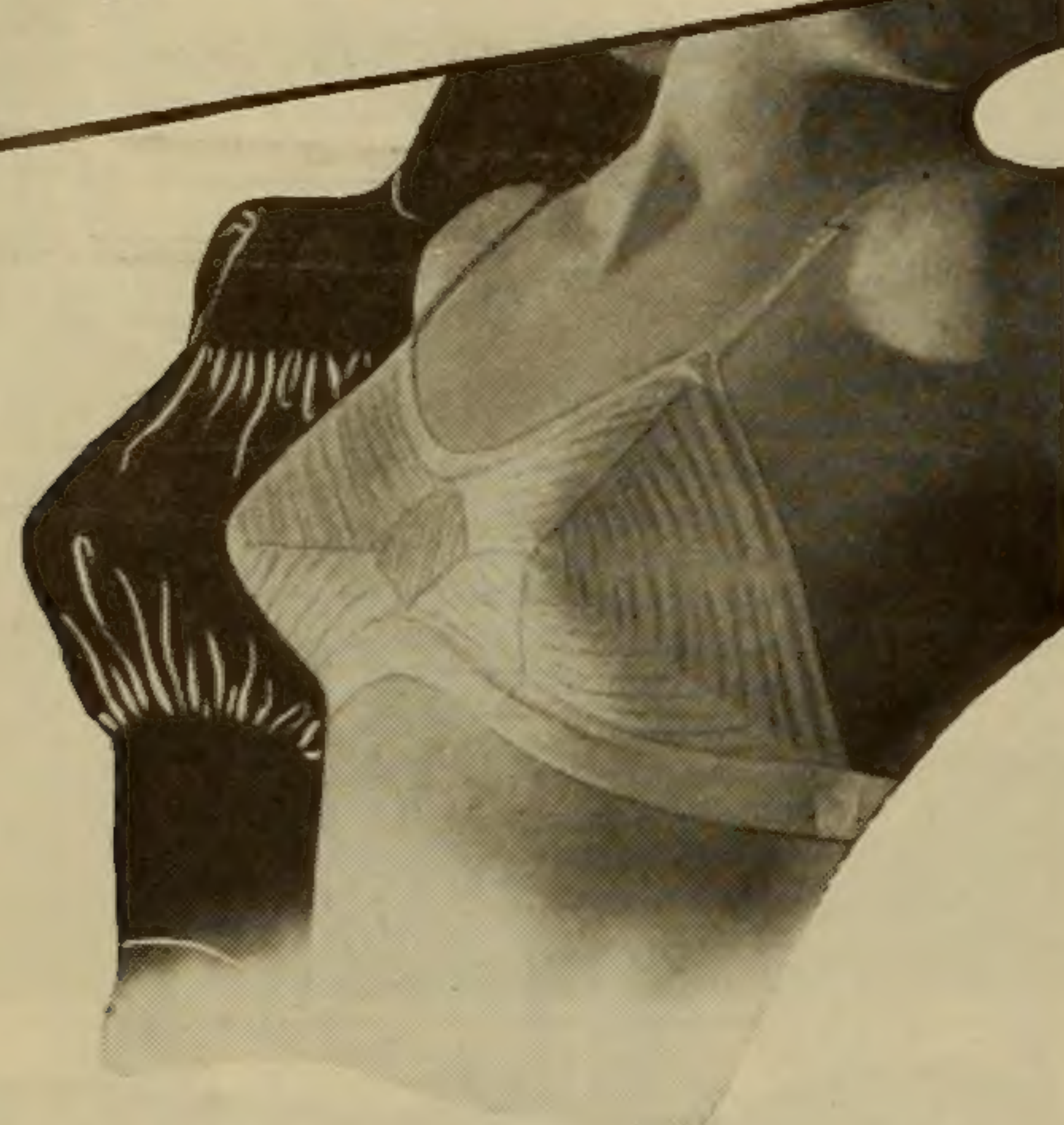
For many years the Red Cross has been using moving pictures in its annual appeal for members. Among the stars who have appeared in Red Cross pictures in the past are Shirley Temple, Ann Sheridan, Mary Pickford, Deanna Durbin and many others.

Only during great emergencies, such as war or widespread disaster, are special appeals for funds issued. Annual dues, collected from members during the yearly Roll Call, are the chief means of financing Red Cross activities at home.

Because of constantly growing demands for Red Cross community and national services, which include public health nursing, production of braille books for the blind, free instruction in first aid, swimming and life saving, assistance to service men and veterans, and many others, a large membership increase is necessary. Everyone who joins the Red Cross knows that he or she thereby is making possible continuation of its humanitarian work, and keeping the organization prepared to meet any emergencies.

JOIN American Red Cross

**UPLIFT that fits
like your skin**



**No Sagging. No Binding, in
Full-Fashioned Vassarette Brassieres**

Here's glorious, glorifying uplift... without any of the wrinkling or sagging that so often spoils a beautiful bustline. Vassarette Brassieres are entirely different because they're full fashioned... like your stockings... and fit the shape as well as the size of your bosom. They give you firm support and artful contouring in the softest, lightest of fabrics. They keep their fit... the perfect fit... through dozens of sudings. And never need ironing. Fashioned of lastex, rayon, and lisle... priced at \$1.50 to \$3.50.

Write for booklet! Vassar Company,
2549 Diversey Parkway, Chicago

UNDERNEATH IT ALL...A

Vassarette

MANUFACTURED UNDER PATENTS 1863697, 1965860 AND 2121489

**Glorious Tonal Fidelity
GULBRANSEN
Console Pianos**



\$245 America's Smartest Piano Fashion, regal in styling, superb in tonal beauty... write for free booklets.

GULBRANSEN CO. 816 N. Kedzie Ave. Dept. I Chicago

**THRILLING NEW DISCOVERY
MAKES YOUR NAIL POLISH
LAST DAYS LONGER**



**CHECKS PEELING, CHIPPING—
GIVES SATIN-SMOOTHNESS TO NAILS**
If your polish peels, chips, cracks—you need Mani-Prep! Marvelous new "nail conditioner." Polish goes on smoother, lasts days longer. Quick, easy to use. Just "Rub it on, wipe away; put on polish, watch it stay." 10c, 35c, 60c at toiletries counters. Send for 10c trial bottle!

MANI-PREP 10c
(NOT A FOUNDATION) TRIAL SIZE

BEATTY SPECIALTIES, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York City
Please send trial size Mani-Prep for which I enclose 10c.

Name _____
Address _____

Casts of Current Pictures

"ARGENTINE NIGHTS"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story and screen play by Arthur T. Horman, Sid Kuller and Ray Golden. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. Cast: *The Ritz Brothers*, *The Andrews Sisters*, *Bonnie Brooks*, Constance Moore; *Eduardo*, George Reeves; *Peggy*, Peggy Moran; *Linda*, Anne Nagel; *Carol*, Kathryn Adams; *Jane*, Julie Duncan; *Mama Veijos*, Ferike Boros; *Papa Veijos*, Paul Porcasi.

"BRIGHAM YOUNG"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Based upon a story by Louis Bromfield. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Cast: *Jonathan Kent*, Tyrone Power; *Zina Webb*, Linda Darnell; *Brigham Young*, Dean Jagger; *Angus Duncan*, Brian Donlevy; *Eliza Kent*, Jane Darwell; *Porter Rockwell*, John Carradine; *Mary Ann Young*, Mary Astor; *Joseph Smith*, Vincent Price; *Clara Young*, Jean Rogers; *Mary Kent*, Ann Todd; *Heber Kimball*, Willard Robertson; *Doc Richards*, Moroni Olsen; *Prosecutor*, Marc Lawrence; *Hyrum Smith*, Stanley Andrews; *Hubert Crum*, Frank Thomas; *Pete*, Fuzzy Knight; *Henry Kent*, Dickie Jones; *Caleb Kent*, Selmer Jackson; *Mr. Webb*, Frederick Burton; *Major*, Russell Simpson; *Jim Bridger*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Big Elk*, Chief Big Tree; *Johnson*, Davidson Clark; *Emma Smith*, Claire Du Brey; *Judge*, Tully Marshall; *Jury Foreman*, Ralph Dunn; *Leader*, Edwin Maxwell; *Elder*, Edmund MacDonald; *John Taylor*, George Melford.

"CAROLINA MOON"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Winston Miller. From the original story by Connie Lee. Directed by Frank McDonald. Cast: *Gene*, Gene Autry; *Frog*, Smiley Burnette; *Carolina*, June Storey; *Patsy*, Mary Lee; *Stanhope*, Eddy Waller; *Wheeler*, Hardie Albright; *Col. Jefferson*, Frank Dae; *Evangeline*, Terry Nibert; *Barrett*, Robert Fiske; *Mammy*, Edda McDonald; *Billy*, Paul White; *Thompson*, Fred Ritter; *Foreman*, Ralph Sanford.

"COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Lewis R. Foster, Maxwell Shane and Duke Atteberry. Based on the story by Lewis R. Foster. Directed by George Archambaud. Cast: *Jed Blower*, Bob Burns; *Belinda Walters*, Una Merkel; *Uncle Ezra Walters*, Pat Barrett; *Lester Smoot*, Richard Carle; *Barney Smoot*, William Thompson; *Mayor Gildersleeve*, Harold Peary.

"DANCE, GIRL, DANCE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis. From the story by Vicki Batim. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. Cast: *Judy*, Maureen O'Hara; *Jimmy Harris*, Louis Hayward; *Bubbles*, Lucille Ball; *Elinor Harris*, Virginia Field; *Steve Adams*, Ralph Bellamy; *Madame Basilona*, Maria Ouspenskaya; *Sally*, Mary Carlisle; *Miss Olmstead*, Katharine Alexander; *Dwarfie*, Edward Brophy; *Judge*, Walter Abel; *Hoboken Gent*, Harold Huber; *Bailey No. 1*, Ernest Truex; *Bailey No. 2*, Chester Clute; *Dolly*, Lorraine Krueger; *Mrs. Simpson*, Emma Dunn; *Puss in Boots*, Sidney Blackmer; *The Ballerina*, Vivian Fay; *Cesar*, Ludwig Stossel; *Fitch*, Erno Verebes.

"DR. KILDARE GOES HOME"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Ruskin and Willis Goldbeck. Based on an original story by Max Brand and Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Dr. James Kildare*, Lew Ayres; *Dr. Leonard Gillespie*, Lionel Barrymore; *Mary Lamont*, Laraine Day; *Dr. Stephen Kildare*, Samuel S. Hinds; *George Winslow*, Gene Lockhart; *Wayman*, Nat Pendleton; *Mrs. Martha Kildare*, Emma Dunn; *Dr. Davidson*, John Shelton; *Molly Byrd*, Alma Kruger; *Dr. Walter Carew*, Walter Kingsford.

"ELSA MAXWELL'S PUBLIC DEB. NO. 1"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware. From the story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: *Alan Blake*, George Murphy; *Penny Cooper*, Brenda Joyce; *Elsa Maxwell*, Herself; *Grisha*, Mischa Auer; *Milburn*, Charlie Ruggles; *Bruce Fairchild*, Ralph Bellamy; *Eric*, Maxie Rosenbloom; *Magistrate*, Berton Churchill; *Bartender*, Franklin Pangborn; *Mr. Schlitz*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Hugh Stackell*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Feodor*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Ivan*, Charles Judels; *Communist*, Elisha Cook Jr.; *Lawyer*, Selmer Jackson; *Frontenac*, Luis Alberni; *Layout Man*, Hal K. Dawson; *Sergeant*, Charles Wilson; *Legionnaires*, Dick Rich and William Pawley.

"FLOWING GOLD"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Kenneth Gamet. From the story by Rex Beach. Directed by Alfred Green. Cast: *Johnny Blake*, John Garfield; *Hap O'Connor*, Pat O'Brien; *Linda*, Chalmers; *Frances Farmer*; *"Wildcat"*, Chalmers; *Raymond Walburn*; *"Hot Rocks"*, Cliff Edwards; *"Pelunia"*, Tom Kennedy; *Mike Branigan*, Frank Mayo; *Tillie*, Jody Gilbert; *Joe*, William Marshall; *Luke*, Sol Gorss; *Nurse*, Virginia Sale.

"GOLDEN FLEECING, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by S. J. and Laura Perelman and Marion Parsonnet. Based upon an original story by Lynn Rott, Frank Fenton and John Fante. Directed by Leslie Fenton. Cast: *Henry Twinkle*, Lew Ayres; *Mary Blake*, Rita Johnson; *Gus Fender*, Lloyd Nolan; *Lila Hanley*, Virginia Grey; *Uncle Waldo*, Leon Errol; *"Fatso"*, Werner, Nat Pendleton; *Buckley Sloan*, George Lessey; *Pattington*, Richard Carle; *Larry Kelly*, Ralph Byrd; *"Happy"*, Dugan, Marc Lawrence; *Charles Engel*, Thurston Hall; *Sibley*, James Burke; *Justice of Peace*, Spencer Charters; *Swallow*, William Demarest.

"GREAT PROFILE, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Milton Sperling and Hilary Lynn. Directed by Walter Lang. Cast: *Evans Garrick*, John Barrymore; *Sylvia*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Boris Mefoofsky*, Gregory Ratoff; *Richard Lansing*, John Payne; *Mary Maxwell*, Anne Baxter; *Dr. Bruce*, Lionel Atwill; *Sylvester*, Edward Brophy; *Confucius*, Willie Fung; *Understudy*, Joan Valerie; *Director*, Charles Lane; *Tony*, Marc Lawrence; *Miss Perkins*, Cecil Cunningham; *Tickel Seller*, Hal K. Dawson; *Electrician*, William Pawley; *Furniture Man*, Eddie Dunn; *Detective*, James Flavin; *Debutante*, Dorothy Dearing.

"HAUNTED HONEYMOON"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Monckton Hoffs, Angus MacPhail and Harold Goldman. Based on the novel "Busman's Honeymoon" by Dorothy L. Sayers, and the play by Dorothy L. Sayers and Muriel St. Clare Byrne. Directed by Arthur B. Woods. Cast: *Lord Peter Wimsey*, Robert Montgomery; *Harriet Vane*, Constance Cummings; *Inspector Kirk*, Leslie Banks; *Bunter*, Sir Seymour Hicks; *Frank Crutchley*, Robert Newton; *Polly*, Googie Withers; *Puffell*, Frank Pettingell; *Aggie Twiterton*, Joan Kemp-Welch; *Rev. Simon Goodacre*, Aubrey Mallalieu; *Constable Sellon*, James Carney; *Noakes*, Roy Emerton; *Mrs. Ruddle*, Louise Hampton; *Simpson*, Eliot Makeham; *MacBride*, Reginald Purdell.

"HE STAYED FOR BREAKFAST"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by P. J. Wolfson, Michel Fessier and Ernest Vajda. Based upon Sidney Howard's adaptation of the French play, "Liberte Provisoire," by Michel Duran. Directed by Alexander Hall. Cast: *Marianne Duval*, Loretta Young; *Paul Beliot*, Melvyn Douglas; *Andre Dorlay*, Alan Marshal; *Maurice Duval*, Eugene Pallette; *Doreta*, Una O'Connor; *Comrade Tronovich*, Curt Bois; *Comrade Nicky*, Leonid Kinskey.

"HIRED WIFE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman. From the original story by George Beck. Directed by William Seiter. Cast: *Kendal Browning*, Rosalind Russell; *Stephen Dexter*, Brian Aherne; *Phyllis Walden*, Virginia Bruce; *Roger Van Horn*, Robert Benchley; *Jose*, John Carroll; *William*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *McNabb*, Richard Lane; *Mumford*, William Davidson.

"HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA, THE"—FRANK LLOYD-COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Sidney Buchman. From the novel, "The Tree of Liberty" by Elizabeth Page. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Cast: *Matt Howard*, Cary Grant; *Jane Peyton-Howard*, Martha Scott; *Fleetwood Peyton*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Roger Peyton*, Alan Marshall; *Thomas Jefferson*, Richard Carlson; *Captain Jebes Allen*, Paul Kelly; *Tom Norton*, Irving Bacon; *Aunt Clarissa*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Mrs. Norton*, Ann Revere; *James Howard at 16*, Richard Alden; *Peyton Howard at 18*, Phil Taylor; *Mary Howard at 17*, Rita Quigley; *Dacey*, Libby Taylor; *Patrick Henry*, Richard Gaines; *George Washington*, George Houston; *James Howard*, Ralph Byrd; *Matt Howard at 12*, Dickie Jones; *Tom Jefferson at 11*, Buster Phelps; *Uncle Reuben*, Wade Boteler; *Susan Howard*, Mary Field; *Colonel Jefferson*, R. Wells Gordon; *Mr. Douglas*, Charles Francis.

"I MARRIED ADVENTURE"—COLUMBIA.—Based upon the Book-of-the-Month Club selection by Osa Johnson. Edited by Ralph Dixon. Narration written by Don Clark and Albert Duffy. Music by Gerard Carbonara. Narrator, Jim Bannon. Musical Director, M. W. Stoloff.

"KIT CARSON"—EDWARD SMALL-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by George Bruce. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: *Kit Carson*, Jon Hall; *Dolores Murphy*, Lynn Bari; *Capt. John C. Fremont*, Dana Andrews; *Lopez*, Harold Huber; *Ape*, Ward Bond; *Miss Pilchard*, Renie Riano; *Paul Terry*, Clayton Moore; *Alice Terry*, Rowena Cook; *Jim Bridger*, Raymond Hatton; *Sergeant Clannahan*, Harry Strang; *General Castro*, C. Henry Gordon; *General Vallejo*, Lew Merrill; *Larkin*, Stanley Andrews; *John Sutter*, Edwin Maxwell; *James King*, Peter Lynn; *Ruiz*, Charles Stevens; *Don Miguel Murphy*, William Farnum.

"LADIES MUST LIVE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Robert E. Kent. From the play by George M. Cohan. Directed by Noel Smith. Cast: *Corey Lake*, Wayne Morris; *Pat Halliday*, Rosemary Lane; *Pete Larrabee*, Roscoe Karns; *Mary Larrabee*, Lee Patrick; *George Halliday*, George Reeves; *Paul Halliday*, Ferris Taylor; *Laura Halliday*, Lottie Williams; *Joe Barton*, DeWolf Hopper; *Thunderbird*, Cliff Saum; *Tommy*, Billy Dawson; *Lettie*, Mildred Gover; *Chorus Girl*, Dana Dale; *Chorus Girl*, Mildred Coles.

"LUCKY PARTNERS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Allan Scott and John van Druten. Adapted from the story "Bonne Chance" by Sacha

Guitry. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Cast: *David*, Ronald Colman; *Jean*, Ginger Rogers; *Freddie*, Jack Carson; *Aunt*, Spring Byington; *Mrs. Sylvester*, Cecilia Loftus; *Judge*, Harry Davenport; *Niagara Clerk*, Hugh O'Connell; *Mr. Sylvester*, Brandon Tynan; *Nick No. 1*, Leon Belasco; *Nick No. 2*, Edward Conrad; *Wendell*, Walter Kingsford; *Ethel's Mother*, Lucile Gleason; *Ethel*, Helen Lynd.

"MEN AGAINST THE SKY"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Nathaniel West. Based on the original story by John Twist. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: *Phil Mercedes*, Richard Dix; *Martin Ames*, Kent Taylor; *Dan McLean*, Edmund Lowe; *Kay Mercedes*, Wendy Barrie; *Allerton*, Donald Briggs; *Grant*, Grant Withers; *Flynn*, Charles Quigley; *Burdett*, Granville Bates; *Sanders*, Selmer Jackson; *Capt. Wallen*, Terry Belmont; *Miss Leclair*, Jane Woodworth; *Nurse*, Adele Pearce; *Judge*, Ray Gordon; *Barker*, Earl Hodges; *Bartender*, Paul Hurst; *Reception Clerk*, Harry Harvey.

"NO TIME FOR COMEDY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. From the stage play by S. N. Behrman. Directed by William Keighley. Cast: *Gaylord Esterbrook*, James Stewart; *Linda Page Esterbrook*, Rosalind Russell; *Amanda Swift*, Genevieve Tobin; *Philo Swift*, Charlie Ruggles; *Morgan Carrell*, Allyn Joslyn; *Richard Benson*, Clarence Kolb; *Clemantine*, Louise Beavers; *Jim*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Frank*, Lawrence Grosmith; *Robert*, Robert Greig; *Cab Driver*, Frank Faylen.

"PIER 13"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Stanley Rauh and Clark Andrews. Based on a story by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by Eugene Forde. Cast: *Sally Kelly*, Lynn Bari; *Danny Dolan*, Lloyd Nolan; *Helen Kelly*, Joan Valerie; *Johnnie Hale*, Douglas Fowley; *Nickie*, Chick Chandler; *Skipper Kelly*, Oscar O'Shea; *Al Higgins*, Michael Morris; *Bill Hamilton*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Dead Pan Charlie*, Frank Orth; *Captain Blake*, Charles D. Brown.

"RANGERS OF FORTUNE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Frank Butler. Directed by Sam Wood. Cast: *Gil Farra*, Fred MacMurray; *Sharon McCloud*, Patricia Morison; *George Bean*, Albert Dekker; *Sierra*, Gilbert Roland; *Colonel Rebstock*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Johnny Cash*, Dick Foran; *Mary Elizabeth "Squib"*, Clayborn, Betty Brewer; *Sam Todd*, John Miljan; *Mr. Proul*, Arthur Allen; *Tod Shelby*, Bernard Nedell; *Homer Granville Clayborn*, Brandon Tynan; *Caressa*, Rosa Turich; *Mr. Ellis*, Erville Alderson; *Mrs. Ellis*, Fern Emmett.

"RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Dwight Taylor. Based on a story by Billy Wilder and Jacques Thery. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Cast: *Bob Summers*, Bing Crosby; *Cherry Lane*, Mary Martin; *Oliver Courtney*, Basil Rathbone; *Starbuck*, Oscar Levant; *Woody*, "Wingy" Mammon; *Charlie Goodrich*, Oscar Shaw; *Uncle Caleb*, Charlie Grapewin; *Millie*, Lillian Cornell; *Westlake*, William Frawley; *Cowboy Cousin*, Jean Cagney; *John Scott Trotter*, Himself.

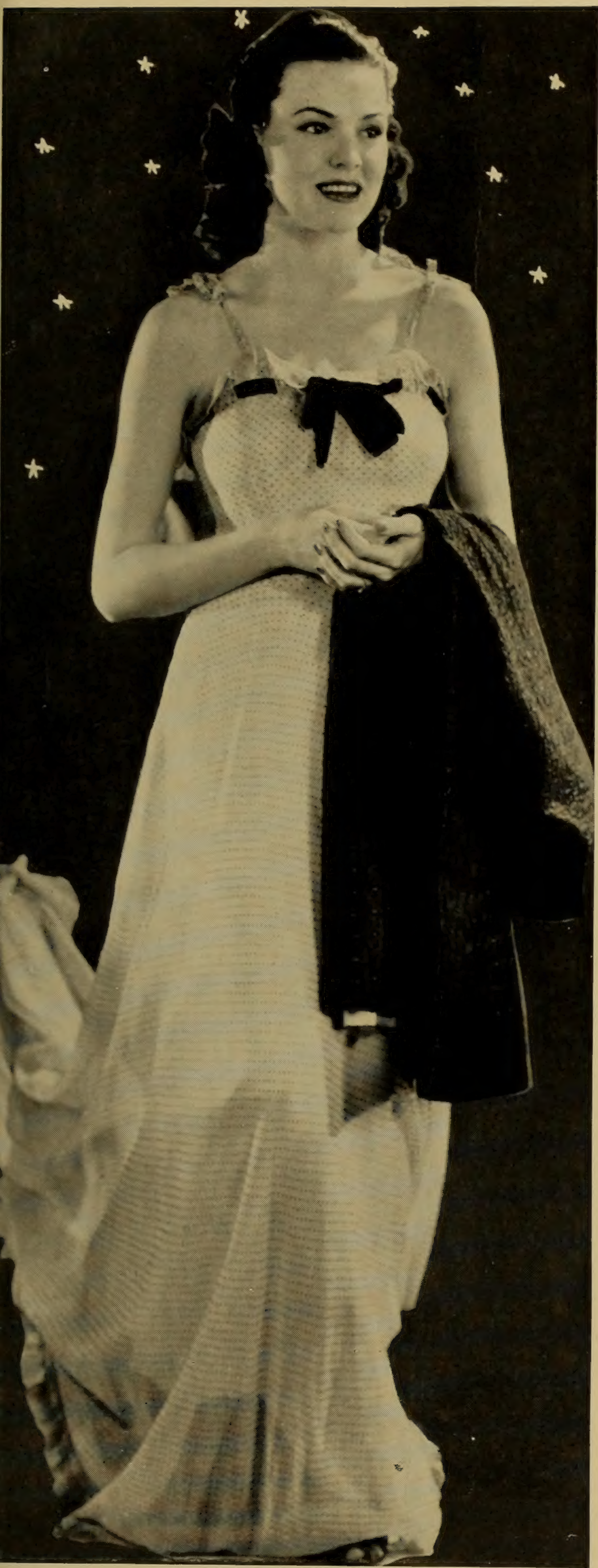
"RIVER'S END"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Barry Trivers and Bertram Millhauser. Based on the story by James Oliver Curwood. Directed by Ray Enright. Cast: *John Keith*, Dennis Morgan; *Sgt. Connison*, Dennis Morgan; *Linda*, Elizabeth Earl; *Talbot*, Victor Jory; *McDowell*, James Stephenson; *Andy*, George Tobias; *Chella*, Steffi Duna; *Jeffers*, John Ridgely; *Kentish*, Frank Wilcox; *Crandall*, Edward Pawley.

"STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR"—RKO-RADIO.—Original story and screen play by Frank Partos. Directed by Boris Ingster. Cast: *Stranger*, Peter Lorre; *Michael*, John McGuire; *Jane*, Margaret Tallichet; *District Attorney*, Charles Waldron; *Joe Briggs*, Elisha Cook Jr.; *Meng*, Charles Halton; *Mrs. Kane*, Ethel Griffies; *Martin*, Cliff Clark; *Judge*, Oscar O'Shea; *Defense Attorney*, Alac Craig; *Police Surgeon*, Otto Hoffman.

"WILDCAT BUS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play and story by Lou Listy. Directed by Frank Woodruff. Cast: *Ted Dawson*, Fay Wray; *Jerry Waters*, Charles Lang; *Donovan*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Casey*, Don Costello; *Stanley Regan*, Paul McGrath; *Burke*, Joseph Sawyer; *Davis*, Roland Drew; *Ma Talbot*, Leona Roberts; *Charles Dawson*, Oscar O'Shea; *Sweeney*, Frank Shannon; *Joe Miller*, Warren Ashe.



Some wide-open faces getting ready to shoot the wide-open spaces full of comedy so the world can laugh. The Marx Brothers, Groucho, Chico and Harpo, not so respectfully, with coworker Marion Martin



"She Walks in Beauty, Like the Night"

Thus did a famous poet pay tribute to a beautiful woman. His words didn't necessarily mean that she had a stunning figure or a gorgeous face. No, it's pretty certain that what he described was that cloak of beauty which falls about the woman with sparkling eyes, clear skin, youthful exuberance and the radiance which comes from glorious health. You, too, can have this real kind of loveliness! You, too, can "walk in beauty, like the night"! Not by magic, but by adhering to the startling secrets revealed by Helen Macfadden in her exceptionally practical book, *Help Yourself to Beauty*.

Help Yourself to Beauty

Everyone who reads *Help Yourself to Beauty* has it within her power at this very moment to act rather than dream of what she would like to become in her physical appearance. Unless you're born with a stunning figure and a gorgeous face, the world is not going to come and seek you out. You've got to do things to yourself and for yourself if you're going to be rated as an attractive girl or woman. It's easy to visualize one's self as a radiant, lovely being. But achieving that dream is built on cleverness plus a foundation of health! Yes, you can *Help Yourself to Beauty*.

A Former Ziegfeld Glamour Girl Tells You How

Helen Macfadden was one of the late Florenz Ziegfeld's glamour girls. Many of the beauty secrets described in *Help Yourself to Beauty* were acquired from the great impresario himself. Others were taught her by her father, Bernarr Macfadden. Yet most of the startling new aids to beauty were gleaned by personally interviewing and studying some of the loveliest ladies in America. This is why *Help Yourself to Beauty* is so important . . . so essential to your loveliness . . . so necessary to your future happiness.

Helen Macfadden's amazing book tells you how to banish skin defects—discusses creams—gives you many complexion tips—tells you how to control your figure—how to add beauty to your hair—how to beautify your eyes—hints on how to wake up a lazy skin—how to accent your personality by make-up—how to use rouge and powder properly—how to choose colors best for you—tells how screen stars acquire allure—how to improve facial outlines—how to cultivate personality—how to be a lovelier you!

ALL FOR ONLY \$1⁰⁰.

Broadway and Hollywood Beauty Marts • Does Figure or Face Count Most? • Improving Physical and Facial Traits • How to Banish Skin Defects • Facial Creams and the Face Mask • Some Complexion Facts • Bathing—Its Why and Wherefore • The Sunbath and How to Use It • Help Your Skin to Breathe—In Beauty • Control Your Figure by Your Diet • Food and Skin Coloring • Beauty-Builders for Your Food List • Why the Wise Exercise • Exercising Indoors and Outdoors • Deep Breathing Helps Build Beauty • Your Hair Can Spell Charm • Added Beauty for Your Hair • Special Needs of Varied Types of Hair • Beautify Your Eyes—But Safely • What You Should Know About Eye Makeup • Massage and Exercise for Eye Beauty • How Foods Promote Tooth Health • The Tooth Brush and Tooth Beauty • Exercising Teeth and Gums • Accent Your Personality by Makeup • Ways to Wake Up Lazy Skins • Using Powder and Rouge Properly • Warnings for Blondes and Brunettes • How to Choose Colors Best for You • Improving Eyebrows and Eyelashes • How Screen Stars Acquire Allure • Ways to Improve Facial Outlines • Personality Plus Can Be Cultivated • Practical Beauty Programs for Home and Office Girls • Routines to Beautify Your Form • Hobbies that Pay Dividends.

Help Yourself To Beauty



HELEN MACFADDEN

Get This Bargain Beauty Book Now

Help Yourself to Beauty has an easy, flowing style and is written in simple, understandable language. "A straightforward and eminently sensible plan for every woman," says just one of the many reviews praising this great book. It contains 180 pages and is beautifully bound in deep red cloth. The price of this bargain beauty book is only \$1.00 postpaid. Send for your copy of this splendid book NOW.

Only
\$1
Order
NOW

MACFADDEN BOOK CO.
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Dept. P-11

Send me, postage prepaid, the book *Help Yourself to Beauty* by Helen Macfadden. I enclose \$1.00.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Q
♥

*Double and redouble your
pleasure with the
Smoker's Cigarette*



Chesterfield
COOLER Milder BETTER-TASTING

*Do you smoke the
cigarette that
Satisfies*



♥
Q